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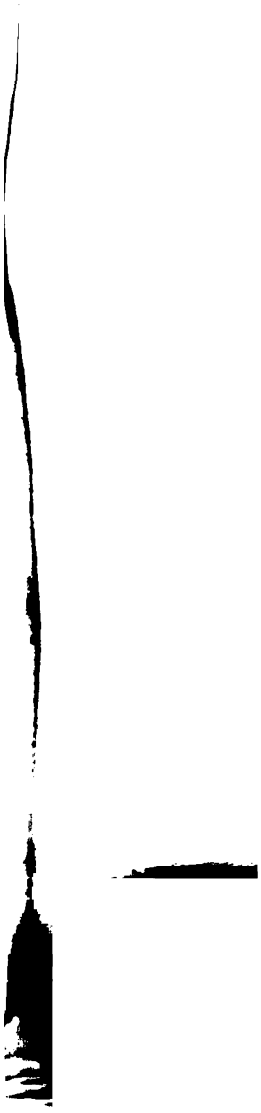

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THE

LONDON REVIEW.

No. III.

AUGUST 1, 1809.

CRITICAL ESSAYS ON THE PERFORMERS OF THE LONDON THEATRES; INCLUDING GENERAL OBSERVATIONS ON THE PRACTICE AND GENIUS OF THE STAGE. BY THE AUTHOR OF THE THEATRICAL CRITICISMS IN THE WEEKLY PAPER CALLED *THE NEWS*. *London: printed by and for John Hunt, at the Office of The News, 28, Brydges Street, Strand.*

THESE Essays abound in a variety of judicious observations and remarks, which, though addressed to readers of a particular description, will afford general entertainment and delight, were it only for the pleasantry of the style, enlivened as it is by such a flow of fancy, such display of humour, so many apt allusions and so much originality of thought, which, whilst they manifest the genius, mark the juvenility of the writer. They are however more particularly to be valued for the evidence they bear of the sincere and manly character of their author, who with an honest contempt for the popular farce-writers of the time, observes—*that every actor, who repeats the nonsense of these scribblers with all its effect, hurts his*

own reputation in proportion as he would extend theirs; for when the owl screeches, the echo must screech also.

It is not my design, and I do not consider it as my duty, to attend upon this critic through his whole list of performers, amounting to not less than thirty. I will say something of those, who have ceased to live, but I will treat sparingly and tenderly of those, who are to earn their living by their labours, on the stage. I approve of their being told of faults, which it would be for their interest to correct; but as I will not arraign them for defects, with which nature has unalterably endowed them, I must be perfectly satisfied that correction is in their power before I move them to attempt it. As objects of our general censure they have no defence; as servants of the theatre, exhibiting themselves on a stage for our amusement, they have no fastnesses to retreat to from our attack; they are at our mercy, and discouragement partakes of persecution; until a performer shall offend against the respect due to his audience, great respect and lenity are justly due to his feelings.

I have something, but not much, wherewith to reproach my author upon this account; and as it chiefly, if not exclusively, applies to Mr. Pope, I shall reverse the order of his list, and say in few words what I can say with truth of that intelligent and meritorious actor. In all my dramatic concerns with Mr. Pope, which have not been few, I have ever found him strictly punctual in his rehearsals, studiously correct and faithful to his author in representation, and devoting himself to the general interests of the piece as well as to the particular duties of his part with zeal so ardent and so cordial, that if this testimony, which I now oppose to a criticism, that condemns him in the gross, may in any degree compensate for the asperity of it, it is a defence that I should have entered upon from conviction of his merits, had I not been also moved to it from a grateful sense of his good services.

It is happy for an actor when nature has bestowed upon him

an expressive countenance; but if he has it not by nature, he cannot make it such by art. Let him not hear of privations, which he cannot supply; tell him only of such errors as he is able to correct. Of all the variety of human countenances, that which is characterised by no prevailing passion is perhaps the most unlucky one an actor can be born with, as being least convertible to stage-effect; still if nature be in the heart, and inspire it with its proper feelings, the features will, in some degree at least, obey its movements. This was the case with Henderson: in his hours of perfect quietude and relaxation his eye slept, and his countenance displayed no promise; but when the spirit within him, though naturally indolent, was awakened by the genius of his poet, he rushed at once into the character he was destined to assume, and the whole man harmonized with the passion, that he really felt. But that latent energy, which was in him, whom all the Drama's friends have reason to lament, is not the property of every man, and there will be rarely found another actor, with a countenance, that augured so little, endued with talents to effect so much.

It is true that every performer, who is possessed of a powerful and well-toned voice, is responsible for the management of it, and should not upon all occasions send it round the theatre in compliment to those, who are only in the lobbies. There are not many occasions, that demand of the performer to draw out all the stops of his organ: the proper government and adaptation of its tones is a secret, which but few possess, and yet it is the grand desideratum of all public speaking. The ear, the judgement and the feelings of the declaimer must unite their influence and conspire to aid him in the attainment of that nice discrimination, in which consists the very excellence of his art, and which alone can crown his efforts with success; for should he strive to elevate what in itself is low, and to depress what should be lofty, does that actor understand his author, or consult his reason? Though his entrance on the stage as a hero or a king may be announced with a flourish, he

is not obliged to out-talk his own trumpets, neither is it always necessary for him to make his exit in a passion.

I confess that whilst our two overgrown theatres were standing, this art, of which I have been speaking, was no easy attainment; yet I think our chief Tragedian Mr. Kemble fully understood the importance of it, and practised it successfully; though vehement exertion of the lungs, unhappily for him, was what his frame could ill endure; yet by distinct articulation, and a certain high-pitched modulation, approaching in acuteness to what is called a falsetta, he was perfectly well heard in all parts of the theatre, and by never suffering his voice to sink from the sharpness of its key into those guttural and growling flats, in which his sister has accustomed herself to pitch her inaudible pathetic, he affords a striking proof to what great and judicious account even the sparing gifts of nature may be turned by the economy of art.

How very few possess that delicacy of ear, which should regulate the voice in reading or reciting to few or many, in a large space or a small! Neither Henderson, nor even Garrick, understood this secret, of distinguishing rightly between a play-house and a private room. Of the two, Henderson was the more ungovernably above pitch; yet Garrick had indulged himself in the habit of bawling out to servants and stage-retainers, till he broke the finer notes of his natural organ, and only spared the clapper of his bell. Let Mr. Pope be never strenuous but when he has something sturdy to contend with, and be in every part as true to nature, as he is in Shakespear's Henry the Eighth, he may defy criticism.

Mr. Hunt has laid down many admirable rules of general utility: let me add one more, and if I particularly address it to Mr. Pope, I am persuaded his good sense will take it in good part: the advice I would offer to him is not to take Horace's word upon trust, and be so free to sob and show the signal of his sorrows to the spectators, lest they should not be in the humour to obey it, and leave him perhaps to the solitary

self-indulgence of bewailing (which some may interpret as applauding) his own exquisite emotions. I have seen Barry weep; but there were not many dry eyes in the theatre when his gave way; and Henderson I have reason to believe never shed tears, but when he could not help it. Therefore I am tempted to advise Mr. Pope and Mr. Elliston, and all those whimpering gentlemen, and whining ladies, who affect a pleonasm in the pathetic, to distrust that Horatian maxim,

—Si vis me flere, dolendum est
Primùm ipsi tibi.—

Artificial stammerings, and blubberings and strugglings for breath, as if fighting against suffocation, are dangerous experiments, for they are in general merely tricks of the stage, open to discovery, and hardly to be ranked above the manual joke, of sawing a truncheon, that it may shiver with a stroke upon the shoulders of an under-actor, who manfully endures the blow because he saw the carpenter disarm the weapon.

The author of these Essays is a critic, friendly to the stage, when he points out some general errors and offences against local propriety in the mass of our performers, which he sums up under the following charges of—*Glancing at the boxes—Adjusting the dress—Telling the audience their soliloquies—Wearing their hats in rooms, and—Not wearing them in the open air.* There is no denying that these faults are glaring, and demand correction: The glances at the boxes, and adjustments of the dress, are impertinent and unpardonably out of place. The mismanagement of soliloquies leaves offenders without excuse, now that they have both the precept of Mr. Hunt, and the example of Mr. Kemble, to instruct them in a better practice: As to their intolerable misapplication of hats, it is an indecorum, that exposes them to every body's censure; when they wear them in a gentleman's chamber, his footman should be called to kick them out of it; but when in

a lady's, the hangman should be summoned to perform his office. Such violations of propriety are not to be endured: let them be corrected, and I shall be ready and content to agree with Mr. Hunt, that our Royal Stages have in no period of my remembrance been more amply furnished with performers, capable of doing justice to the best writers, and something more than justice warrants to the bad.

At the same time it is of a long succession of departed favourites, eminent in their profession, that I could speak within the period of nearly seventy years. To have seen them, and retain a lively recollection of their persons and performances, is amongst the few gratifications, which Time bestows upon old age in compensation for much better comforts, which he takes away.

I can imagine that I sit and hear the deep-toned and declamatory roll of Quin's sonorous recitation; solemn, articulate and round; dealt out with that pedantic magisterial air, as if he were a professor lecturing his pupils *ex cathedrâ*, and not an actor addressing his audience from the stage. I can fancy that I see him sawing the air with his unwieldy arm, whilst the line laboured as he mouthed it forth. A vast full-bottomed periwig, bepowdering a velvet coat embroidered down the seams, a long cravat, square-toed high-heeled shoes, and rolled silk stockings, clothing two sturdy legs, that rivalled ballustrades, were in his day the equipments of a modern tragic hero; whilst the hoop and shape (as we see it represented by Hogarth) surmounted by a high-plumed helmet over the aforesaid full-bottom, denoted the Roman or Grecian chief in his antient and appropiate costume. — We saw those things without amazement then.

Let me not however fail to recollect, that this Atlas of the stage could stand under the enormous globe of Falstaff's paunch, and carry himself through that eccentric character with consummate pleasantry. When I saw him once in that part I was very young, and of course very easily amused; but it was in

my much riper state of judgment, when I kept much more careful watch upon Henderson in the same part, and his performance was according to my conception of good acting one of those instances, so soon summed up, of absolute histrionic perfection; and I class it, in my idea of excellence with the Lear of Garrick, the Lady Macbeth of Mrs. Pritchard, the Penruddock of Kemble, and (I must take leave to add) with the Iago of Mr. Cooke.

Quin was not a confined actor: he did not walk in a narrow path, but took a circuit in his road to fame through all the graver casts of the legitimate sententious comedy. He would not have done much for the merry dramatists of the present day, but to the writers of the middle age, Vanbrugh and Farquhar and Congreve, he was a tower of strength. I believe he was oratorical preceptor to His present Majesty; I know he taught Lord Halifax and some other persons of distinction; and till the pointed penetrating style of Garrick gave a less laborious and a quicker current to poetic measure, Quin's Atlantic swell kept its majestic roll unrivalled.

It is no new thing to tell the world that Quin was a mannerist; every tragic performer, male or female, has been, is and will be a mannerist, as long as the stage endures. Mrs. Cibber was decidedly such. I have her now in my mind's eye. I behold a slender graceful form from between the wings of a wide expanded hoop-petticoat (pushed sideways on the stage) *rise like an exhalation*. As she advanced in the character of Calista, Belvidera, or Monimia, she pitched her recitation in that plaintive key, from which she hardly ever varied, and you felt yourself professedly at a tragedy in the first sentence that she uttered. It was sweet, but it was sweetness that sickened you; a song that wearied you; a charm that unnerved, a perfume that stifled you. You would have thanked Mr. Fawcet, or any other saw-grinder, to have broken the spell. There was no bearing the pathetic prolongation of one silver tone although melodious as Apollo's harp. Neither is there any

reason why metrical recitation should copy the mechanical correctness of a steam-engine: because heroic lines are all of the same length, it does not imply that they must all be set to the same tune, and sung in the same time. Let the heroine, who wishes to have mourners at her death, recollect that the swan only sings when she is dying. Whilst I am writing this, I have Mrs. Henry Siddons in my thoughts; and as this is the one only instance in which she shares the failings of her prototype, I sincerely wish her to dismiss it. Every picture must have light and shade: the eye enjoys the change of seasons; so does the ear of sounds. The tragic performer should be aware, that the passions must not be wearied by continual solicitation; the strong appeal must be reserved for great occasion. No hearer can sit through five long acts of continual lamentation; the finest feelings are the most fugacious; they can only be arrested by a master hand, and then they can be held but for a certain time; a tedious petition destroys its own purpose, and a loquacious pleader is not calculated to excite compassion.

Mrs. Cibber was extremely elegant and alluring in her action; her very frame was fashioned to engage your pity, for it seemed wasted with sorrow and sensibility; the cheek was hollow, and the eye was joyless; there was neither youth, nor health, nor beauty; yet perhaps in the representation of many of her characters she became more impressive by the privation of those charms, than she would have been in the possession of them. I have heard some, who remembered her, contend, that as an actress, she has never been equalled. I am not of that opinion. Her style and manner harmonized with Barry's, as Mrs. Pritchard's did with Garrick's. Barry was the Marc Antony and Romeo of the stage; Garrick would have played Macbeth and Abel Drugger in the same night, and Mrs. Pritchard would have played with him as Lady Macbeth and Doll Common. Foote said, that Garrick would have rehearsed Richard the Third before a kitchen-fire in July to amuse the

boy that turned the spit. I do not know that Mrs. Pritchard would have done quite as much, but she was so little fastidious about her cast of parts, that she took first, second or third, as they fell to her lot; and as Nature was her guide, she always appeared to be the very character she assumed. Whilst she could display the finest powers in the loftiest parts, I have seen her play the humble confidante to Mrs. Cibber's heroine, and never give an elevation to a single line above its pitch and station in the drama. I remember her coming out in the part of Clarinda in *The Suspicious Husband*, whilst Garrick acted Ranger. The unfitness of her age and person only added to the triumph of her talents. As Garrick's genius could dilate his stature, so could her excellence give grace and juvenility to her person. In short he might have played a giant, and she a fairy, if Shakespear would have written parts for them. On the first night of *The Jealous Wife*, at which I was present, she rescued Garrick from his embarrassment, and the audience from its languor, when she broke out and feigned a fit, that electrified the theatre, and saved the play.

The part of Lady Macbeth is probably the strongest test, to which the genius and powers of an actress can be put. None can attempt it with impunity, whose abilities are not of the highest order; for the passions that it stirs, the language it employs and the energy it demands, are all of the sublimest cast. As our nation to its honour boasts the poet, who conceived it, so has it also had to boast of actresses, who in succession from the date of its production to the present day of Mrs. Siddons have figured in that luminous situation without diminishing its lustre.

As I am now speaking of Mrs. Pritchard, and not called upon, nor disposed, to make comparisons, I shall only say that I retain a strong impression of her excellence. I have distinctly in my mind her conduct and deportment in the opening scene, where meditating on the intelligence her husband's letter had imparted to her, she gives the first tremendous indication

of her character; during which she never failed to command the profoundest stillness and attention throughout all the theatre. As she proceeded to unfold her thoughts, and her mind seemed expanded to admit the visions her ambition teemed with, her air, voice, feature, form itself, and her whole nature visibly imbibed the poet's inspiration: then it was we felt that thrilling horror at our hearts, which gave us the full consciousness of her powers, and proved there was an actress, who could picture to the life a character of the most terrific sublimity, that ever man's imagination formed.

To her succeeded Mrs. Yates; to Mrs. Cibber Mrs. Barry, and the stage was still respectably supported. Mrs. Barry in her best days was a lovely and enchanting actress: she possessed in an eminent degree all the properties, that are adapted to express and to excite the tender passions. She had more variation and flexibility of tone than Mrs. Cibber, and her eyes were powerful auxiliaries to her voice and action. She was not exclusively a tragic actress, but filled the characters of upper comedy with great success. I do not recollect to have seen Garrick play with more animation on any occasion, than then upon the stage with her, as for instance in the part of Don Felix and others of that amatory cast. In those days, before theatres were of the size, to which they since have grown, the countenances of performers could be distinctly seen, and the language of the eyes could be understood by the spectators; and not to have discovered how their lively comment animated and improved the text would have been a loss indeed.

Of Garrick it was not originally my purpose to have spoken in this place; but the recollection of his various and enchanting talents presses on my mind, and not to speak of him, when speaking of his colleagues and contemporaries, is a self-denial that I cannot practise. He was the great promoter (I had almost said the founder) of that legitimate taste for the early dramatists, particularly Shakespear, which Mr. Kemble, to his

honour be it spoken, struggles to uphold, but struggles against a torrent of mummery and machinery and song and spectacle; which the circumstances of the time he lives in, and of the stage he treads, render it impossible for him to do more than struggle with; it is a turbid torrent which he cannot stem. If he cannot trust himself to the character even of Macbeth on the little stage in the Haymarket without Mother Goose to cackle in his after-piece, neither could Garrick have filled that *Colliseum*, which is now a ruin, unless Johnson had drawn out his elephants to allure the gapers in the galleries: All the intelligence of his eye, the archness of his smile, the movement of his brow, the touching pathos of his under-tones, spent in their passage through the misty veil, would have failed to reach the outskirts of that greedy theatre; and he would have found himself only understood in the neighbourhood of the orchestra, whilst the rest of the spectators would have discovered little else in the finest actor, that ever lived, but the diminutiveness of his figure.

If the dreadful spectacle, which those blazing theatres have alternately displayed to the astonished capital, cannot burn them into smaller and more modest compass, but that they will rise more splendid from the downfall, and defy their fortune, the same resources must supply the same demands, the Muse of Comedy must resume her cap and bells, and the proprietors must again call forth *aut ursum, aut pugiles*, to amuse the people's eyes, when they no longer can regale their ears.

Mrs. Yates was an actress of a loftier cast and higher tone than either Mrs. Cibber or Mrs. Barry—

For dignity compos'd, and high exploit,

her natural powers were great, her genius bold, her person, voice and action so commanding, that sometimes in the domineering torrent of her passion, she would so overbear her interlocutors, as almost to outstep decorum and monopolize the stage. Still where any great and striking effect was to be produced, I have never seen the performer, who in my opinion

surpassed Mrs. Yates. In short, she was as decidedly formed and fashioned by the hand of Nature to be an actress, as Mr. Kemble is to be an actor. She had an independent style unmethodized by art; a spirit that disdained prescription, and a towering genius, that dreaded nothing but mediocrity.

This great heroine is now no more; but the stage has still possession of an actress, whom all have admired, and many idolized. Were I only called upon to speak of Mrs. Siddons as she has been, I should say that in her first display of character she was as pure, as perfect and as near to Nature as Nature's fairest representative could be. I apprehend she has too cautiously restrained and circumscribed her powers, and being sensible that repetition needs relief, has not sufficiently considered that absolute perfection does not admit of variation; why else she should resort so often to her under-tones I cannot tell, for they are positively inaudible, and the people, who call upon her to speak louder, should convince her that she is still too fine a speaker to be allowed to deprive them of their right without a remonstrance.

As an actor, who in the decline of our national taste stands firm in the support of the legitimate drama, and may be truly styled the *gravis Æsopus* of his time, Mr. Kemble has my most sincere respect, and when I bear this unprejudiced testimony to his merit, I am moved to it by no other consideration, but as I think it due from me, being the conductor of a work, devoted to the interests of fair criticism and contemporary genius. If he is evidently cautious how he lends himself to great variety of character, he very probably acts wisely for his fame, and prudently for his health; but I am far from sure, that we have seen him in the whole capacity of his powers, nor does it follow, because he has never stepped beyond the boundaries of his genius, that he has absolutely stepped up to them. I rather think, that if he chose to sally from his entrenchments, he might take new ground, and post himself very strongly on it. I have watched him in his *Leon*, and will venture to say

that his fatuity in that character is more highly coloured than that of Garrick's was. I dare say my readers can recollect certain parts, in which his unimpassioned recitation, that would hang so heavy in the hands of others, has a charm that never wearies us in his. I am satisfied he might considerably enlarge his compass, if he would. Nevertheless we must confess the stamp of Nature is upon him as the tragic hero; and when we add to that the habits he has acquired by the study of his art, and probably by the disposition also of his mind, he has a right, if he sees fit, to be seen in none but the gravest and most dignified situations. Nay although it were allowed on all hands, and he himself were conscious, that such were the true compass and determined limitation of his histrionic powers, yet Mr. Kemble would have no right to arraign the liberality of Nature, because she did not give him features as flexible, and frame as plastic as she gave to Garrick: what is great and solemn and sublime she has qualified him to express; and though her gifts, as such alone, had not been very various, they surely may be called extremely valuable: but I adhere to my conjecture.

Mr. Hunt says of Mr. Kemble, as Racine did of his own Athaliah—

Non in se crimen amoris habet.

Mr. Hunt is a nice observer, and very apt to be right: Mrs. Inchbald differs from him, and upon a question of that nature little likely to be wrong; how can we decide?

The ingenious writer of these Essays under my review expresses some disapprobation of a certain stiff and studied manner, which he remarks in Mr. Kemble, and observes that he is an actor even in the operation of taking out his handkerchief, when he is upon the stage. I can believe the fact to be as Mr. Hunt has stated it, but I do not quite agree with him in the comment, that he grounds upon it. I conceive it must depend upon the character, which Mr. Kemble represents, and the

situation he is in, whilst an action of this sort is introduced, whether his manner of performing it is, or is not, pedantic and improperly artificial. Heroes and kings may take out their handkerchiefs on the stage, but certainly not for that familiar purpose, which meaner characters would apply them to, whose noses had occasion for them. Mr. Kemble, as the representative of dignity, will of necessity dignify every movement, that fills up the action, and what is termed the bye-play of his part. He naturally will not allow himself to perform such common offices, as are above alluded to, like common men, but specifically and precisely as the individual would, whose image is in his mind, and whose minutest habits he would wish to make his own, so long as it may be his duty to reflect them. If he does no more than this, he does right, and I have not observed him apt to offend against character. No performer ever fashioned himself more studiously on reflection, and where I think him open to criticism is, when he suffers that reflection to be seen in representation, which only should precede it.

The part of Hamlet has generally been selected as the test of genius; I rather look upon it as the touch-stone of versatility. It is not always the best actor, who will play Hamlet best, but he who is most variously endowed; for that applauded drama is in fact a most irregular and parti-coloured composition. In parts and passages of that non-descript performance various actors have succeeded; several in many; Kemble in most; Garrick alone in all.

Mr. Hunt says, (and I quote it as a passage in his best manner)—

"That it must be the praise of a man, who shall possess a genius "capable of more than the art of acting, to personate Hamlet, the "gallant, the philosophical, the melancholy Hamlet, that amiable "inconsistent, who talked when he should have acted, and acted "when he should not even have talked; who with a bosom wrung "with sensibility was unfeeling, and in his very passion for justice "unjust; who in his misery had leisure for ridicule and in his re-

"range for benevolence; who in the most melancholy abstraction "never lost the graces of mind or the elegancies of manner; natural "in the midst of artifice, and estimable in the midst of error."

Upon this arduous part Mr. Kemble enters with attributes in some respects happier and more auspicious than those, with which Mr. Garrick was by nature armed. The dignity of the prince is in his form; the moody silence, meditative look, repulsive coldness and taunting ridicule cast on the creatures of the court, who besiege him, are peculiarly his own: in the judicious management of soliloquy, so little understood by some, he is not to be surpassed by any: in his interviews with the apparition of his father no actor can be more impressive; but in the graciousness of his manner with Horatio, Laertes and others; in his familiar condescension to the players, and especially in those delicate observances, which are not to be totally laid aside even in his sarcastic scene with Ophelia, and that more sharp and accusatory one with his mother, which were so finely and so curiously managed by Mr. Garrick, I must confess I have not received that perfect satisfaction from Mr. Kemble, which in other parts he has given me. When Hamlet in his interview with Ophelia, repeatedly vociferates—To a nunnery! to a nunnery! and quits the stage, Mr. Garrick tempered the unmanly insult in a manner that I cannot define, but by the effect it was evident that the sensibility of the actor operated as a softener to the asperity and coarseness of the poet. I have thought that in the stateliness of his deportment, and above all in the measured march and high-pitched tone of his declamation, Mr. Kemble did not sufficiently yield and accord himself to the fluctuations of that changeful character, which is throughout the drama *alter et idem*. But these are merely superficial opinions, that have floated in my mind, whilst I have been watching his performance, and they may very possibly be coloured by the prejudice of first impressions, and I feel how perfectly unfair it is to

bring actors now contending with the disadvantages of very different theatres and different audiences to comparisons with actors past. It is nugatory and frivolous, if done to flatter the living; unjust and cruel, if intended to disparage them. The present stage, whilst possessed of Mr. Kemble, has to boast of a performer, more deeply scientific, more learned and more laborious in his profession than is probably to be found in the annals of the British theatre. Although Garrick and Barry, Quin and Henderson, Woodward and O'Brien have passed off; although Mrs. Cibber and Mrs. Barry, Mrs. Pritchard and Mrs. Yates, Mrs. Abington and Miss Farren will be seen no more, the few old fellows like myself, who have lived through the whole list, and admired every one of them in their turns, would be the most illiberal of bigots, if we did not acknowledge the merit of those, who have succeeded to delight us, and support the undiminished credit of the stage.

I cannot quite take leave of Mr. Kemble without noticing Mr. Hunt's remarks upon orthoëpy, as applied to that elaborate performer: I confess I wish him not to be too precise in his pronunciation, but to content himself with speaking what is commonly called court-language, without too marked an aspiration of certain vowels. In some instances, that are urged against him, I think him right, yet I would recommend it to him to restrain his zeal for reforming customs, so long as they are sanctioned by the best societies, and are not inelegant. That he pronounces *aiches*, as those who employed the word, meant it to be spoken, I am well convinced: the metre puts it out of doubt; but it is not worth his while to be in a minority for a word—Let him say to himself—

——*Scio meliora, proboque;*
Deteriora sequor.——

Mr. Elliston, the Gracioso of Drury-Lane, always enterprising, and as various as a hero of a country company, has spirit to undertake and address to execute a great diversity of

parts. Those, which require little else than memory, he seizes with facility; but if deliberation, time and study shall be wanting, I cannot see where he will find those favours to bestow upon them. If he is not extravagantly fond of praise, I think he must be more than satisfied with the very fine things, which Mr. Hunt has said of him: I suspect he has a few failings, which it would be well to correct, but, lest he should not be quite as well pleased with advice, I shall forbear to obtrude it upon him. A man of lively parts is apt to catch at an apology for carelessness, and if you can inspire him with a high opinion of his genius, you may take no further pains about instruction; he will be sure enough to hold it in contempt. If genius may be said to consist in the variety of its operations without any regard to the dignity and importance of them, then may a maker of toys be called a man of more genius than the builder of a ship.

Endowed with an excellent and well-informed understanding, graced with a becoming person, and modest unassuming manners, the junior Mr. Kemble wants nothing but opportunities to display in new and more important parts the histrionic powers, which he possesses in no less degree than others of his family. As I am persuaded that this rising actor has too much real merit to disdain the advice of a judicious critic, I hope he has noticed Mr. Hunt's remark, and will correct his indolence, if indolence can fairly be imputed to him; but if he only wants animation in some unanimating under-characters, and possesses it to the full in such leading parts as Romeo and Jaffier, (which I am told is the case) it only proves that he is alive to good writing, and a lazy advocate in a lame cause and for an unworthy client. As his talents have been gradually expanding and improving from the first hour when he stepped upon the stage, I would advise him now, before he has the responsibility of a leader upon him, to lay *out* for excursive service, by which he may diversify his walk. No man can exactly foresee to what extent

the elasticity of talent may be stretched by the energy of ambition.

When Mr. Cooke is Richard, or Iago, or Sir Pertinax, he is in his proper post, and whilst he bears his faculties in steady poise, no actor can surpass him. He is then the main-prop of the drama he is engaged in; but should that main-prop totter, what disgrace can be greater than that of an actor so disabled, what resentment more justifiable than of an audience so disappointed!

Of Mr. Alexander Rae, now acting on the Dublin stage, I am glad to find that Mr. Hunt conceives favourably. What his advances may have been since he appeared in the summer-theatre I cannot say; but of a mind so well informed, so open to instruction and so totally devoid of self-conceit, as I believe his mind to be, I augur confidently and expect great produce.

High as my opinion of Mr. Dowton's abilities as an actor is known to be, and much as I regard him, it is enough for me to say that I am particularly gratified to find my opinion so flatteringly confirmed by the ingenious author of these Essays.

That so many comic actors and actresses, capable of doing justice to the best productions, have been seen to sacrifice their admirable talents to buffoonery and farce, is much to be regretted, and I cannot but agree with Mr. Hunt, that it has been evidently prejudicial to some amongst them of the higher order. Woodward I confess was a harlequin, and would jump through the dial-plate of a clock, but he would not grin through a halter. If more than that degree of spectacle and splendour, which is auxiliary to dramatic compositions, must be employed to meet the great outgoings of a theatre, there is no reasoning in the case. It is to be hoped however, that in the construction of the new and magnificent theatre now erected in Covent-Garden, care will be taken that the voices of the performers may have a fair chance to reach the ears of the audience; and as this is unquestionably the first thing

needful, there can be little fear of its being overlooked and neglected. Means may at the same time be taken to secure and guard the interior of the theatre from those unseemly noises and disorderly interruptions, that have been matter of such just complaint; and when the avenues and lobbies shall be kept free from those disgraceful scenes, which to every person that passed through them exhibited the licentiousness of a brothel, a great and very needful thing will be effected: The consequence of this reform will be, that in proportion to the respectability of the assembly, so will be that of the entertainment. Authors, who have been in the practice of writing to the galleries, must give place to those, who can address themselves to hearers of a purer taste; and actors, who, in compliment to those gallery-authors, have condescended to become buffoons, must recollect themselves and be comedians:

Much will depend upon the construction of this new theatre about to open, and still more upon the style and character, which the conductors shall give to its representations, and of what description the first novelties shall be, which they offer to the public. If the splendid pile be really meant to be a playhouse, and if song and scenery and show are to be employed as ornamental not as essential, then indeed, provided there be genius in the age to furnish dramas of true sterling worth, there seems no reason why nonsense should pass current, merely because it glitters.

That there is this genius in our contemporaries I cannot doubt, but in the fitness and capacity of those, who may be selected to pass judgment on their tenders to the stage, I have not the same confidence. This important task of deciding upon the elegibility of dramatic compositions offered to the stage has sometimes been confined to one, sometimes in the hands of a committee, and at other times so involved in mystery, that the candidate for acceptance knew not who were his judges, nor could easily find out the channel, through which to make his ap-

proaches to the secret tribunal. Now as it cannot be for the honour, or advantage, or repose of the conductor of a theatre, that discouragements should be thrown in the way of men of talents, who might otherwise be disposed to write for the stage, nothing seems more easy than to give promptitude and security to an intercourse between parties, who seem to have a common interest, and no real cause for disagreement.

The proprietor's object is to have a variety of dramatic novelties, and out of these to select such, as shall be judged most likely to attract the public and ensure success.

The man, who offers his production for the stage, naturally wishes and requires to be secured against the mortifying necessity of waiting for an answer tediously postponed, and perhaps after much solicitation at length discovering that his unhappy manuscript has been mislaid or lost: he can ill submit to have his offers treated, and his feelings tortured in this manner: he is undoubtedly entitled to receive a speedy and respectful answer, and has a right to know by whom his work has been read, and of course, who it is that is responsible for the judgment, that has been passed upon it.

If these positions are admitted, the remedy is obvious; the only thing wanting is to appoint the reader, and adjust the rules. What plea can any writer have for discontent, if a period were named for all offers to be made, and a time limited, within which all answers should be given? No one need subject himself to be announced as the author of a rejected piece, if he subscribed his direction and withheld his name. The accepted author only would be summoned to a revisal of his drama at a conference with the reader, who would be prepared to suggest whatever might be thought of to improve, and perfect it for representation, before the parts were cast, and it was recited in the Green-room.

Should it be asserted, that the eventual remuneration, which the stage holds forth, is encouragement enough for every man to write, that can write, I dissent from that assertion, belie-

ving, as I do, that there are many, with whom emolument is but a secondary object, who are fully qualified to write well and ably for the stage, and only want facility of access to it.

But if it only be contended, that, where the property is, the right of judgment ought to be, I think so too: therefore let the proprietor, who accounts himself competent to the labour and the duty of the task in question, undertake it, and adopt, if he shall see fit, or as far as he sees fit, the accommodating mode above proposed.

If he does not choose to undertake it in his own person, let some man be sought out, by experience, temper, punctuality and good manners fitted to conduct a business, which, however delicate and difficult it may be, would in my opinion, under prudent management, produce effects very highly favourable to the interests of theatrical property, the restoration of the legitimate drama, and to the general improvement of the taste and genius of the age we live in.

TRAVELLING SKETCHES IN RUSSIA AND SWEDEN, DURING THE YEARS 1805, 1806, 1807, 1808. BY ROBERT KER PORTER. *4to. pp. 333, 296. 5l. 5s.—Phillips, London.*

STERNE has said, that the efficient and final causes which induce idle people to leave their native country and travel abroad, are either infirmity of body, imbecility of mind, or inevitable necessity: that in the two first classes are included all those who travel by land or by water, labouring with pride, curiosity, vanity, or spleen, subdivided and combined *in infinitum*; and that every other description of travellers might be comprised under the head of delinquent, un-

fortunate, sentimental, or simple. Under one of these general divisions, but deserving a more particular specification, may be included another class, who, as Shakspeare says, are impelled to travel by,

> *Such wind as scatters young men through the world*
> *To seek their fortunes farther than at home,*
> *Where small experience grows.*

But since Shakspeare and Sterne wrote, another order of travellers, or rather a variety engrafted on one or other of the original species, has sprung up, which may be denominated 'the book-making tribe.' Yet as each of this tribe retains the specific character of the original class, on which the variety is so engrafted, there will still exist the distinct classes of inquisitive book-making travellers, lying book-making travellers, proud, vain, splenetic, necessitous, simple, or fortune-hunting book-making travellers, &c. &c. The reader probably, long before he has accompanied the author of these sketches in Russia and Sweden to the end of his journey, will be able to determine his place and rank in this catalogue.

At first view, it might be imagined that there is no difference between a traveller who writes a book, and a book-maker who writes travels: a little reflection, however, will discover in what the distinction consists, and that it could not well be greater: in one case the book is the effect, in the other it is the cause. One only writes about what he sees in his travels, the other only travels to see what he shall write about. Some among this book-making class of travellers have lately found, that the furthest way about, is for them the nearest road to distinction; that, like snow-balls, their greatness increases in proportion to the distance they travel from home; and that they are most honoured where they are least known. Some who have disappeared for a season or two, have, when least expected, shone forth illustrious in gay quartos; and having by their

works, or some other means, won the bright meed of knighthood, are thenceforward distinguished as Sir John, Sir Richard, or Sir Robert.

It is necessary in some cases, to prevent disappointment, that a reader should know something of the character and situation of an author before he opens his book: a man, who, calling on a friend, had prepared himself only to meet a family party, might feel rather surprized and embarrassed on being suddenly shewn into a room full of fashionable company. It may be as well, therefore, to premise, that whatever respect, on account of their dignity, is due to knights in general, who publish their own exploits, a double measure is due to the author of these Sketches in Russia and Sweden; who has not only "been admitted, with all serious rites," "a knight commander, &c. &c. of the Equestrian order of "St, Joachim," (Vol. II. p. 149,) but "by the star of the "beauteous Queen Christina, the guide of love, and the order of "the Amaranth, the emblem of its never-dying brightness, "has been enlisted for ever, one of Beauty's vassals;" has been "proclaimed champion of the fair," and after "receiving, on his knees, from the hands of a beauteous lady, the "shining badge of his order, rose another leaf in the royal "wreath of Amaranth." (Vol. II. p. 227.) To the reader, who perhaps has hitherto known the author only by his Panoramas, or by the account of his life, published amongst memoirs of other public characters, by his friend and brother-knight Sir R. Phillips, and who, never suspecting his accession of dignity, might be disposed to treat his performance with as little ceremony as that of an ordinary person, this previous knowledge of his rank is the more necessary, as Sir Robert is rather jealous of his distinctions: for though he modestly professes, "not to value them for the little they confer, but as a witness "of that esteem having been adjudged to him by foreign na"tions, which will ever be his ambition to deserve in his own," (Vol. II. p. 146.) yet he speaks with true knightly indignation,

of those, "who deem orders as a mere interchange of trinkets, "and attempt to turn chivalric distinctions into ridicule." He laments, that "the age of chivalry is gone by, when such insignia were prized beyond the wealth of worlds." "To laugh at "titles and customs of honour," says he, "is to laugh at "honour itself. This absurd contempt, or baser envy, is "beyond my understanding." (Vol. II. p. 225.) It would indeed be an ill-natured thing, if any of Sir Robert's readers were to envy him his honours, since this would be grudging him the only advantage or distinction he appears to have gained by his travels: and though he modestly confesses, that he considers, "*his spurs are to be won;*" and, in contemplation of future feats of chivalry, exclaims with Cæsar, "Happy was "Alexander who had arrived at the prize of his career, before "the Roman had started!" (Vol. II. p. 149.) it must not be imagined that, because honours are in great plenty in the North, they are to be had for nothing, or bought like Scotch degrees for a few shillings. But nothing can be more to the purpose on this subject, than an anecdote told by Sir Robert himself: his reflections on the occasion are peculiarly happy, and the reader of his work will feel their force and justness. (Vol. II. p. 96.)

And now the reader knows in what company he is to travel, he may prepare himself to attend the Knight on his journey as a faithful squire; and while Sir Robert is in a snug family-party with an emperor or empress, in familiar conversation with kings and queens, shaking hands with princes, or making love to a princess, he will have leisure and opportunity to make a few observations; keeping ever at respectful distance as gentle squire of knight-errant was wont in days of chivalry.

Anticipating, no doubt, the chivalric honours which awaited him in the North, Sir Robert, like his great precursor, the Knight of LaMancha, is ever in quest of adventures, and no sooner beholds the "immortalized city of Elsineur," than he is "eager "to traverse every part of the consecrated ground." Before

he has set foot on the shore, "he had already followed Ham-"let every where, had measured the deep shadows of the "platform, encountered the grey ghost of the royal Dane, had "killed Polonius in the Queen's closet, and drowned poor "Ophelia in the willowed stream." (Vol. I. p. 2.) This drowning part of the adventure, it must be confessed, is rather an unknightly trick, particularly for an embryo knight of the order of Amaranth: but then it must be remembered, this is all in imagination; he neither meddles with ghost nor lady in reality. But, "his eye and mind are soon called back to the "narrow foot-paths of dull matter of fact:" he seeks in vain at Elsineur "for decayed battlements and mouldering towers," and finds it "an Herculean toil to wade through that wilder-"ness of filth," as he is pleased to term that city. His expectations meet with a no less mortifying disappointment at "a place a mile from the town, that bears the name of Ham-"let's garden," "but retains no relic of antient interest, "excepting the tradition, which affirms that to be the spot "where was enacted the tragedy which has been so gloriously "immortalized by the genius of our great dramatic bard." Here, however, "considering himself in the very haunts of "Shakspeare's Northern hero," Sir Robert lingers to communicate "a few interesting circumstances relating to him," which he has "gathered at the fountain-head," "from the "very source whence our poet must have drawn the incidents "of his tragedy." He means, "the annals of Denmark "written by Saxo Grammaticus in the twelfth century." Now those, who have never met with any of the commentators on Shakspeare, and have therefore never heard of this same Saxo Grammaticus, will no doubt be much astonished at this proof of Sir Robert's sagacity and erudition. He says the work is in Latin, and supposing it not easy to be "met with," proceeds to "finish his account of Hamlet's garden with a short ab-"stract from that prince's history." When he comes, how-ever, to the scene between Hamlet and his mother, "the

"precise situation and circumstances of which, and even the "sentiments and the very words themselves," it seems, Shakspeare has borrowed from this antient author, Sir Robert no longer confines himself to abstract. The speech of Hamlet inspires him; and he says, "I have the more particularly "translated part of this speech, as it will shew you, in its "original state, the rough diamond which Shakspeare has "polished to so transcendant a brightness." (Vol. I. p. 7.) As he adds in a note, "the coarseness of this translation will be "pardoned, as it is *literal; otherwise than literal*, it would "be unexpressive of the manners it is intended to represent;" it may be as well first to exhibit the original Latin, which is not quite so difficult to be met with as Sir Robert seems to imagine.

"Quid, mulierum turpissima, gravissimi criminis dissimula-"tionem falso lamenti genere expetis, quæ scorti more lasciviens, "nefariam ac detestabilem tori conditionem secuta, viri tui inter-"fectorem pleno incesti sinu amplecteris, et ei qui prolis tuæ "parentem extinxerat, obscœnissimis blandimentorum illecebris "adularis? Ita nempe equæ conjugum suorum victoribus marita-"tur: brutorum natura hæc est, ut in diversa passim conjugia "rapiantur: hoc tibi exemplo prioris mariti memoriam exolevisse "constat. Ego verò non ab re stolidi speciem gero, cùm haud "dubitem, quin is qui fratrem oppresserit, in affines quoque pari "crudelitate debacchaturus sit. Unde stoliditatis quam industriæ "habitum amplecti præstat, et incolumitatis præsidium ab extremâ "deliramentorum specie mutuavi. In animo tamen paternæ "ultionis studium perseverat, sed rerum occasiones aucupor, "temporum opportunitates opperior. Non idem omnibus locus "competit. Contra obscurum immitemque animum altioribus "ingenii modis uti convenit. Tibi verò supervacuum sit meam "lamentari desipientiam, quæ tuam justiùs ignominiam deplorare "debueras. Itaque non alienæ sed propriæ mentis vitium defleas "necesse est. Cætera silere memineris."

Saxo. Grammat. Histor. Dan. Lib. iii. *p.* 51. *Edit.* 1644.

The following is the Knight's *literal* translation; the closeness of which is sufficient evidence that he has copied only from the original Latin, and has not consulted any German paraphrase.

"Hear me, most polluted woman! thou who art loathsome "from thy crimes and thy hypocrisy; whose very breath is impreg- "nated with the falsehood of thine heart! Thou, who only seemest "to lament one, who claims and deserves thy truest tears!— "Shame!—by what a course of folly hast thou become a common "whore! Lasciviously and unlawfully holding in thy detestable "soul, conditions with thy husband's murderer—embracing in "incest this bosom fiend, and staining, with him, the sacred "bed of that king whose son will avenge his blood, and destroy all "the obscene allurements to thy execrable adultery, in the object "of thy brutal passion. Granted, thou *mare-mated*, that thy "victory is gained; that thou art now linked to the sun of thy let- "chery—nature of brutes! and like them ye lose no moments of "gratification, impelled but by your beastly wishes.—I had for- "got—to one worn out and self-consumed by much enjoyment, "these examples are excellent, and to a married woman's mind, "most suitable.—Aye, forsooth, it must be preferable too, to "carry on such warm desires as far as they will extend,—that "she should be a husband's brother's wife!—and to add yet unto "its pleasures, she must not stand to gain the foul accomplish- "ment, but by the bearing down her wedded lord. Thou dam of "cruelty! Yes, I have played the mad-man, raved! With "this cloak of willing dulness I have wrapped about my reason; "it is my guard, while I watch to spring upon my prey. My soul "at every hour calls aloud for a murdered father's revenge. The "moment is now arrived. I waited the opportunity, and time "has now given what I so impatiently desired, though, alas! not in "all deserving it. Dwell not, mother, on the dark and secret "causes which actuated thy son's apparent madness; wail not for "my wild ravings, nor the actions of my insanity: turn thy la- "mentations on thyself; bemoan thine own infamy, and thine own "deformed heart.—Look to thyself!—deny not thy depravity "and faultiness; for these, thy sorrow is necessary indeed.— "Tear such foul weeds from thy bosom, mother, and check the "furor of thy crimes.—Thou hast once walked in the light of "virtue, call back to your remembrance its serenity, its joys: "turn to its pure flame, and once more let thy son see it beam "upon his mother's face." (Vol. I. p. 7.)

It is not easy to say which is most conspicuous on this occasion, the learning of the worthy Knight, or that of the Edinburgh Reviewer, who observes that Sir Robert "translates" (call you this translating?) "some passages from Saxo "Grammaticus, to which Shakspeare seems to have been "indebted;" and adds, "They are curious, though not very

"delicate: but one does not quite see why that author, as "well as Shakspeare, could not have been perused in Eng- "land." (*Edin. Rev.* No. xxvii. p. 171.) One certainly does not quite see why the Edinburgh Reviewer might not as well read authors before he undertakes to pass opinions on them.

Leaving Elsineur, "the accidental disagreeables of that "city were soon forgotten in the natural beauties of the "view."

"The shore, all along the Danish side, presents the most lovely "stretch of landscape I ever beheld. Mount Edgecumbe is look- "ed upon as the paradise of England: and what Mount Edge- "cumbe is in one spot only, so appears the whole of Denmark "from Elsineur to Copenhagen. The land is high, and undula- "ting in various romantic and sublime forms. Rich woods, "broken by park-like openings and verdant pastures, and inter- "spersed with country-houses and villages for an extent of twenty- "three miles, form the clothing of these beautiful hills. A stri- "king contrast to the black and naked line of the opposite coast." (Vol. I. p. 13.)

On landing at Constradt, where he "seemed in a new "region, and every sense was called forth to wonder and "exercise," Sir Robert "receives many kindnesses from the "governor, Admiral Hennacoff;" so eager were the great to salute him even on the confines of Russia! Bidding adieu to this benevolent man, he embarks on the Neva; and during his voyage, the boatmen, to whom he gives "a glass "or two of brandy to amuse them," entertain him in return by singing with much simplicity and ease several of their national airs.

"The strains are wild, and possess many pleasing and melan- "choly passages: yet the whole bore a strong tone of monotony "and abruptness. The one you heard (given to me by the Prince "de Courland while in England) is sufficient to convey a very just "idea of the general character of these northern songs." (Vol. I. p. 18.)

Arriving at St. Petersburgh, Sir Robert can scarcely find words to express his admiration of its magnificence.

"Such grandeur and symmetry in building, I never before be-
"held in any of the different capitals to which my fondness for
"travel has conducted me. Every house seems a palace, and
"every palace a city." (Vol. I. p. 19.)

He then proceeds to give an animated and picturesque description of those parts of the city most worthy notice. But there is one point in which he and Mr. Coxe are at direct variance. Sir Robert says,

"The dingy hue of bricks, or the frippery of plaister, seldom
"offends the eye in this noble city. Turn where you will, rise
"immense fabrics of granite." (Vol. I. p. 20.)

While Mr. Coxe asserts, that

"The brick houses are ornamented with a white stucco, which has led several travellers to say, that they are built of stone; whereas, unless I am greatly mistaken, there are only two stone structures in all Petersburgh!" *Coxe's Travels into Russia*, &c. Vol. II. p. 267. *Edit.* 1787.

Now unless it can be supposed that the city has been entirely rebuilt since the time that Mr. Coxe was there, it is not easy to account for these opposite statements.

Among the new works carrying on, Sir Robert describes a Metropolitan church, which when completed, he has no doubt, "will be a very powerful rival to the two great cathe-
"drals of Rome and London." The architect of this great design was formerly a slave of Count Strogonoff, but enfranchised by that nobleman out of respect to his talents. It seems that the application of mechanism to the purpose of abridging human labour, is here little understood or encouraged. "All difficulties are overcome by human exertions
"alone! Multitudes of labourers come some thousand versts
"from the interior, to work during the summer season, and
"when the frost sets in, retire thither again."

Sir Robert next proceeds to give some account of the paintings in the hermitage, but there is little of novelty or interest in his remarks. At the Taurida palace he is in raptures with a statue of Venus, which he prefers to the Venus de Medici, and describes *con amore* the other classic treasures which are there deposited. He leads his reader also across the Neva, to the Institution for the Encouragement of the Arts; thinks sculpture and architecture in a very promising state, but that there is a very manifest want of genius for painting. In all these places, however, his brother-knight Sir John Carr has been before him; and Sir Robert always speaks of his work with true knightly courtesy.

As in the days of chivalry, piety was considered no less necessary than valour to form the character of a Christian knight, Sir Robert is resolved to shew that he is not deficient in this respect. Indeed, he misses no opportunity of displaying his skill in wielding the weapons of Theology; even the far-famed Sir Hudibras might have feared a conflict with him. Without hesitation, he undertakes to unveil the mysteries of the Greek church, for the amusement of his military friend, to whom all the letters, of which the two volumes consist, are stated to have been addressed. He owns, indeed, that "much time is required, much reading, and many "conversations with the intelligent ministers of the Greek "church, to gain any correct idea of its institutions;" (Vol. I. p. 97.) but with a noble confidence in his own powers, and a most courageous contempt for *correct ideas*, he does not shrink from the toil. And here again it would neither be just to Sir Robert nor the public, to pass unnoticed the supercilious observation of the Edinburgh Reviewer.

"We say nothing of the account of the Greek church too—a subject very little adapted to such superficial writers as this author." Edin. Rev. xxvii. p. 175.

If the Reviewer had looked a little closer into the matter, he would have given Sir Robert credit for the depth and

accuracy of his researches; which are sufficiently evinced by his perfect agreement with the learned Dr. King: an agreement so very remarkable indeed, that the Knight not only does not say a single thing, which is not to be found in the Doctor's "Ceremonies of the Greek Church," but he generally says it in the very same words.

This resemblance extends to the most trifling particulars. Thus the Doctor sets out with observing, "As the Greek church is of the highest antiquity, so," &c.; while the Knight says, "As the church in question is of higher anti-"quity, than any other distinction amongst Christians, so," &c. (Vol. I. p. 69.) Again the Doctor, at the end of his account of *Confession*, says, "I shall conclude this article with the ingenious remark of Dr. Covell." The very same remark is thus prefaced on the very same occasion by the Knight. "I cannot deny myself the pleasure of repeating "an observation of Dr. Covell's,"—(Vol. I. p. 77.) It is certainly rather singular that both Knight and Doctor should hit on the same remark, but such things may happen sometimes by accident. Indeed Sir Robert appears to have pursued, accidentally no doubt, the very same track which the Doctor had traversed before him, and meets with the same guides. Thus he mentions the work of Peter Mogilas, intitled, "A confession of the catholic and apostolic faith of "the Greeks and Russians," and tells his friend that he "may find it in Greek or Latin"—(Vol. I. p. 76). Now it is very probable that he might have gained some credit for this display of erudition, if unfortunately Dr. King had not on the same occasion given some account of the work of this same Peter Mogilas, and added in a note, "An edition of this work in Greek, Latin, and German, was printed at Breslaw, 1751." In one respect, however, the superior address of the Knight is apparent; while the Doctor states, that "the ser-"vice of the Greek church is so long and complicated, that "it is very difficult to give a clear account of it, and still

"more difficult to give a short one," and occupies a large quarto volume with his description; Sir Robert, with that vigour of compression, which is the surest mark of genius, dispatches church, priests, monks, and nuns, in three letters!

The winter sets in during the Knight's stay at St. Petersburgh, and affords him an opportunity of describing the appearance of the natives at that season, and the sports on the frozen Neva; and this he does with a considerable degree of spirit. There is nothing new, indeed, in his picture, but it shews the eye of a painter, if Sir Robert will allow the expression: every object is placed in the most picturesque point of view. But in the splendour of the Russian court, he soon loses sight of all inferior objects. He feels it necessary to account for his having been two months in the capital of the Emperor of all the Russias, without calling on him. "The brave Alexander," it seems, was with his army on the frontiers.

"He was set out," says Sir Robert, "before my arrival; "hence I have not yet had the happiness of paying my *personal* "*obeisances* to so much true imperial dignity. In the course of "a few days, I hope to be in presence with the fair of his illus- "trious family."—(Vol. I. p. 129.)

Accordingly the very next letter commences with these words; "I have been at court." The young Empress was "the only one of the imperial family present."

"Her person is not tall, yet it is graceful and elegantly pro- "portioned; and the air of it is tender and interesting. Her "eyes are soft and blue; her complexion touchingly delicate.—— "As she passed through the long line of military nobles, she "honoured *us (i. e. us military nobles)* with the most smiling "affability; and her small regular features expressed a soft "urbanity, almost approaching timidity. Her voice is peculiarly "melodious."—(Vol. I. p. 130, 131.)

Soon after this, the Emperor returns from his defeated armies, and Sir Robert is then formally presented at court, where it appears, he is soon received by every member of the

Imperial family on the most intimate footing. He gives a very favourable sketch of the figure and manners of the "illustrious," "invaluable" Alexander: nor, in his admiration of the son, does he forget the mother:—

"The Dowager Empress, who is of a Pallas form and mien, is "a most admirable woman. I have before given you an idea of "her numerous charities. She is exquisitely accomplished; and "possesses a courtesy of address that is undescribable. To her "fair hand I am indebted for a diamond, which, in devotion to "her virtues, I shall ever wear next my heart."—(Vol. I. p. 149.)

This is quite in the style of a loyal and courteous knight; but the circumstance of this pledge of royal favour might have been rendered more interesting, if Sir Robert had stated on what occasion it was bestowed, or in reward of what services it was given. That he has not done so must ever be a subject of regret with those who love to contemplate noble actions, and to see them royally rewarded.

Among the festivities, in which he is engaged, he takes occasion to describe the ice-hills constructed on the Neva, and the ceremony of blessing the waters, which he concludes right piously with a prayer. Those who have read fuller accounts of these things in Coxe and King, will think perhaps that he might have spared himself the trouble.

Having run round the whole circle of Russian entertainments, Sir Robert continues no longer at St. Petersburgh, than just to give the patterns of the uniforms of Alexander's motley troops, and to describe their "nicely blacked mustaccios" and "enormous whitened whiskers;" and then, in midwinter, departs for Mosco. The city of Twer, lying in his road, is a place of too much consequence to be passed through unnoticed. Now, whether there is something in the air of Twer, which inspires one exclusive set of ideas, and one exclusive form of words, those only who have been there can tell: but certain it is, that they who read Sir Robert's account, (Vol. I. p. 182.) and that of Mr. Coxe, (*Travels into*

Russia, &c. Vol. II. p. 203, 204, Edit. 1787.) who had been at Twer before him, must suppose the existence of some such influence, unless there can be imagined any other way, by which the exact resemblance which one description bears to the other, could have been produced. Nor is it only in their account of the place that the Knight and the Clerk agree; their adventures there are exactly alike. The carriage of Mr. Coxe, which had broken down, is sent to a smith at Twer, who, instead of mending it, only makes it worse: Sir Robert is equally unfortunate, but infinitely more witty. His barouche breaks down at Twer, and is mended there; but so clumsily, that, to use his own words, it soon

"Shewed symptoms of disunion again, and at the village of "Klin, our servants had the extraordinary pleasure of another "*summer*-set in the *snow*!"—(Vol. I. p. 184.)

It would seem proper, therefore, that future gazetteers should, in addition to their present account of Twer, note that it is a place famous for the breaking down of carriages, and bad smiths. The same cause, whatever it be, that produces this perfect sympathy between the Knight and the Clerk, operates as long as they continue in the vicinity of Twer. The one observes, that it is necessary to cudgel the Russian boors into obedience; the other, more circumstantial, tells a long story in support of the maxim. Mr. Coxe describes the interior of a Russian cottage, and his description is so extremely faithful, that Sir Robert, in a sketch, which he has illustrated by his pencil, has been compelled almost to use the very same words. But it would not, perhaps, be right to point out any further instances of this extraordinary family-likeness in the productions of the Knight and the Clerk, lest ill-natured people should suspect, that it could not have happened by chance: which might tend to affect the legitimacy of Sir Robert's offspring, and his title to their paternity.

At length the traveller arrives at Mosco:—fit scene for

errant-knight, where there are nought but gorgeous castles, and lords, and princes, and peerless dames, and dwarfs, and giants, and splendid feasts, and fairy revels. But though "pleasure wooes him in as many shapes as ever Armida "assumed to charm away the wits of the doughty Rinaldo," (Vol. I. p. 210,) Sir Robert is happily so secure by nature on this point, that he must be very acute indeed who should discover, that he has less wit during his stay at Mosco, than at any other period of his errantry. Here, as elsewhere, the noble and the fair contend who most shall do him homage: and on one occasion, when he is invited by the young Countess Orloff to a sumptuous banquet, given on her birth-day, he makes a notable discovery, which the invention of Cervantes has not exceeded.

"Music, vocal and instrumental, resounded from all sides: "and when the health of the lady was drunk, a flourish of kettle-"drums and trumpets rent the air, and peals of ordnance (to those "who saw them not) reduced by their thunder the roar of festivity "to the murmuring of distant merry-making.

"I happened," continues the Knight, who appears to have run about the palace as familiarly as any favourite domestic animal, "to be gone into an adjoining room at the moment of one of these "explosions, and, most unluckily for their future effect on my "senses, got a *peep behind the curtain.* I found that these "repeated, seeming discharges of cannon, were produced by an "accumulation of *cows' bladders* distended with wind, and rapid-"ly laid in succession on large blocks of wood, where, with the "velocity of a steam-engine, they were burst at once by the "action of a ponderous mould or mallet."—(Vol. I. p. 212.)

At this feast, which, to distinguish it from the many others that were rendered illustrious by the presence of the Knight, may be called *the feast of Cow-bladders*, he meets with a paragon of beauty, who proves "his guiding star through all "the mazes of that happy festival." This naturally leads him to the subject of kissing; which, it seems, is reduced "to a sort of system in this country, and arranged in classes." Here he is in his proper field, and displays to advantage his

learning and peculiar felicity of illustration. The following specimen is inimitable:

"No bearded boor meets his fellow, but forty smacks are "heard, as though each were sucking cyder through a vent-peg!" (Vol. I. p. 215.)

During his residence at Mosco, Sir Robert takes occasion to make various remarks on the state of slavery in Russia, on the abolition of capital punishments throughout the empire, and on the use of the knout, of which instrument, and the mode of using it, he gives a minute description. This part of the work, though it will not surprize the reader by its originality of information, nor too severely exercise his judgment by its profundity or acuteness of reflection, will at least confirm the writer's title to the approbation and esteem of those, who set a higher value on the virtues of the heart than on orders of knighthood.

Curiosity leads him to visit the public baths, of which various travellers have given such various accounts: and here he beholds the Russian fair, "sporting about like porpoises," and "swimming like geese," without the slightest veil to hide their natural unloveliness: a scene too immodest for the chaste eyes of loyal knight; but it cannot be said he paints it *con amore*. He is much better pleased, when "dining with "Count P——," "receiving the most gratifying attentions "from Prince U—— or Prince V——," when "invited by "Prince W——," so "eminent for learning and talents, to "go down to his country residence," or when "his military "curiosity is politely gratified by Prince G——." Indeed, as Sir Robert had not, at this time, even received his "diploma "of knighthood," nothing could possibly be more gratifying than the attentions which were so universally paid to him by the most illustrious personages, since they could be considered only as a just tribute to his personal worth. To the governor-general of Mosco, he was "indebted for a thousand

"marks of friendship," and more especially for "a pelisse of "the rarest and most costly materials, being lined with the "skins of unborn lambs." On his visiting a prison, "the "guard turns out and presents arms." The princess Dashcoff, "one of the most celebrated women in history, the friend "of Catharine the Great," who from "a patriotic zeal for "her country, concealed her charms under a helmet, and "braced her beautiful bosom in steel," "does him the honour "to have a few auxiliary regiments reviewed before him." All this is the more extraordinary, as Sir Robert omits to mention what feats of arms he had performed to overshadow his reputation as an artist; and yet it should seem, from his own statement, that, previous to his reception among the nobles of Russia, it must have been necessary for him to *sink the painter*.

"Owing to the peculiar constitution of this empire, the arts "and sciences are, in general, but secondary objects in the "minds of the natives. The nobles deem no profession honour-"able, but that of arms. Ambition would be thought to stoop, "if it sought any celebrity from excelling by the chissel, the "pencil, or the pen: hence, the finest talents among the high-"born are never directed towards any of these points. Military "glory is all their aim:—the study of the arts and sciences is "left to slaves; or at best to slaves made free."—(Vol. I. p. 133.)

Sir Robert, it is true, was not entirely without pretensions to military rank; he had borne some commission in the Middlesex militia. But then again it appears, that none but officers of high rank are at all noticed by such worshipful society as he mingled with familiarly. This is placed beyond question on an occasion, when, accompanied by a friend, he accepts an invitation from Prince G——, who was encamped at a short distance from Mosco.

"We passed," says he, "the remainder of the evening with "the Prince, who gave us a very elegant supper, and treated us "with a respect and attention which made a comparison the more "extreme, that I could not help drawing: I mean the *immense*

" *distance* at which personages of his rank hold even the officers " serving under them. While we sat round the table, the sub- " alterns and captains of his regiment *stood at one end*, and in " that position partook of the repast. As it is the custom of the " country, they did not appear humiliated; but enjoyed their " share of the passing dishes with sufficient *goût* and good humour." (Vol. I. p. 274.)

It was certainly, therefore, not on account of his talents as an artist, nor his commission in the militia, that the Knight was received with such distinguished honour by the Princes and Imperial family of the Russian empire. Whatever pretensions he might have of a higher nature, however, the reader is left to guess, as Sir Robert conceals them with the most scrupulous modesty: a very commendable and knightly quality. But it may not perhaps be entirely out of place to observe, that other travellers have sometimes been honoured by similar distinctions, through a misapprehension of their real rank. Acerbi, with considerable naïveté, gives, among the table of contents of his second volume, chap. xi. the following head; " *Great hospitality and attention—Advantage* " *of being mistaken for a Prince in travelling!*"—As Sir Robert drops no hint of any such mistake being made with respect to himself, except on one occasion, nothing of the sort is to be presumed: and after all, it is of little importance to the public, to know the reasons of this singular exception in his favour: he might have produced cards of invitation from every prince in the North, and no one would have inquired how he came by them, if it did not appear from the frequency with which he brings the subject forward, and the delight with which he dwells on it, that he wishes to attract the public attention particularly to this one point, as of higher importance and interest than any other, which he has had occasion to touch on, in the course of his travels; as the principal object, in fact, to which every thing else is only to be considered subordinate and incident. It will not be thought strange, therefore, if, in this review, more attention

should seem to be paid to Sir Robert himself, than to his work: he at least will not be surprized, because he knows the observance due to rank, and that,

"What great ones do, the less will prattle of."

Summer having driven the nobles from Mosco, the Knight exclaims, "What then have I to do in this place!" and instantly sets off for St. Petersburgh. In his way he visits the monastery of the New Jerusalem, built by the celebrated Nichon, in imitation of the Holy Sepulchre in Palestine. "During his walk round the walls, he fortunately encounters "the archimandrite, or abbot, who accosts him with polite-"ness, and afterwards shews him an attention that was quite "unexampled."—(Vol. I. p. 287.) His account of this interesting place is very slight: he mentions some portraits of the founder, but he does not say a word about the *triple-handed* Virgin, an object of such high veneration there. It is to be regretted, that he lost the opportunity of comparing the miraculous hand with those of mortal painting: his opinion, as an artist, on the comparative merit of the two styles, would have been interesting, and at least quite as entertaining, and rather more in place, than his learned defence of King David, "the sweet songster of Israel."

On his return to St. Petersburgh, Sir Robert conducts his reader from one nobleman's seat to another, and points out with much taste, whatever he finds in them worthy of admiration: he then leads him back in a gentle amble to Mosco, and returns in the same pace to St. Petersburgh. If his follower should have chanced to fall asleep by the way, on his reaching this last city, he will be wakened by the loud larum of war. The Knight finds a French general there as ambassador.

"You will be surprized," says he, "that I should be unable "to say much of the French general, from my own personal "knowledge: he possessed no magnetic powers over me, and

"therefore I kept as due a distance as I liked."—(Vol. II. p. 73.)

From the change, however, which takes place in the disposition of Russia towards England, Sir Robert feels it to be his duty to apply for passports; and having obtained them, he continues no longer at St. Petersburgh, than "to take his "leave of the Imperial head of the court, in which he had "experienced so much kindness." Passing rapidly through Finland, he has not opportunity to do much more than give a dry list of the posts, at which he changed horses: but the perils and miseries of his journey, in mid-winter, among the isles of Bothnia, are forcibly painted; and the manners of the inhabitants of those inhospitable regions are sketched with a masterly hand.

Arriving at Stockholm, fortunately in time to witness the ceremony of opening the statue of Gustavus III, the Knight takes occasion to bestow some very high encomiums on that monarch, and seems scarcely satisfied with the tortures, which Ankerstromm endured on account of his assassination. But he is put still more out of temper, by a blunder of his "stupid "coachman," in consequence of which, notwithstanding the English ambassador had proposed to present him to the King and Queen, he has "the mortification of making his first bow "to their Majesties in a crowd." As the present unfortunate situation of these illustrious personages, renders whatever relates to them particularly interesting, the reader will not be displeased with contemplating their portraits as drawn by the Knight.

"Gustavus bears a striking resemblance to the best portraits of "Charles the Twelfth; and seems not to neglect the addition of "similar habiliments. For really at the first glance, you might "almost imagine the picture of his renowned ancestor had walked "from its canvass. He is thin, though well made; about the middle "stature, pale, and with eyes whose eagle beams strike with the "force of lightning: look at them, and while he is in thought, "they appear remarkably calm and sweet; but when he looks at "you and speaks, the vivacity of his manner and the brilliancy of

"his countenance are beyond description. His mouth is well-
"shaped, with small mustaccios on his upper lip, and his hair,
"which is cropped and without powder, is combed up from his
"forehead.

"Her Majesty is most interestingly beautiful; very much re-
"sembling her sister, the Empress of Russia. She is fair with
"expressive blue eyes. Her features are fine; but the affability
"of her countenance, her smile, and engaging air, independently
"of other charms, would be sufficient to fascinate every heart
"almost to forget she was a Queen, in her loveliness as a woman."
(Vol. II. p. 132.)

Whether it is from his inordinate admiration of nobility, that Sir Robert is disposed to appropriate to nobles whatever is beautiful or admirable, it should at least seem necessary to suppose some such disposition, in order to account for a curious blunder he has made on a subject, which it was natural to expect he would have understood even better than the laws and ordinances of chivalry. It respects one of the most celebrated works of the admirable Sergal, which is placed in the church built at Stockholm by Adolphus Frederic.

"A little to the right of the altar," says Sir Robert, "is a
"monument, erected in the year 1777, to the memory of a *noble-*
"*man* who died in 1560. It is of bronze, and surpasses almost
"every specimen of the kind I have seen: in short, I cannot speak
"too highly of the design, or sufficiently eulogize the undescri-
"bable beauty of its expression. It is an angel holding up in his
"left hand *the torch of life*, which is *extinguished:* with his
"right he unveils the world by raising a piece of drapery: em-
"blematic, I suppose, that death, while it destroys our mortal
"fires, opens the universe to the sight of our unembodied spirit."
(Vol. II. p. 142.)

It is a pity that the Knight's admiration of this sublime piece of art did not induce him to examine it a little more attentively: he would then perhaps have discovered, that it is not the monument of a nobleman, who died in 1560, but the cenotaph of the philosopher, Des Cartes, who having been invited to Stockholm by Christina, died there in 1650: and if Sir

Robert had looked nearer, he would have seen, that the torch is not extinguished, but blazes sufficiently to destroy his fanciful allegory. Coxe, with his usual accuracy, has described the monument in the following words :—

"Above is the medallion of Des Cartes, and beneath an angel taking a veil from the globe, and *illuminating* it with a torch; a sublime idea, simply expressing the effect of philosophy in enlightening the human race, but weakened by the angel's pointing to 'Stockholm,' written in golden characters." *Coxe, Travels in Russia, &c.* Vol. IV. p. 76.

Having procured letters of introduction to the Archbishop of Upsal, Sir Robert proceeds to that university, and amongst the other curiosities deposited there, examines the famous *Codex Argenteus.* The ease with which he gets rid of all the learned disputes respecting this curious volume, is very edifying. The decisive manner, indeed, in which he pronounces it to be a printed translation of the four Evangelists into Mesogothic by Ulphilas, thus settling at once three disputed points without ceremony, leaves the reader no room to doubt, that he either knows the Mæsogothic language and character as well as his own, the distinguishing characteristics of the style of Ulphilas, and the mode of printing in the middle of the fourth century, or that he knows nothing at all about the matter. Which opinion should be adopted, may, perhaps, be determined by his assertion, that the existence of this volume was not known, while it continued in the library of Werden; and that being removed to Prague, it fell into the hands of Count Koningsmarc, who gave it to Vossius :—an assertion certainly rather hardy, since, it is well known that, while the volume continued in the library of Werden, Anthony Marillon extracted from it some passages, which were inserted in a Commentary on the Gothic Alphabet published by Bonaventura Vulcanius; and that soon afterwards Arnold Mercator transcribed also a few verses, which Gruter gave to the world in his *Inscriptiones Antiquæ:* and it has been hitherto understood, that when Count Koningsmarc got pos-

session of the book at Prague, he gave it to Queen Christina, from whose library Vossius is supposed to have stolen it. But the facility with which Sir Robert divides, with his knightly blade, these Gordian-knots of history, is truly admirable. He has no sooner drawn on his hand the bloody glove of Charles XII. than he becomes perfectly acquainted with the manner of his death, and is as certain of his having been assassinated, as if he had himself been the assassin.

In the course of an excursion from Stockholm, he descends into the mines of Dunamora, Sala, and Fahlun; and none who have visited those dismal regions before him, have so well painted their gloomy horrors, and the savagely picturesque appearance of their inhabitants. When in the mountains of Dalecarlia, it was natural that he should visit every spot where any memorials of Gustavus Vasa were to be seen; nor is it to be wondered at, that the enthusiastic admiration, with which he evidently contemplates great and generous actions, should lead him to repeat the well-known story of the preservation of that illustrious patriot by the wife of the traitor Peterson; but it certainly is rather extraordinary that he should have dressed it up so well as to pass it for new upon the Edinburgh Reviewer.

At length Sir Robert resolves to visit his native shores, but royalty follows him even to the place of his embarkation. The Queen of France, together with the Duke and Duchess d'Angoulême, arrives at Göttenburgh, and he is immediately presented by the Comte de Damas. All "cold formalities of "ceremony are most condescendingly waved, they make him "sit by them as a friend;" and while he takes from the Duke the commands with which he honours him for England, he is happy to unite his respect for the Prince with the devoted affection of a friend!

And now, having attended the Knight during all his wanderings, the reader may sit down and consider how much he has added to his stock of knowledge by his Travels. It is certain

that he has been led through the whole alphabet nearly of princely letters, and that he has encountered some dozen of puns, which undoubtedly he would never have met elsewhere. Sir Robert, indeed, has said that his production is not to be considered as "the studied work of an author "bringing forward deep researches, valuable discoveries, and "consequential observations, but the familiar correspondence "of a friend, noticing the manners of the people with "whom he associates, their fashions, their amusements, the "sentiments of the day; and mingling with these a few "occurrences happening to himself, and the reflections to "which they give rise." (*Pref.* p. v.) Now upon this, some people would observe, "that a work really of this description, and written by any one possessing a common degree of curiosity and discrimination, must be particularly valuable and interesting; because, in a familiar correspondence, originality at least of information and remark might be expected." But it is to be apprehended that this merit will not be readily allowed to Sir Robert. Some may be apt to think that, in general, he has rather trusted to his memory than his own observation; and that where he has ventured without that guide, he has sometimes unfortunately wandered: and then it may be suspected, that, however correct his memory may be, it would be much better to refer at once to the works which he retails. It will not be denied, however, that, in his progress, Sir Robert has collected some stories, and adopted some opinions, which, though they are to be found in Olearius, and authors of his class, and are therefore not absolutely original, yet have been so long rejected by graver writers, that they have a sort of Monmouth-street gloss in them, a kind of second-hand novelty. But he has himself given the best account of his work that can be required. "He "had engaged to accompany his drawings with some explana-"tions:" a book was therefore to be made, of such materials as were at hand, and it was made accordingly.

GERTRUDE OF WYOMING; A PENSYLVANIAN TALE: AND OTHER POEMS. BY THOMAS CAMPBELL, AUTHOR OF THE *PLEASURES OF HOPE*, &c. *4to. pp.* 134.—*1l. 5s.—Longman.*

THE monthly publications, as they undertake to criticize every thing, may easily furnish a greater variety of amusement, than it is possible to provide in a Quarterly work, like the London Review. But the Quarterly works may be fairly expected to supply in weight, what they want in number; and to present an account more than usually ample of those authors who have excited discussion in their day, or in anywise influenced the public taste. Wherefore it frequently becomes expedient to consider, not only the volumes immediately under examination, but the author's literary character, the foundations that support it, and the general effects which it has produced.

As this has not yet been done with respect to Mr. Campbell, those numerous readers who, being very indolent or very busy, derive their whole acquaintance with modern literature from the popular Reviews, even now know nothing belonging to him, except his name, and this last poem of Gertrude. But by any just review of Gertrude, his genius will be most unfairly estimated: his other works must be cited, in order to convince impartial readers, that in truth he is a poet of the finest fancy, of the tenderest feeling, of the liveliest eloquence, and of the noblest sublimity. Such phrases of eulogium may appear excessive; but when the discussion of Gertude is dispatched, these, and even more, shall be substantiated by ample evidence, even in their most precise signification. The recommendation that the following pages will give, can be only a feeble one; but they may fall into the hands of persons who have never studied his

works for themselves, and his fame may receive some service, though that service be but a little.

Gertrude of Wyoming has been forced into some kind of reputation, by a party, important alike from their literary talents and their social influence. How far the cause may have been promoted by the partiality of friendship, how far by the crafty hope of depreciating certain rival productions, and how far by the still more insidious desire of shifting Mr. Campbell's fame from the immoveable basis of his former work to the frail foundation of this ordinary poem, Reviewers have no commission to enquire. Yet, though they may feel it irregular to search into private motives, they are surely free to examine, how far an unsound taste may have concurred to so undue a commendation: for taste is clearly a matter of public interest, and public cognizance.

Independently then of all personal considerations, the principal cause of success appears to have been that air of classical regularity which pervades the style, and characterizes the general effect. The workmanship, though exceedingly defective, contains many evidences that the approved examples of poetry have been consulted. The language has little affectation of obsolete phraseology: the metre is at least perfectly regular: the whole style is free from every thing barbarous or childish: and the verses, in general, stiff and unpleasing as they often are, have yet in their deportment a certain correctness, that indicates their breeding to be of the old school. Now if there could ever be a season peculiarly favourable to the production of a work written according to the good primitive models, that season was certainly the moment when Gertrude appeared; because, from the circumstances of the times, the critics were disposed to welcome any thing, not absolutely wretched, that came in the simple shape of the antient favourites. During a great many years, amusing and fanciful works had been starting in rapid succession, each more extraordinary than its predecessors. The general voice

had cried loudly for originality, and originality had been poured into the market. The flowery prettinesses of the Della-Cruscans, the strange ardours of the German sentimentalists, the horrors of the spectral poets, the trifles of the nursery-versifiers, the rude genius of the minstrels, the morality of the methodistical novelists, all were received with enthusiasm, because, together with a greater or less proportion of merit, each possessed a manner, really new, or old enough to appear so. But of late, people have suddenly found out, that originality of manner is not precisely synonymous with perfection, and that regular and approved principles are at least as good as any of the new-fangled modes. So the popular tide, which, like other tides, is governed by the moon, has now begun as precipitately to flow up to the established marks, as of late it ebbed away from them. Common sense, to be sure, declares, that merit is not the necessary companion of a legitimate style, though the legitimate style is the best possible companion of merit; but the critics do not pause to consider this: their ardent chiefs, seized with a loathing of modern eccentricities, enthusiastically extol an indifferent poem, merely because it is written upon rational principles. The powerful stimulants that were so long administered, have left a sickly exhaustion behind: the demand at present is not for the most nutritious, but for the mildest diet: and the intellectual taste, made feverish with drams, is delighted with a weaker beverage than would be welcome if the system were properly braced.

The literary guides will never be believed, while each new leader alters the course, and impeaches all those who have gone before him. A few years ago, the zeal of criticism canonized the vices of anomalous originality: and now, that zeal accepts the virtues of regularity in full of almost every other merit. This is the hour of a poetical restoration: the mischiefs of revolution have disposed men to welcome any representative of the royal blood, and in spite of every fault, the

offspring of the rightful family is raised with acclamations to the throne.

But it is not without considerable diffidence, that the following remarks are submitted to the public. In proportion to the greatness of the Poet, is the peril of the Reviewer; so that the criticism which dispraises Mr. Campbell, appears more than usually adventurous. It should soar on eagle pinions, and gaze with eagle eyes: for it rises toward the sun, and looks upon his spots!

The beautiful district of Wyoming, a Pensylvanian colony, peopled from various countries, was suddenly desolated in the year 1778, by an incursion of the Indians. Unfortunately it must be added, that this incursion, marked with singular atrocities, was committed by the allies of Great Britain, against a people whose only crime was their adherence to their own government.

The inhabitants of Wyoming, at the time of the poem's opening, are governed by a kind of patriarch, a venerable Englishman, named Albert. His infant daughter Gertrude, whose mother is no more, forms the comfort and joy of his heart, and grows up beneath his eye, lovely in every personal and mental charm. When she has arrived at the age of nine years, an Indian of a friendly tribe arrives with an English boy, whom he commends to the care of these good colonists. He relates, a little obscurely, but still intelligibly, that the Huron Indians, in sudden infraction of a solemn treaty, had attacked and destroyed a British fort: when the Oneydas, of whom the narrator is a chief, arrived to take vengeance. From a tree they unbound two prisoners, the wife and son of the English captain, who had fallen among his soldiers. The Oneyda women used every effort to restore the strength of the unfortunate lady; but she wasted to death, and bequeathed her child to them, intreating, that they would take him, with a ring in token, to one who would remember, when he beheld "the ring "that Waldegrave's Julia wore." The Indian adds, that in com-

pliance with this request, he has brought the child to Albert. Albert remembering an ancient friendship for this orphan's grandsire and parents, embraces the boy with strong emotion. The composure of the Indian is here very strikingly contrasted with the agitation of Albert. Yet Outalissi also has a heart for feeling: and addresses the sleeping boy in a parting song of great warmth and sensibility. Then he departs: and Albert often afterwards, when a dim sail is seen, climbs the promontory in the tender but vain hope of this kind Indian's return. Here the first part concludes.

The second division opens with a description of scenery, where Gertrude would stray or repose among hillocks of flowers, meditating or reading. Is not this kind of pastime rather unsuitably assigned, in a country where so considerable an annoyance seems likely to be produced by serpents and musquitoes? However, among these scenes arrives a young stranger in a Spanish garb, seeking the abode of Albert. To Albert he is directed by Gertrude. He gives a brief account of his travels, and the damsel begins to feel a palpitation in her bosom. Albert asks him whether he has, by any accident, heard news in Europe of Henry Waldegrave: whom, as no sort of hint has before been communicated of his departure from Wyoming, we now miss for the first time. Of course, this stranger turns out to be himself the beloved Waldegrave. Gertrude recognizes him first: Albert, a little oddly, appearing to have entertained no recollection whatever of his person. In a very concise and rather unceremonious way, the young traveller makes Gertrude a proposal of marriage: and she, though we hear nothing of any previous love, accepts him with unhesitating willingness. The second division concludes with this union.

The third part opens with more descriptions of mountain rambles. The tranquillity of Wyoming is soon disturbed by preparations for war: Gertrude would fain persuade her husband to emigrate for England—but this he resists. Suddenly, at a late hour of the evening, rushes in a being who

presently proves to be our early acquaintance, Outalissi. Age and wounds have almost exhausted him; but after refreshing himself with drink, he begins to recover his strength, and reproaches Albert for not remembering him. This appearance of Outalissi in Wyoming is a little surprising to readers in general, because the first part closes with a couplet which, if not a positive assertion, is yet a very decisive intimation, that he is not to return:

> "——— Never more, to bless his longing sight,
> "Was Outalissi hail'd, his bark and plumage bright."
> Part i. Stanza 28.

Nor is this a species of surprise, that accomplishes any beneficial object. However, when Outalissi declares himself, he is very warmly welcomed: and indeed the welcome is made to detain us an unreasonable time from the business of the visit. At length he announces the approach of the hostile savages, under Brandt, the Mohawk leader; relates the destruction of his own tribe, by that sanguinary chief; and exhorts the family of Albert to rouse their warriors. The enemy approaches. A reinforcement of friends also arrives. The inhabitants of Wyoming repair to their forts. Beneath the walls, in a moment of unsuspecting quiet, an ambushed Indian fires upon the hapless groupe, and Albert falls. Gertrude swoons, and presently the poet exclaims:

> "Say, burst they, borrow'd from her father's wound,
> "These drops?—Oh, God! the life-blood is her own."

She takes a farewell of Waldegrave, and expires: she is buried with her father: and the poem concludes by Outalissi's condoling address to Waldegrave.

In every species of narrative work, some portion of dramatic talent is indispensable: that is to say, the author should be endowed, not only with a power of telling his story clearly, but with a skill in the delineation of character, and with the faculty of involving his important personages in affecting situations.

In none of these particulars has Mr. Campbell eminently succeeded; not even in clearness of narration. We

hardly find out that Henry has disappeared, till suddenly he re-appears; though this very re-appearance is one of the most important events in the whole work. The breaking out of hostilities, too, is a very material circumstance; and yet it is not without great difficulty that the reader collects, how the war has arisen, or who are the contending parties. The death of Gertrude is a fact of still higher consequence; but the manner of that death is so carelessly left to conjecture, that at this day it is a generally disputed point, whether she be slain by the same volley which destroys her father, or by a subsequent discharge, or in what other way. Nor, at last, is any thing declared concerning the fate of Henry and Outalissi, who have resolved on warlike revenge against the destroyers; but with more than the abruptness of a German drama, the curtain is dropt upon the agitated groupe, and every thing abandoned to the imagination of the public. No doubt, a prosaic, lawyer-like accuracy of narration is an error to be most studiously avoided; but of late, an alarming multitude of authors have affected a negligent grace, and left half their story to be guessed. It is impossible too decidedly to discourage a fashion that abridges the writer's trouble, by increasing that of the reader. Those classes of poetry which come under the head of the Enigma, appear to be the only kinds of composition, where the author has any right to an exclusive property in his own meaning.

The skilful delineation of character is a virtue that may atone for many errors; but Mr. Campbell has no such redemption. Outalissi indeed is pourtrayed with boldness and great effect; but his portrait is not so properly the sketch of an individual's *character*, as the personification of a people's *manners*. It is certainly a most picturesque description of the Indian tribes in general; but, having no peculiarity in its air, no individuality to make it original and distinct, the admiration that it deserves must be paid to it for other merits

than *characteristic* drawing. The rest of the personages are merely amiable and insipid.

Many deficiencies, that could not have been absolutely justified, might at least have been overlooked, if the principal agents had been thrown into impressive situations of dramatic effect. There are three passages, where scenes of this nature appear to have been designed: the first is the recognition of Waldegrave, on his return to Wyoming—the second is the recognition of Outalissi, on his annunciation of the invaders—and the third is the death of Albert and his daughter. The recognitions, and the deaths, of principal characters, have often been successfully employed, in plays and in narratives, to excite curiosity and sympathy; but now, repetition has weakened their effect at best, and Mr. Campbell has not made the most ingenious use even of their remaining capability to please. As to his recognitions, they excite no emotion whatever: and even the pathos of Gertrude's dying words, which seems to have been designed for the main effect of the poem, is almost extinguished by the unskilful contrivance of the circumstances that occasion her destruction. This catastrophe is made simply a matter of accident: not such an accident as is brought about by any dramatic concatenation of causes, but the sort of accident that we daily read of in the newspapers, which happens by mere ill-luck.

If there had been any thing of concertment, or of particular motive in the heroine's destruction—if, for instance, she had been represented as having rejected some lover, who should have unintentionally slain her in aiming at his rival Henry:—in short, if any contrivance had prepared the way, and enabled the reader to perceive, on looking back, that the event was at all in the natural course of things, the poem might have left some impression on the heart. But little interest can arise from the main events, when they are so loosely appended to the extremity of the plot, that whether or not they had happened, the story would still have been equally

coherent. A great part of the pleasure communicated by an artfully-contrived catastrophe, arises from the gratification of a long suspense. But a mere sudden accident has produced no suspense; no one has said to himself, How will the embarrassment end? for there has been no embarrassment to a single personage of the drama—the difficulties do not begin, till the occurrence of the very casualty that ends them.

Accidents, therefore—though quite allowable in the complication of an interest—are never to be admired in its developement, unless they fairly arise out of previous occurrences, and then they are more properly called incidents than accidents. They then partake of motive in the agent, or of concertment in the poet, as well as of pure external chance. Those few symmetrical narratives which have continued, and will continue to flourish amid the successive decay of their clumsy competitors, afford complete illustrations of this principle. One example will suffice, which is preferred, because it springs from a countryman of Mr. Campbell. It is in the Douglas of Mr. Home. Douglas dies by one of those accidents that are properly termed incidents; an accident arising from the previous occurrences of the play. The unfortunate misconception of his patron, the innocent tenderness of his mother, and the natural and progressive hatred of his enemy, all create anxiety and suspense in the spectator, and all prepare the way for this melancholy event. The very causes that excite our affection for his character, lead at last to the blow that destroys him.—Physicians have declared, that men are born with the seeds of their mortal diseases: and thus should the previous events of a narrative contain the principle of its catastrophe.

Even though the final situation of this poem had been constructed as ably as it is unskilfully, there would still be reason to regret the want of little previous circumstances, calculated to enliven the tale. Such circumstances, though not directly, yet very powerfully, contribute to the effect of any

great situation, by the interest that they diffuse over the characters concerned. There must be as little need to dwell upon the importance of diffusing a strong interest over the principal agents of a great situation, as to enlarge on the various influences by which previous incident may invest those agents with such an interest: it must be quite sufficient to remind an author of the general fact, that his agents will recommend themselves infinitely more by what they themselves do, than by any thing that his warmest zeal can say for them.

Let it be observed, that the dramatic skill of which the necessity has been thus inculcated, must by no means be confounded with a theatrical manner: for dramatic effect is then only to be admired, when it is perfectly consistent with the simplest and purest nature.

It has been attempted to set up an apology, for this poem's deficience in the great requisites here recommended: and, strange to say, the tone, in which some defenders of Gertrude have hitherto proceeded, has been—not excuse, but triumph. They declare that, though this very quiet kind of poem be not calculated to strike the most strongly, yet it is likely to please the most deeply, and to be the longest admired. But a poem is not like a philosophical work, which, at its first appearance, may be misunderstood by ignorance, and abused by bigotry, and distorted by prejudice, and so completely overwhelmed with all sorts of rubbish, that the clearing hand of that great improver, time, is indispensable to the placing of its merits in a fair point of view: a poem, in these days, when once it has become known, has no obstacles to overcome: if it can ever please at all, it may reasonably be expected to please on the first reading; if it fails then, it is not very likely to obtain any second chance of pleasing. A fine poem indeed will, for a very long time, continue to display new beauties on each new examination; but no poem can be called fine, which does not display beauties enow at the first perusal to induce a second.

Some have said that Gertrude does display beauties enow to induce a second perusal, if the reader have but sufficient sensibility to enjoy pathetic charms, and sufficient patience to search for merits that are not self-evident. It is perfectly undeniable, that no pathetic poem can succeed with an insensible reader; but as to the patience that can justly be expected, there will probably be a considerable difference of opinion. May it not even be truly affirmed, that patience is a favour which no poet has the smallest right to calculate upon? The reader, to be sure, must lend himself readily: he should always be accessible when merit comes to call upon him; but he is not bound to exercise his patience by travelling to look after merit.

It is true that, in general, where poetical beauties are highly enjoyed, there is some exercise performed by the intellects of the reader. The mode of that exercise appears to have been much misrepresented in a late defence, no less sophistical than ingenious, of Mr. Campbell's poem: and as the arguments on this subject must determine the value, not only of Gertrude, but of numberless analogous works, it may not be improper to say a few words on the nature of the enjoyment which Poetry affords.

In the defence alluded to, it is stated that "the highest delight which Poetry produces, does not arise from the mere passive perception of the images or sentiments which it presents to the mind, but from *the excitement which is given to its own eternal activity*, and the character which is impressed on the train of its spontaneous conceptions." It is added, that "the object is, to awaken in our minds a train of kindred emotions, and to *excite our imaginations to work out for themselves* a tissue of pleasing conceptions."—From which reasonings it is presently inferred, that such a poem as Gertrude is preferable to a work which agitates the reader with a more direct and potent operation.

That the sum of our pleasure is completed, not merely from

what is actually presented on the page of the poet, but also, in a considerable measure, from the "spontaneous conceptions of the reader's mind," from the awakened "train of kindred emotions," is a truth which can hardly be disputed. But "*the excitement which is given to the mind's eternal activity*," is quite another question, and demands no such readiness of agreement. When the reader's "*imagination works out for itself* that tissue of pleasing conceptions," which, in some way or other, undoubtedly ought to exist, then the reader, and not the author, is the poet. Certainly, if once we admit the principles here quoted, we shall be absolutely compelled to allow that Gertrude affords "the highest delight which poetry produces:" for not only have most of the beauties which its advocates applaud, been entirely *worked out by their own imaginations*, but the unusual obscurity, both of the narrative and of the expression, gives a constant *excitement to the mind's eternal activity*.

Perhaps the question is more fairly stated thus:—It may be highly meritorious in the poet to inspire his readers with a fullness and variety of sensation, which are not precisely induced by the actual words of the poem,—whether that object be effected by awakening associations, or by any other of those pleasing resources, which the art of poetry affords; but it is no merit at all to produce a series of lines which require the trouble of profound consideration, and force us upon analysing, when we ought only to feel. The *conceptions*, in short, must be always involuntary.

But, in reality, the arguments on this question, from first to last, apply not to the *narrative*, but to the *poetry:* and though they be allowed to supply a justification of *poetical passages* that are lightly sketched, furnish no reason why a weak and ordinary *plot* should be preferred to a fable composed of bold, interesting, and affecting situations. Descriptions, and declamations, and even feelings, may be greatly

aided by the *imagination* of the reader; but incidents and situations are brought before him as fact, and fact is a subject for *perception*, not for *imagination*. Therefore incidents and situations should be represented in a point of view, where they may *strike upon the perception* with *perfect distinctness and forcible impression*.

We must not forget to consider the general tenderness for which this poem has been so highly praised. It does indeed possess much of that pleasing quality, and there would have been little occasion for complaint, if Mr. Campbell had consolidated his tenderness into pathetic situations, instead of allowing it to trickle in descriptions and speeches. How much he might have done, the reader will easily judge, from the following beautiful lines, where Waldegrave, agonized by the loss of Gertrude and Albert, receives the condolence of the kind Indian:

"Then mournfully the parting bugle bid
"Its farewell o'er the grave of worth and truth;
"Prone to the dust, afflicted Waldegrave hid
"His face on earth;—him watch'd in gloomy ruth,
"His woodland guide; but words had none to sooth
"The grief that knew not consolation's name:
"Casting his Indian mantle o'er the youth,
"He watch'd, beneath its folds, each burst that came,
"Convulsive, ague-like, across his shuddering frame!

"'And I could weep;'— th' Oneyda chief
"His descant wildly thus began:
"'But that I may not stain with grief
"'The death-song of my father's son!
"'Or bow this head in woe:
"'For by my wrongs, and by my wrath!
"'To-morrow Areourki's breath
"'(That fires yon heav'n with storms of death)
"'Shall light us to the foe:
"'And we shall share, my Christian boy!
"'The foe-man's blood, the avenger's joy.

"'But thee, my flow'r, whose breath was giv'n
"'By milder genii o'er the deep,
"'The spirits of the white man's heav'n

" ' Forbid not thee to weep :—
" ' Nor will the Christian host,
" ' Nor will thy father's spirit grieve
" ' To see thee, on the battle's eve,
" ' Lamenting take a mournful leave
" ' Of her who lov'd thee most :
" ' She was the rainbow to thy sight!
" ' Thy sun—thy heav'n—of lost delight!

" ' To-morrow let us do or die!
" ' But when the bolt of death is hurl'd,
" ' Ah! whither then with thee to fly,
" ' Shall Outalissi roam the world?
" ' Seek we thy once-lov'd home?
" ' The hand is gone that cropt its flow'rs!
" ' Unheard the clock repeats its hours!
" ' Cold is the hearth within their bow'rs!
" ' And should we thither roam,
" ' Its echoes, and its empty tread
" ' Would sound like voices from the dead!

" ' Or shall we cross yon mountains blue,
" ' Whose streams my kindred nation quaff'd:
" ' And by my side, in battle true,
" ' A thousand warriors drew the shaft?
" ' Ah! there in desolation cold,
" ' The desert serpent dwells alone,
" ' Where grass o'ergrows each mould'ring bone,
" ' And stones themselves to ruin grown,
" ' Like me, are death-like old.
" ' Then seek we not their camp—for there—
" ' The silence dwells of my despair!

" ' But, hark, the trump! to-morrow thou
" ' In glory's fires shalt dry thy tears :
" ' Ev'n from the land of shadows now
" ' My father's awful ghost appears :
" ' Amidst the clouds that round us roll
" ' He bids my soul for battle thirst;
" ' He bids me dry the last—the first—
" ' The only tears that ever burst,
" ' From Outalissi's soul ;—
" ' Because I may not stain with grief
" ' The death-song of an Indian chief.' "

Part III. stanzas 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39. p. 69, 70, 71, 72, and 73.

There is something sweetly affectionate in the conclusion of that adieu which the Indian pronounces, when he is about to return to his own deserts, leaving Waldegrave, yet a child, in Albert's care:

> "While I in lonely wilderness shall meet
> "Thy little foot-prints—or by traces know
> "The fountain, where at noon I thought it sweet
> "To feed thee with the quarry of my bow,
> "And pour'd the lotus-horn, or slew the mountain-roe.
> Part I. stanza 25. p. 22.

But with respect to Gertrude's dying speech, of which the tenderness has by some been extolled, as alone sufficient to establish a reputation for the whole poem, there seems by no means an excuse for indulging in so free a panegyric. As to the single merit of tender feeling, this speech is not inferior to either of the passages quoted before; but it is totally void of that sweet diction by which they are distinguished. The emotions succeed each other very naturally: but they are connected by a most unnatural phraseology. Not that the individual words, except in one or two places, are otherwise than simple and appropriate; but the inversion and transposition with which they are arranged, cruelly cripple the style, and perpetually break the reader's emotion. One may easily peruse the whole speech once or twice, without discovering that it has any merit at all: so little does the language assist the effect of the sentiment. Every critic, after examining with careful consideration, what would be the feelings of a woman in Gertrude's condition, will probably declare that they would be exactly those which agitate Gertrude; but it requires none of this careful consideration, to declare that no one would convey Gertrude's feelings in Gertrude's present language. And when the language is obviously unlike the language of Nature, people very seldom give themselves the trouble of searching whether there be any natural feelings beneath so uncouth an expression:

" ' Weep not, O Love,' she cries, ' to see me bleed—
" ' Thee, Gertrude's sad survivor, thee alone—
" ' Heaven's peace commiserate; for scarce I heed
" ' These wounds;—yet thee to leave is death, is death indeed.'"

What dying mourner would speak with this worse than Cowleian contortion? Can any thing be more stiff and cramp than Gertrude's designation of herself in the third person?—or than the awkward benediction, "Heaven's peace commiserate thee?"—

" Clasp me a little longer, on the brink
" Of fate, while I can feel thy drear caress,—

is exquisite: here is no transposition nor clumsiness, no kind of affectation—but in an instant "the genial current of the soul" is checked by that foe to feeling, a parenthesis:

" And, when this heart hath ceas'd to beat—oh! think,
" (And let it mitigate thy woe's excess)
" That thou hast been to me all tenderness,
" And friend to more than human friendship just."

The three lines that follow these, have very little warmth:

" Oh! by that *retrospect* of happiness,
" And by the hopes of an immortal trust,
" God shall assuage thy pangs—when I am laid in dust!"

Such words as *retrospect* belong rather to philosophy than to feeling: and the formal and metaphysically distinct enunciation of the two methods by which heaven may tranquillize the mind, namely, the recollection of the past, and the expectation of the future, has something rather more cool and considerate, than agonized feeling seems to allow. However this may be thought too nice an objection—let us go on to the succeeding lines:

" Go, Henry, go not back, when I depart,
" The scene thy bursting tears too deep will move,
" Where my dear father took thee to his heart,
" And Gertrude thought it ecstasy to rove

" With thee, as with an angel, through the grove
" Of peace—imagining her lot was cast
" In heav'n ; for ours was not like earthly love.

In this there is much to displease: we find the speaker again recurring to that unnatural device, the employment of the third person:—the stiff exclamation, " Go, Henry, go not back," excites fresh distaste:—and, however the thought may deserve praise, nothing can be much less simple or easy than the line, " The scene thy bursting tears too deep will move." " Ours was not like earthly love, " is admirable. The next couplet is not very striking; but at least it has not been spoilt by transposition.

" And must this parting be our very last ?
" No ! I shall love thee still, when death itself is past."

The next stanza begins with another of those cramp sentences, which, as often as they occur, strike a chill through the kindling heart of the reader, break the coherence of the sensation as it rises, and leave the whole excitation of sympathy to be recommenced as at first:

" Half could I bear, methinks, to leave this earth,—
" And thee, more lov'd, than aught beneath the sun,
" If I had liv'd to smile but on the birth
" Of one dear pledge ;—but shall there then be none,
" In future times—no gentle little one,
" To clasp thy neck, and look, resembling me !

The regret, that she perishes childless, is sweetly imagined; but it is spoilt by being placed as a question. The words, even in this shape, might have been very allowable, if they had sprung suddenly forth as a burst of feeling—if they had been made the beginning of the stanza;—" And shall there then," &c.—but here they are temperately employed at the conclusion of a sentence. Therefore, as the interrogation insinuates no kind of doubt, it can be nothing but a figure of speech: and this figure, however useful in argument or exhortation, can hardly produce an effect in feeling unless it shoot involuntarily and

suddenly. Few verses have ever been written, less natural or agreeable, than the two former of the three following lines:

> "Yet seems it, e'en while life's last pulses run,
> "A sweetness in the cup of death to be,
> "Lord of my bosom's love! to die beholding thee!"
>
> Part III. Stanzas 28, 29, 30, 31. p. 65, 66, 67.

And with these the speech concludes.

Perhaps it will be thought by those who wish to be poets at a small expence, that these little awkwardnesses and inversions are of no importance, so the feeling be but natural. It must be owned that awkwardness and inversion have precedent in their favour; but reason can never be with them: for it is obvious that, in order to make the representation of nature complete in every respect, the expression should be natural as well as the idea: and who will maintain that inversion is natural? Which of us, in expressing an ardent feeling, expresses it by transposing his words, and involving his sentences? Poetry, indeed, is privileged to step a little way beyond ordinary nature, when the licence can add fascination, or grandeur, or grace, or in any way heighten the general effect: but is any one of these desireable ends attained by the departures from nature, which are called inversions?—Certainly not. Then assuredly inversions are quite inexcusable. Versification is the medium through which poetry is perceived: and if the medium be ruffled and turbid, every object will come distorted to the perception.

In all works of art, though the design is the most material consideration, yet a natural and skilful expression is indispensably requisite to success: and the reason why so few of the numerous candidates for fame arrive at any very great eminence, is that so few possess a union of the creative and executive faculties.

Mr. Campbell, in some passages of his work, has inverted so unmercifully, as to become almost unintelligible; and though the fault does not every where amount to inextricable

perplexity, yet the versification is so unceasingly pinched and fettered, that the diction of the whole poem assumes a character at once hard and flat, clumsy and weak. In short, the phraseology is as obscure and ungraceful as the narrative. The reader will be able to form a tolerably fair notion of these defects, by a few passages which we have selected from a numerous series.

Albert is described as a widower with his infant daughter:

"A lov'd bequest and I may half impart—
"To them that feel the strong paternal tie,
"How like a new existence to his heart
"Uprose that living flow'r beneath his eye,
"Dear as she was, from cherub infancy,
"From hours when she would round his garden play,
"To time when as the rip'ning years went by,
"Her lovely mind would culture well repay,
"And more engaging grew from pleasing day to day."
Part I. Stanza 11. p. 12.

Albert apostrophizes the deceased mother of Waldegrave:

"And Julia! when thou wert like Gertrude now,
"Can I forget thee, favourite child of yore?
"Or thought I, in thy father's house when thou
"Wert lightest-hearted on his festive floor,
"And first of all his hospitable door,
"To meet and kiss me at my journey's end?
"But where was I, when Waldegrave was no more?
"And thou didst, pale, thy gentle head extend,
"In woes, that e'en the tribe of desarts was thy friend!"
Part I. Stanza 22. p. 19, & 20.

The scenery of Wyoming is delineated:

"But high, in amphitheatre above,
"His arms the everlasting aloes threw;
"Breath'd but an air of heav'n, and all the grove
"As if with instinct living spirit grew,
"Rolling its verdant gulphs of every hue."
Part II. Stanza 10. p. 33.

The poet blesses his happy groupe:

"Roll on, ye days of raptur'd influence, shine!
"Nor blind with ecstasy's celestial fire,
"Shall love behold the spark of earth-born time expire."
Part III. Stanza 1. p. 47.

Waldegrave, whom Gertrude has been urging to emigration, expresses his resolution of remaining in America to face the foe:

> "But shame—but flight—a recreant's name to prove,
> "To hide in exile ignominious fears;
> "Say, e'en if this I brook'd, the public love
> "Thy father's bosom to his home endears:
> "And how could I his few remaining years
> "My Gertrude sever from so dear a child?
> Part III. Stanza 9. p. 52, & 53.

The obscurity of these and other lines may be somewhat increased by the punctuation, which is every where exceedingly slovenly; but the author, on the whole, seems more blameable even than the printer. It has been imagined, that too much labour has spoilt his poem: this excuse it is difficult to believe. Inversion and involution cost no labour; labour is not their parent, but their destroyer.

The real causes of Mr. Campbell's failure appear to have been these two: first, that the narrative on which he employed himself, was incapable of producing much effect: and secondly, that if any little merit did spring up, it was choaked by the unmanageable nature of the metre. The toil of finding treble and quadruple lines of rhyme, is infinite; and when the difficulty has been overcome, the rhymes recur too distantly and unequally, to fall with a pleasing regularity on the reader's ear. So that the author has almost all the disadvantages of blank-verse without any of its conveniences. The constant intervention of the Alexandrines too, though Mr. Campbell, in several stanzas, has turned them to a good account, is, on the whole, exceedingly unfavourable. For the English reader, from long habit, is apt, whenever an Alexandrine appears, to expect something like a vigorous thought, or the winding up of a climax: something, in short, that is to make a kind of point in the author's favour. But as it is impossible to create points at the end of all the stanzas, and as, nevertheless, the Alexandrine must always recur, it very often recurs flatly, and, instead of aiding, clogs

the author. This is indeed that needless Alexandrine, deprecated by Pope.—Such a stanza would have been fatal to almost any writer: and Mr. Campbell's selection of it was more especially injudicious, because, in other kinds of harmony, he is known to possess powers of versification, which have not been surpassed by any poet in our language. But in his present injurious metre, he travels, cramped and embarrassed, from sentence to sentence, like Fortunio's magic racer in the fairy tale, who, possessing a swiftness that could out-strip the winds, delighted to run with his feet in bonds.

Let us now proceed to the more agreeable contemplation of the beauties that Gertrude contains. They are not numerous: and it will take no very great space to insert them all. They shall succeed each other as they stand in the original. Scotland is thus apostrophized—rather ungrammatically, but very poetically:

> "But who is he that yet a dearer land
> "Remembers, over hills and far away?
> "Green Albyn! what though he no more survey
> "Thy ships at anchor on the quiet shore,
> "Thy pellochs rolling from the mountain bay;
> "Thy lone sepulchral cairn upon the moor,
> "And distant isles that hear the loud Corbrechtan roar!*"
>
> Part I. Stanza 5. p. 8.

The Indian's farewell to the child has already been extracted: so that the next passage which deserves remark, is the description of the river:

> "There was the river heard, in bed of wrath,
> "(A precipice of foam from mountains brown,)
> "Like tumults heard from some far distant town;
> "But soft'ning in approach he left his gloom
> "And murmur'd pleasantly, and laid him down—
> "To kiss those easy curving banks of bloom,
> "That lent the windward air an exquisite perfume.—"
>
> Part II. Stanza 3. p. 28 & 29.

* The great Whirlpool of the Western Hebrides.

The foregoing lines breathe an air of Shakspeare, and a good deal resemble Julia's speech in the Two Gentlemen of Verona:

"The current that with gentle murmur glides,
Thou know'st, being stopped, impatiently doth rage;
But when his fair course is not hindered,
He makes sweet music with th' enamel'd stones,
Giving a gentle kiss to every sedge
He overtaketh in his pilgrimage:
And so, by many winding nooks, he strays
With willing sport to the wild ocean." Act II.

Waldegrave's account of his travels contains a stanza, which would be admirable if it had any relation to the business of the Poem:

" Anon some wilder portraiture he draws:
" Of Nature's savage glories he would speak—
" The loneliness of earth that overawes:
" Where, resting by some tomb of old Cacique,
" The lama-driver on Peruvia's peak,
" Nor voice nor living motion marks around;
" But storks that to the boundless forest shriek;
" Or wild-cane arch high flung o'er gulph profound,
" That fluctuates when the storms of El Dorado sound.
Part II. Stanza 16. p. 37.

Something of Mr. Campbell's genuine spirit appears in the following lamentation:

" Sad was the year, by proud oppression driv'n
" When Transatlantic liberty arose,
" Not in the sunshine, and the smile of heav'n,
" But wrapt in whirlwinds, and begirt with woes:—
" Amidst the strife of fratricidal foes,
" Her birth-star was the light of burning plains;
" Her baptism is the weight of blood that flows
" From kindred hearts—the blood of British veins—
" And famine tracks her steps, and pestilential pains."
Part III. Stanza 6. p. 50, & 51.

The Oneyda chief, exhausted, is thus forcibly described:

" To speak he tries, but quivering, pale, and parch'd
" From lips, as by some pow'rless dream accurs'd,
" Emotions unintelligible burst;
" And long his filmed eye is red and dim;

"At lengh the pity-proffer'd cup his thirst
"Had half assuag'd, and nerv'd his shuddering limb,
"When Albert's hand he grasp'd!—but Albert knew not him." Part III. Stanza 11. p. 54.

The Indian's death-song has already been extracted.

There are single lines scattered up and down, which have some merit. One of the most remarkable is:

"Red is the cup they drink; but not with wine:"

which, however, seems to have been borrowed from Dr. Leyden.

The following verse,

"Led by his dusky guide, like morning led by night,"

recalls a passage in Dr. Young's Revenge, where Leonora, conducted by her aged father, is compared to Truth led by hoary Time. There is yet a third, extremely striking—it is the characteristic description of Outalissi,

"A Stoic of the woods—a man without a tear."

The examination of this poem has been an irksome and a painful task: and nothing could have compensated its invidiousness, except the opportunity that it affords, of collaterally contemplating Mr. Campbell's genius in other more advantageous aspects. A Reviewer, of whatever courage, will probably feel himself disagreeably situated, when he is compelled to blame such authors, because, on these occasions, he is particularly obnoxious to the charge of presumption: and that charge, being of all others the most generally applicable to his tribe, is, very naturally, the most painful. It is indeed but too true, that the Critic, like all petty magistrates, is, for the most part, by vanity and petulance, and the other bad passions that pervert authority in little minds, most powerfully tempted to plume himself on his own diminutive dignity, and insult the genuine greatness of merit. The lion is defenceless, and every passing ass will indulge in a kick. But most certainly the foregoing pages, however

ungracious they may have appeared, have not originated from any such eagerness to seize an opportunity of being impertinent. There is no mind of common modesty but must pause, and no heart of common candour but must lament, when the deed of so fine a Poet is to be pronounced unworthy. A thousand prepossessions rush to his rescue, and the judge, like Felix, trembles in the presence of the accused. But when at last the process is concluded—when every defence has been fairly considered, and no alternative remains but a total condemnation—then the sentence must be unshrinkingly declared: and it is reasonable to hope, that the necessary harshness of the judgment will not be considered as the insolence of the judge.

Lochiel's warning is reprinted in this volume: a glowing effusion, admirable for the vigour and pathos of its poetry, and splendid in the sonorous harmony of its language. It is a dialogue between Lochiel, a Highland chief, and a seer who ineffectually strives to dissuade him, from engaging in the cause of Prince Charles, the Pretender. The following burst of the prophet is indeed a strain of inspiration:

"Ha, laugh'st thou, Lochiel, my vision to scorn?
"Proud bird of the mountain, thy plume shall be torn!—
"Say, rush'd the bold eagle exultingly forth,
"From his home, in the dark-rolling clouds of the north,
"Lo! the death-shot of foemen outspeeding, he rode,
"Companionless bearing destruction abroad;
"But down let him stoop from his havoc on high!
"Ah! home let him speed;—for the spoiler is nigh.
"Why flames the far summit? Why shoot to the blast,
"Those embers like stars from the firmament cast?
"'Tis the fire-show'r of ruin all fearfully driv'n
"From his eyrie, that beacons the darkness of heav'n.—
"Oh! chieftain, whose tow'r on the mountain shall burn!
"Return to thy dwelling, all lonely return!
"For the blackness of ashes shall mark where it stood,
"And a wild mother scream o'er her famishing brood."

P. 119, 120.

Again, in anticipation of Prince Charles's defeat and final escape by sea:

" 'Tis the sunset of life gives me mystical lore,
" And coming events cast their shadows before.
" I tell thee, Culloden's dread echoes shall ring,
" With the blood-hounds that bark for thy fugitive king:
" Anointed by heav'n with the vials of wrath,
" Behold! where he flies on his desolate path.
" Now, in darkness and billows, he sweeps from my sight:
" Arise ye wild tempests and cover his flight!

The ballads of Glenara and Lord Ullin's daughter are very indifferent. The song called the Battle of the Baltic has striking beauties; but at the end of each stanza, there is a line so short as to be almost ludicrous, a line of only three syllables; such as: " Led them on—For a time—Of the Sun"—and so forth. The " Mariners of England" is one continued blaze of excellence, and the " Battle of Hohenlinden" is probably superior to every thing of its kind. It is matter of great regret, that the copious extracts already presented, and those which are yet to be inserted from Mr. Campbell's principal work, the Pleasures of Hope, make it impossible to indulge the reader with these three smaller poems.

The Pleasures of Hope may be dispraised for some instances of carelessness and inaccuracy, and still more severely censured for the material fault of a loose and digressive arrangement; but when we turn from such demerits to examine the poetry of that exquisite work—when we consider the sweetness and tenderness of its pathos, the brilliance of its imagery, the gentle truth of its philosophy, the condensed harmony and eloquent vigour of its versification, the spirit and naturalness of its descriptions, and above all, its magnificent examples of true sublimity—the cold consideration of its errors melts away beneath the radiance of its beauties, and duty and candour demand that it be ranked among the noblest productions of poetical genius. Shall any one protest against this mode of forming an estimate, and insist that we ought to judge a poet's genius,—not by a series of passages, but by the merits which a poem possesses as a whole?—With equal force would this argument affect the fame of Shakspeare him-

self: for Shakspeare, splendid as he was in his poetry, was totally inconsiderable in the construction of his poems, although construction was of infinitely greater importance in such works as his, than in a didactic poem like the Pleasures of Hope. There is a principle more just as well as more generous—that principle of candour, which bids the critic pronounce, that though deficiency of plan, and slovenliness of connexion, are by no means excusable, where the poetical merit is but moderate; yet, where the excellences are so transcendent, as to carry the reader from page to page, forgetful of every defect in the arrangement, and occupied only with the glories of the poetry, the errors are ampl atoned by the balance of the beauties, and the author deserves to be extolled, without coldness, equivocation, or distrust!

Let those critics then who feel the merits of Mr. Campbell, come candidly forward to do their duty, unawed by the ridicule that vulgarity and prejudice may be expected to raise: let those critics venture, notwithstanding the æra of his birth, to praise him as one of the pre-eminent poets, whose faults are neutralized, and ought to be forgotten, in the paramount force of their merits. Those inconsiderable specks which mingle, perhaps inseparably, with the brightest productions of genius, may always be discerned when Envy casts her shade; but let it be remembered, that some such baleful obscurity is absolutely essential to the detection: for it is only when the observatory is darkened, that the dusty atoms can be discerned in the sun-beam.

Without considering, therefore, the general arrangement of the lines, which indeed are rather sewed together than interwoven, let us proceed to mark a few passages, which may illustrate the genius of the author. From these the candid reader is intreated to form his opinion of Mr. Campbell's merit. The individual deficiency of his last work is not to be urged in depreciation of his general talents—for one failure is no decisive evidence of a poet's weakness;

but a series of splendid beauties is an irrefragable proof of his power.

Hope is invoked to bless the wedded pair of love and virtue, bowed by the pressure of misfortunes.

" There, as the parent deals his scanty store
" To friendless babes, and weeps to give no more,
" Tell, that his manly race shall yet assuage
" Their father's wrongs, and shield his latter age.
" What though for him no Hybla sweets distil,
" Nor bloomy vines wave purple on the hill;
" Tell, that when silent years have pass'd away,
" That when his eyes grow dim, his tresses grey,
" These busy hands a lovelier cot shall build,
" And deck with fairer flowers his little field,
" And call from heav'n propitious dews to breathe
" Arcadian beauty on the barren heath."

The mother contemplating her sleeping child, is supposed to be thus addressing him:

" ' Sleep, image of my father, sleep, my boy:
" ' No ling'ring hour of sorrow shall be thine;
" ' No sigh that rends thy father's heart and mine;
" ' Bright as his manly sire, the son shall be
" ' In form and soul; but, ah! more blest than he!
" ' Thy fame, thy worth, thy filial love, at last,
" ' Shall soothe this aching heart for all the past—
" ' With many a smile my solitude repay,
" ' And chase the world's ungenerous scorn away.
" ' And say, when summon'd from the world and thee,
" ' I lay my head beneath the willow tree,
" ' Wilt thou, sweet mourner! at my stone appear,
" ' And soothe my parted spirit ling'ring near?
" ' Oh, wilt thou come, at ev'ning hour, to shed
" ' The tears of Memory o'er my narrow bed;
" ' With aching temples on thy hand reclin'd,
" ' Muse on the last farewell I leave behind,
" ' Breathe a deep sigh to winds that murmur low,
" ' And think on all my love, and all my woe?' "

She is then described in another interesting point of view:

" Soon as the playful innocent can prove
" A tear of pity, or a smile of love,

" Or cons his murm'ring task beneath her care,
" Or lisps with holy look his ev'ning prayer,
" Or gazing, mutely pensive, sits to hear
" The mournful ballad warbled in his ear;
" How fondly looks admiring Hope the while,
" At every artless tear, and every smile!

The maniac is pictured, wildly expecting the return of a lover, by whose death her reason has been snatch'd from her:

" Oft when yon moon has climb'd the midnight sky,
" And the lone sea-bird wakes its wildest cry,
" Pil'd on the steep, her blazing faggots burn,
" To hail the bark that never can return;
" And still she waits, but scarce forbears to weep,
" That constant love can linger on the deep."

Surely nothing can be more pathetic than the sensation of this poor girl, lamenting that her lover lingers, and yet even in her deepest grief, prevented, by that very madness which his death has caused, from suspecting that he will return to her no more!

The African chief in slavery is depicted with infinite force of feeling:

" Faint, bleeding, bound, he weeps the night away;
" And, when the sea-wind wafts the dewless day,
" Starts, with a bursting heart, for evermore
" To curse the sun that lights their guilty shore!"

The following lines explain themselves:

" In joyous youth, what soul hath never known
" Thought, feeling, taste, harmonious to its own?
" Who hath not paus'd while Beauty's pensive eye
" Ask'd from his heart the homage of a sigh?
" Who hath not own'd, with rapture-smitten frame,
" The power of grace, the magic of a name?
" There be, perhaps, who barren hearts avow," &c.

* * * * *

" But triumph not, ye peace-enamour'd few,
" Fire, Nature, Genius, never dwelt with you!
" For you no fancy consecrates the scene
" Where rapture utter'd vows, and wept between!"

* * * * *

"No; the wild bliss of Nature needs alloy,
"And fear and sorrow fan the fire of joy!"

An evening walk is thus poetically conceived:

"The moon is up—the watch-tow'r dimly burns—
"And down the vale his sober step returns;
"But pauses oft, as winding rocks convey
"The still, sweet, fall of music far away;
"And oft he lingers from his home a while,
"To watch the dying notes!—and start, and smile!"

These extracts have probably conveyed some idea of Mr. Campbell's powers for the poetry of pathos and feeling. The brilliance and variety of his imagination will perhaps appear, from this sketch of a poet contemplating nature:

"There shall he love, when genial morn appears,
"Like pensive beauty smiling in her tears,
"To watch the bright'ning roses of the sky,
"And muse on nature with a poet's eye!—
"And when the sun's last splendour lights the deep,
"The woods, and waves, and murm'ring winds asleep;
"When fairy harps th' Hesperian planet hail,
"And the lone cuckoo sighs along the vale,
"His path shall be," &c.

There is not less splendour in the apostrophe to Hope:

"Angel of life; thy glittering wings explore
"Earth's loneliest bounds, and ocean's wildest shore.
"Lo; to the wint'ry winds the pilot yields
"His bark, careering o'er unfathom'd fields;
"Now on Atlantic waves he rides afar,
"Where Andes, giant of the western star,
"With meteor-standard to the winds unfurl'd,
"Looks from his throne of clouds o'er half the world.
"Now far he sweeps, where scarce a summer smiles,
"On Behring's rocks, or Greenland's naked isles;
"Cold on his midnight watch the breezes blow,
"From wastes that slumber in eternal snow;
"And waft, across the wave's tumultuous roar,
"The wolf's long howl from Oonalaska's shore.

Mr. Campbell is admirable in the description of external nature also; his descriptions have generally the benefit of association with a sentiment:

"And, mark the wretch, whose wanderings never knew
"The world's regard, that soothes, though half untrue,
"Whose erring heart the lash of sorrow bore,
"But found not pity when it err'd no more.——

"Ev'n he, at evening, should he chance to stray,
"Down by the hamlet's hawthorn-scented way,
"Where, round the cot's romantic glade are seen
"The blossom'd beanfield, and the sloping green,
"Leans o'er its humble gate, and thinks the while
"Oh! that for me some home like this would smile,
"Some hamlet shade, to yield my sickly form,
"Health in the breeze, and shelter in the storm!

Again:

"Let winter come! let polar spirits sweep
"The dark'ning world, and tempest-troubled deep!
"Though boundless snows the wither'd heath deform,
"And the dim sun scarce wanders through the storm;
"Yet shall the smile of social love repay,
"With mental light, the melancholy day!
"And, when its short and sullen noon is o'er,
"The ice-chain'd waters slumbering on the shore,
"How bright the faggots in his little hall
"Blaze on the hearth, and warm the pictur'd wall!

The next merit that shall be instanced, is the fascination with which Mr. Campbell has clothed the philosophy of his poem. In expatiating on the comparative blessings of Wisdom and Hope, he exclaims:

"Can Wisdom lend, with all her heav'nly power,
"The pledge of joy's anticipated hour?
"Ah, no! she darkly sees the fate of man—
"Her dim horizon bounded to a span;
"Or if she hold an image to the view,
"'Tis Nature pictur'd too severely true."

This last couplet is beyond praise.

Of the accidental gales that may ruffle the serenity of connubial love, he thus delightfully expresses himself:

"Though thy wild heart some hapless hour may miss
"The peaceful tenor of unvaried bliss,
"(For love pursues an ever devious race,

" True to the winding lineaments of grace);
" Yet still may Hope her talisman employ
" To snatch from Heaven anticipated joy,
" And all her kindred energies impart
" That burn the brightest in the purest heart!

Nor is it possible to speak with too much admiration of the passage, in which he explains the tender meditations of age on the recollected feelings of youth:

" But yet methinks, when wisdom shall assuage
" The grief and passions of our greener age;

" —o'er her lovely hopes, that once were dear
" The time-taught spirit, pensive, not severe,
" With milder griefs her aged eye shall fill,
" And weep their falsehood, though she love them still!"

Of spirit and vigour the examples are so numerous, that selection is a task of considerable difficulty: thus:

" Friend of the brave! in peril's darkest hour
" Intrepid virtue looks to thee for power;
" To thee the heart its trembling homage yields,
" On stormy floods, and carnage-cover'd fields,
" When front to front the banner'd hosts combine,
" Halt ere they close, and form the dreadful line.
" When all is still on Death's devoted soil,
" The march-worn soldier mingles for the toil;
" As rings his glittering tube, he lifts on high
" The dauntless brow, and spirit-speaking eye,
" Hails in his heart the triumph yet to come,
" And hears thy stormy music in the drum!"

Thus also, in the address of Hope to Genius:

" Yes; to thy tongue shall seraph words be giv'n,
" And pow'r on earth to plead the cause of heav'n!"

The most harmonious versifiers of our language, the Popes and the Darwins, have not been the finest masters of poetical style. Their sentences have been singly beautiful, but not often extremely gratifying in a long succession; for the construction of the paragraphs has been usually so monotonous, as to fatigue instead of pleasing by the melody. Mr.

Campbell has introduced something of that variety in the pauses, of that eloquent climax, and of that progressively accelerated march, of which Dryden appears to have originally furnished a grand but imperfect idea, and which succeeding poets, either overlooking its value, or alarmed by its difficulty, have almost universally concurred to neglect.

" Ye fond adorers of departed fame,
" Who warm at Scipio's worth, or Tully's name:
" Ye that, in fancied vision, can admire
" The sword of Brutus, and the Theban lyre:
" Wrapt in historic ardour, who adore
" Each classic haunt, and well-remember'd shore,
" Where Valour tun'd, amid her chosen throng,
" The Thracian trumpet and the Spartan song:
" Or, wandering thence, beheld the later charms
" Of England's glory, and Helvetia's arms:
" See Roman fire in Hampden's bosom swell,
" And fate and freedom in the shaft of Tell:
" Say, ye fond zealots to the worth of yore,
" Hath Valour left the world—to live no more?
" No more shall Brutus bid a tyrant die,
" And sternly smile with vengeance in his eye?
" Hampden no more, when suffering freedom calls,
" Encounter fate, and triumphs as he falls?
" Nor Tell disclose, through peril and alarm,
" The might that slumbers in a peasant's arm?"

Again:

" And say, supernal powers! who deeply scan
" Heav'n's dark decrees, unfathom'd yet by man,
" When shall the world call down, to cleanse her shame,
" That embryo spirit,—yet without a name,—
" That friend of Nature, whose avenging hands
" Shall burst the Libyan's adamantine bands?
" Who sternly marking on his native soil,
" The blood, the tears, the anguish, and the toil,
" Shall bid each righteous heart exult, to see
" Peace to the slave, and vengeance on the free!"

It yet remains to pay the tribute of admiration to the noblest of all this poem's splendid qualities—its sublimity. Of that magnificent faculty—the purest source of rapture—the loftiest endowment of genius—" the attribute of God himself"—there

are several examples, so transcendently glorious, that even if they were unattended by any other meritorious passages, they might alone obtain immortality for their author.

Kosciusko's defence of Poland, is thus admirably recounted:

"Low, murm'ring sounds along their banners fly,
"Revenge, or death—the watchword and reply:
"Then peal'd the notes, omnipotent to charm,
"And the loud tocsin roll'd their last alarm!"

"In vain, alas! ye gallant few!
"From rank to rank your volley'd thunder flew:---
"Oh! bloodiest picture in the book of Time,
"Sarmatia fell, unwept, without a crime;
"Found not a generous friend, a pitying foe,
"Strength in her arms, nor mercy in her woe!
"Dropp'd from her nerveless grasp the shatter'd spear,
"Clos'd her bright eye, and curb'd her high career;—
"Hope, for a season, bade the world farewell,
"And Freedom shriek'd---as Kosciusko fell!"

"The sun went down, nor ceas'd the carnage there,
"Tumultuous murder shook the midnight air---
"On Prague's proud arch the fires of ruin glow,
"His blood-dy'd waters murm'ring far below;
"The storm prevails, the rampart yields a way
"Bursts the wild cry of horror and dismay!
"Hark! as the smouldering piles with thunder fall,
"A thousand shrieks for hopeless mercy call!"

The descent of the god Brama, to the aid of oppressed India, occasions the following splendid lines:

"Of India's fate her guardian spirits tell,
"Prophetic murmurs breathing on the shell,
"And solemn sounds, that awe the list'ning mind,
"Roll on the azure paths of ev'ry wind."

"'Foes of mankind! (her guardian spirits say)
"'Revolving ages bring the bitter day,
"'When Heav'n's unerring arm shall fall on you,
"'And blood for blood these Indian plains bedew;
"'Nine times have Brama's wheels of light'ning hurl'd
"'His awful presence o'er the alarmed world;
"'Nine times hath Guilt, through all his giant frame,

" ' Convulsive trembled, as the mighty came:
" ' Nine times hath suffering Mercy spar'd in vain—
" ' But heav'n shall burst her starry gales again!' "

" He comes! dread Brama shakes the sunless sky,
" With murmuring wrath, and thunders from on high!
" Heaven's fiery horse, beneath his warrior form,
" Paws the light clouds, and gallops on the storm!
" Wide waves his flickering sword; his bright arms glow
" Like summer suns, and light the world below!

Let the reader take the trouble to observe the succeeding description of a comet's creation, existence, and extinction—if he observe, he cannot but admire.

" Hark! from the world's exploding centre driv'n,
" With sounds that shook the firmament of Heav'n,
" Careers the fiery giant, fast and far,
" On bick'ring wheels and adamantine car:
" From planet whirl'd to planet more remote,
" He visits realms beyond the reach of thought;
" But, wheeling homeward, when his course is run,
" Curbs the red yoke, and mingles with the sun!

This series shall be terminated with the passage that concludes the Poem: a passage which, for the grandeur, extent and variety of the ideas, the astonishing skill with which they are combined, and the harmony and sublimity of their general effect, seems almost to defy competition itself.

" Eternal Hope! when yonder spheres sublime
" Peal'd their first notes to sound the march of Time,
" Thy joyous youth began---but not to fade.—
" When all the sister planets have decay'd;
" When wrapt in fire, the realms of ether glow,
" And Heaven's last thunder shakes the world below;
" Thou, undismay'd, shalt o'er the ruins smile,
" And light thy torch at Nature's funeral pile!

The immense and abstract conceptions of time, eternity, and the wreck of the universe, have betrayed hundreds of adventurous poets into absurdity and bombast. But those mighty masses that overwhelm a common mind, are upborne with graceful ease by Mr. Campbell's genius: and the fable of

Atlas seems at length to have arrived at its fulfilment. In these few lines, the origin of Time from eternity, the rejoicings of Nature at his birth, the coeval creation of Hope, and their concurrent progress even to the ultimate submersion of Time in that eternity from which he rose, the final destruction of matter, and the sweet and sublime devotion of surviving Hope, as she lifts her eyes to everlasting bliss, and illuminates her torch at the pile where perishing Nature lies enveloped in flames—form a picture on which it is impossible to dwell without the loftiest rapture—although it would be vain to expatiate on its beauties, unless the critic partook those stupendous powers which promise to immortalize the poet!

THE HISTORY OF BARBADOES, FROM THE FIRST DISCOVERY OF THE ISLAND, 1605, TILL THE ACCESSION OF LORD SEAFORTH, 1801. BY JOHN POYER. *pp.* 668. *4to.*—*Mawman*, 1808.

THE details of Colonial History rarely excite much curiosity, or awaken much speculation. Moving as do the parent states in the higher sphere of power, the eloquence of senates, the secret springs of cabinets, and the events of battles, seem peculiarly their own. All that renders history amusing or instructive, appears to proceed from their energy, or their policy. It is not considered that the strength of a mighty empire is made up of auxiliaries, as the rapidity of a river arises from the multitude of its streams. In proportion as the colonies are rich and productive, the mother country will be great and flourishing. In proportion as they advance to, or proceed beyond the political equilibrium of colonial policy, if they be small we may expect murmurs, if they be great we may dread danger.—They merit then our peculiar consideration; that we should trace their interests, investigate the sources of their prosperity, and mark the periods of their rise and decline. Con-

nected as they are to us in civil polity, and in alliance, whatever relates to their laws, their manners, their customs, their institutions, may prove illustrative of our own, and whilst seen on a smaller scale, and abstracted from prejudice or party feelings, might come home to our domestic business.

The colonies have indeed been formed at the most interesting periods of our history.—Not driven out by the order of Nature, which decrees that men shall seek other countries when their own is incapable of supporting them, nor exiled by the force of arms, which has propelled the inhabitants of one hemisphere to devastate another, Englishmen have sought asylums on foreign shores, from the hand of power and oppression.—They have cherished the flame of liberty in wilds and in deserts, and they have given to man another and a freer world.

The work before us contains a history of one of the most antient of our West-Indian Colonies. The island of Barbadoes was the first of note in the great Indian Archipelago that displayed the British flag—And it has been one of the most patriotic in defending it. Settled by the adherents to the first Charles, it resolutely opposed the arms of the usurper of his crown, and continued the steady friend of the successor to its king, when the rest of the world had forsaken him.

The importance however of a colony to its parent state, consists in something more than its loyalty.

We were much surprised that the author before us has taken notice of little more than the cold languid uninteresting domestic concerns of Barbadoes. With a deep spirit of philosophical inquiry, he has indeed penetrated into most of its laws, with a masterly hand he has touched on one of the chords of its prosperity, the freedom of its constitution, but of its population he has said little, of its commerce nothing.—These appear to us to be the only parts of colonial history interesting to English readers. The contention of governors with their assemblies, the pliancy of councils, the œconomy of

presidents, and the public spirit of juries, may indeed furnish matter for West-Indian encomiums or blame, but all readers are not West-Indians.

Nothing can be more flat or insipid, than for us gravely to be told, in a serious history, that ladies, in order to save the expence of an illegal tax on licenses, were out-asked in church, or that a new-married pair were thrown, by the violence of a hurricane, into a pimploe hedge.

Nor is it of importance to say, that the author has not done much, because he promised little. It is chimerical to judge of authors by the excuses of ordinary men, as their only object should be, to instruct and improve mankind.

He who has little to tell, need not write, nor is the world in such want of books as to stand in need of trite or commonplace information. It expects from every man who sets up to instruct it, that he shall be more than ordinarily acquainted with the object of his labour, and to readers it is of little importance whether the defects of a work proceed from ignorance or from want of inquiry in its author. To apologize, indeed, is easy, but apologies can never atone for the want of industry. He who sets out on careless or erroneous principles, and hopes to compensate for the defects of his judgment, or the ill consequences of his laziness, by awkward submissions, will find himself rewarded with the contempt of mankind.

Passing over then the grand œconomical reforms of a president, who put out the lamps at Pilgrim for the purpose of saving their oil; and the magnanimous motion of the assembly for suppressing the morning gun at Bridge Town, in order that his majesty's stores might not be wasted; and all that appears to us, useless and uninteresting; we shall confine ourselves to the laws and the state of the slaves in Barbadoes, interspersing such information as might illustrate the condition of the colony.

We are the more severe on this occasion, as the writer before us is a man of real genius, and although by his transatlantic

situation, his writing chiefly for the information of West-Indians, and the Keeper of the Public Records, *singulari suâ humanitate!* through his remarkable zeal for letters, with "more than Spanish jealousy," refusing him access to the journal of the assembly, he laboured under much embarrassment in the conduct of his work, we still think, that he might have rendered it more full, more complete, and more interesting to the general reader.

The constitution of Barbadoes, like that of our other West-Indian settlements, is made up of a Governor, Council, and Assembly.

It might at first sight appear, that the representative of the crown in a distant country, from the strength of the royal prerogative, from the variety and extent of his offices, and from the short period of his appointment, which rarely exceeds six years, might frequently be disposed to act arbitrarily and tyrannically. The Assembly, however, are the masters of the Barbadian revenue, and possess the power, and do not want the inclination to curtail the income of the governor, whenever his administration is displeasing to the people. This effectually keeps him subservient to them. The fear of this exercise of power has indeed, in several instances, induced the governor to resign some of those branches of the prerogative that constitute the chief strength of the crown: and the appointment to several offices of trust and honour, and, as it would seem, the regulation of the money of the country, are in the hands of the representatives of the people. This, though unconstitutional, is, we believe, useful to the colony; as in an assembly consisting only of twenty-two members, it would be easy, had the governor the appointment to all places of emolument, to introduce much venality and corruption. The council is always greatly under the power of the governor.

As a branch of the legislature, indeed, the council, from their very appointment and constitution, are necessarily defective. Recommended to office by the executive, and debating

in his presence, it is impossible that they can escape the reality or the suspicion of influence: and in an estate of government, either is equally injurious to the commonwealth. Founded, as is government, on public opinion, public opinion cannot be too much consulted in its formation and in its objects: nor is it material whether the functions of administration be weakened by the servility of its members, or by the contempt of the people.

As a branch of the judicial capacity of the crown, the council is equally censurable. Scarce can a petition be received, or a decision be appealed against, in which its members, from their local connections, are not interested; whilst the division of duty, amongst many, weakens the responsibility of all. Add to this, that experience in the mysteries of law, cannot be expected from those who have been educated for other, and perhaps higher objects, than the lucre of a profession.

The chief advantage of the council seems to consist in their participation of measures with the executive, and, in times of popular discontent, in their consequent participation of odium. They are the shield of the Commander-in-Chief, against which the darts of the people are thrown and spent.

The assembly is the popular branch of colonial government, and, of course, the favourite of the people. Its members are chosen annually; a measure which often occasions many serviceable motions and advantageous bills to be suspended in their passage through this house and lost, whilst the dependance which it creates of the members, on their constituents, renders them factious and turbulent.

The temper of the Barbadoes House of Assembly, indeed, appears peculiarly hot and inflammable. Not a session passes, but they are at war with the governor, the council, or themselves: and the whole meeting appears to be an opposition. Their measures, however, are often salutary, their councils wise, and their speeches eloquent. They appear to be a body

desirous of promoting the public good, and only failing through an anxiety of obtaining the applause of their constituents, and the popularity of the ignorant multitude. Their conduct to one of their governors, who laid on the people an illegal impost, was firm and manly. And although we know not how to approve the patriotism which might ruin a constitution, by refusing the supplies necessary for its existence, at least we may be allowed to applaud it.

There are upwards of thirty judges in the little island of Barbadoes, not four of whom, according to our author's estimate of their legal learning, ever explored the mysteries of Burn's Justice. We presume, there is something in the air of this flourishing colony, that inspires the legal erudition, or something in the soil that expands the consciences of this tribe of judges. Climate, according to some philosophers, is of wonderful effect in quickening the talents of men.

The whole criminal law business of the island, in spite of the swarm of judges, is thrown on the shoulders of his Majesty's Attorney-General, who performs the duty of a prosecutor, a judge, and, we may add, of a jury, in one and the same breath. The orations of this pleader, if collected, would certainly give birth to a new species of eloquence, as they obviously are neither demonstrative, deliberative, nor judicial.

The chief point to which we would draw the attention of our readers, is the state of slavery in Barbadoes. And here again we cannot help regretting, that our author has treated so great a subject with such negligence. It would have been a beautiful and an interesting picture, to have delineated the shades of discrimination between the African, fresh from the wildness of his desarts, and domesticated in the slave-yards of the West Indies, to have shewn how the native fierceness of the freeman is lost in the degradation of the slave, or how the warmer vices of his soul are clouded by the hypocrisy, or rendered violent by the impulses, of a more enlightened

superstition. It would have been pleasing to have seen the Negroes in their domestic haunts: at the hoe, at the ball, or the funeral. Mournful, indeed, is the lot of slavery; its very joys are sorrowing, its very pleasures pathetic! No festivities mark the birth of a child, or the connubial rites of a pair, but the Negro utters his plaintive song at the funeral of the dead, and rejoices that one slave less has ceased to groan in the world.

It must not be disguised, that although transported from their own shores, and doomed to a life of hopeless slavery, the Negroes are still comparatively happy. Supported by the interested cares of their owners, they know not the wants or the miseries of a savage state. Induced to enter into the dearest connections of life, those of husband and of parent, they no longer dread the savage hand of the spoiler to violate and destroy them. Protected by the power or by the wealth of proprietors, they enjoy the better and more valuable rights of freemen,—protection from violence, and security from oppression. Still, however, they are slaves! They feel not the wants, the hopes, the expectations, that bind man the more strongly to freedom and to life. They are prevented by their situation, from that moral and intellectual improvement, which, conducive as it is to our happiness, nature meant for man. Who that had a mind to consider, or a soul to choose, would resign freedom, however savage, for the caprice of a tyrant, for degradation and for disgrace?

Even in slavery, the British constitution, though the boast and the pride of free men, has afforded a protecting spirit that cherishes and soothes that unhappy race of men. The British are the most humane slave-owners among the islanders, and uniformly temper the severity of the master, with the liberality of the Englishman. The inhabitant of Holland, possessing a republican pride that arises from his laws and his political prejudices, contemns and abhors the slave. The Frenchman is too much inured to slavery, to respect or cherish it.

In the equal laws of Britain only, and in the sentiments they induce, are we taught to feel and think as men.

It must be confessed, however, that little care seems to have been taken by the Barbadians to instruct the minds of their Negroes. They are represented as a vindictive race, whom no religious or moral obligation can bind to speak the truth. But the fact is fully solved by the confession that they are Pagans, or at least addicted to the ambiguous rites of Obiah.

Nothing is more certain or more lamentable in the state of slavery, than that the immediate interests of owners are repugnant to the forms of education. Millions of the human race, have, in all ages, groaned from their tyrants looking to little more than the product of their manual labour. Happy for man, had it been considered that the only mode to increase it, is to enlighten the people. The proprietors of slaves have a nearer and a dearer interest in their instruction. In the insurrections that are frequent in the countries of slaves, what can calm their ferocity and abate the savageness of those just liberated from chains, but the remonstrances of reason, and the holy doctrines of the Gospel?

The laws, for and against slaves in Barbadoes, are often tinged with blood, but, like all laws where the interests of the state are repugnant, they are but little observed. Masters know too well the services of their slaves, to injure them in life or limb.

If a slave strike a christian; for the first offence, he shall be severely flogged; for the second, he shall have his nose slit, and be burned in the face with a red-hot iron. If a slave kill a slave, he shall die; but it matters not whether the homicide were in self-defence and justifiable, or voluntary and criminal.

The death of a Negro was of real loss to a proprietor, and it could not be too much discouraged, but it was not seen, that in case the law were rigidly carried into effect, two would be destroyed instead of one.

If any slave, under punishment by his master or his order, shall suffer in life or member, no one shall be liable to any fine for it. And till of late, if any person wantonly kill his own slave, he shall pay, into the public treasury, fifteen pounds. If he intentionally kill the slave of another, besides paying the owner double the price, and twenty-five pounds to the treasury, he shall be bound to keep the peace during the pleasure of the governor.

This law is now repealed, being much condemned in England, and exposing the Barbadians to censure even from their transatlantic fellow-subjects. The murderer of a slave is at present punished as a murderer.

The historian defends the late law as mild, placable, efficient for its purpose. Of a population of 75,000 black inhabitants, though no ordinary degree of diligence was pursued by Lord Seaforth, in following up the inquisition, sixteen only, within the memory of man, were found to have been killed by the whites, and of these, only six can be branded with the appellation of being murdered. Whereas, in the same space of time, the murders committed by whites on whites, were more frequent. What does this prove, but that the law, so much abused, is equally, if not more efficient, for the first end of human legislation, the prevention of crimes, than the one at present enacted? Where the interests of men are strong, they will not often be tempted to violate them, nor will an owner voluntarily destroy a slave by whom he, in some degree, earns his own livelihood; nor will a stranger commit the same offence when he is to be mulcted so heavily for it. It might have been added, that revenge and the love of gain, whence murders usually proceed, are passions little called forth by slaves; so much are they beneath the consideration of the whites, and excluded as they are by the laws from the acquirement of property: that where disparity of condition exists in a state, we should not expect equality of laws: that more especially where free man and slave are known to the

constitution, does policy require a broad line of distinction to be drawn between them; and that, suppose there be strong symptoms of a revolt in a plantation, is it not wrong to take from the proprietor a severity which might be the salvation of his family, and of general benefit to the colony?

Humanity, however, prevailed, and as it should, by all law, human and divine, blood was atoned for by blood.

There is another law, which, though of a different class, deserves to be mentioned here, and which this author stigmatizes as barbarous and inhuman. By a statute enacted under Mr. Pinfold's administration, slaves are considered as goods or chattels, and may be taken in execution for debt. The propriety of this law may be questioned in a political point of view, as tending to deaden the moral susceptibility of the slave, but in a moral light it deserves execration.

"By this barbarous and erroneous policy," says the author, "the wretched slave is dragged from the scene of his enjoyments, "torn from the hallowed spot that contains the remains of the "mother whom he revered, the wife whom he loved, or the child "that was dear to his heart; dispossessed of the little property "which bestowed on him an ideal importance in the eyes of his "fellow labourer, and sold into a new bondage in a distant part "of the country, under the dominion of an unknown master. "Separated from the only consolation that can beguile the rigour "of servitude, these wretched victims of avarice and folly, often "sink into a premature grave."

Of the mode of proceeding on the trial of slaves, it may be proper to take some notice in this place. Plunged by the hand of fate into endless servitude, and born to sustain the labours of others, this degraded race of beings are yet not denied some of the privileges of men. Even here, however, their trial, their prosecution, and their punishment, or their acquittal and re-establishment in slavery, seem obviously meted by the interests of others. It is not the negroes who are the avengers of justice, or who cause the mitigation of punishment in the colonies, but the master, whose estate would suffer by the diminution of their number, or whose

authority would be diminished by the impunity of their offences. This at once begets cruelty in the legislator, and forbearance in the breast of the judge; and whilst it teaches us the contradictory temper of tyranny, shews there are remedies in the order of nature to cure even the evils of slavery. Hard, indeed, would be the condition of him who is deprived of that will, which by the moral responsibility annexed to the enjoyment of it, nature intended for her creatures, were there not in the circle of man's civil progression, some compensation for its loss, some atonement, however slight, for its involuntary sacrifice. But to return to the manner of proceeding on the trial of slaves.

"In all common cases, a Justice of the Peace is empowered to "hear the complaint, and proceed to judgment; and on the most "ordinary and trivial aggressions, the evidence of the first gentle- "men in Barbadoes, against the worst negro, is given on *oath*. "But in cases of *felony*, two Justices of the Peace are required "to take cognizance of the offence, and to summon a jury of three "freeholders; not merely of the vicinity, lest any partiality "should be used in the selection, but who are nearest to the spot "where the felonious act was committed. Here the same forma- "lity is practised, as in all judicial proceedings. The accused is "confronted with his accuser and the witnesses; he has counsel "assigned him at the expence of his master, and every means "known to the courts at Westminster Hall, are employed in the "full and fair investigation of the cause. When the evidence is "closed, the magistrates and the jury, collectively, are left to de- "cide, and a single dissentient absolves the prisoner from guilt. "If he is convicted, there yet remains another chance of saving "him from the sentence of the law, the right of appeal to the "Governor and Council; *a right which is usually exercised*, "whenever there is the least prospect of its being successful."

"To this trial," says the author, "the only objection which "can possibly exist, is to the number of the jury. It might, "however, be doubted by the sceptical inquirer, whether the "mode of trial, which was intended to guard the rights of free men, "be in reality an acquisition to slaves. The trial by jury, it "might be said, does not create in the breast of the slave that high "assurance, that his cause will be canvassed by justice and im- "partiality, which is its best characteristic; but degraded as is "the negro in condition, he sees in his jurymen whites, who "are the enemies of his race. Nor would *his* rights be affected "by that summary process, which usually marks governments that

"are despotical, and nations that are enslaved; for what rights "in effect has a slave to lose? But in reality the owners of slaves "are humane from policy, and sedulous of their lives from interest; "and the deliberative slowness of the trial by Jury, gives time "to these calculating principles of our nature to expand and "operate."

This is all we could gather from our author on the state of slavery in Barbadoes—a subject which, of all others, interests our feelings and warms our imaginations. It is lamentable to think, that there are so many thousands of our fellow-creatures lost to morals, to science, and to humanity, through the selfish and base purpose of pampering the luxuries of a few of their species. Policy may indeed require that the prescription of property remain inviolate, and justice may dictate that what has been established by public sanction, should be guarded by public faith; but the time is not far distant when the Negroes will assert the native independence of their nature, and bury their chains amid the ruins of their oppressors. They have now the example of Hayti before their eyes, nor is there any thing so dreadful in rebellion as the abjectness of slavery. It needs but time and the accession of a few ideas, which the abolition of the slave trade will tend to excite, to turn them loose on their owners. Dreadful indeed will be the havoc that will ensue! But we turn our eyes with horror and dismay from the contemplation of this scene, nor will we call up the prophetic spirit to lap the blood of our brethren. The lesson, however, may be learned by statesmen, how dangerous it is to disturb the natural order of society, and to expose so foul an example to the world, as that the right of the stronger should be the rule of the universe.

The cries of politicians for the decline of population, are usually weak and chimerical. Arising, as does marriage, from the intentions of nature, and by no means proceeding from the artificial refinements of man, it will ever furnish citizens for the state, if there be room for their labour, or food for their support. But Barbadoes is placed under peculiar

circumstances. The newly-settled southern colonies, offer abundant field for industry and speculation; the proprietors of plantations find it their interest to elude the laws which enact, that there shall be cottages for poorer tenants, in proportion to the number of their acres; the slaves who are trained up by their owners for this purpose, turn the poorer whites fairly out of the market of competition, as artisans or mechanics. Thus exiled from home, this unhappy people are forced to seek a miserable subsistence on foreign shores, and Barbadoes is deprived of the most valuable of her citizens. This is an evil particularly to be dreaded, in a country whose population consists of slaves as well as free men. The former must gain boldness from numbers, nor is there any chance for victory to the whites, when they may be so greatly overpowered by the physical force of their opponents. The enforcement of the militia act, by which the planter may be obliged to send armed whites into the field, and the discouragement of slaves in the mechanical arts, are recommended by our author as remedies for this evil. But perhaps the abolition of the slave trade will do more for its suppression, than positive statutes, which are always either useless or dangerous when they go counter to the interests of men. It will now be to the advantage of the proprietor, to bring up his slave to the cultivation of the soil, as he can no longer rely on Africa for supplies for his *gang*.

It now remains that we should give our opinion concerning the general merits of the work. It might be said of this history, as of the Palace of the Sun, that the materials are of less value than the execution of the workmanship. The history of a small colony is not likely to afford much information, that is amusing or instructive; and the author has abridged the value of his work, by neglecting some of the materials. The little he possessed, he has rendered still less important by with-holding half. We question, however, whether the work would have been really more interesting, by

an addition of political matter. It is already heavy and cold, and wears more the appearance of a political treatise, than of a genuine history. It wants the soul of history, splendid personages, illustrious actions, brilliant achievements, great events. All that swells the imagination, or elevates the feelings, is not here to be found, and is ill supplied by the petty debates of a remote assembly, or the humble pliancy of an ill-constituted council. All that could be done by a man of genius, the author has perhaps effected. He is perspicuous without being languid, and dignified although sometimes pompous. Occasionally, indeed, he might have retrenched much awkward ornament, and generally have consulted ease more and correctness in his style: but this history is a splendid fête in the Barbadian annals, and will deserve much better to be recorded, than most of the events in the pages before us. Nor will the colonists triumph less, that it was written three thousand miles from the seat of arts, learning, and refinement. The situation, indeed, of a writer should at all times be considered in estimating the merits of his work. The transatlantic author before us was attended by many disadvantages in the prosecution of his history, which, as they were beyond his control, we should rather consider as in some degree redounding to his credit. In spite however of his strained manner, his cumbrous attempts at the pathetic, and his occasional dryness of style, there is so much good sense, so much candour, and so much unaffected patriotism in the book, that we cannot help thinking it deserves a better fate than from its want of interest it will probably experience.

MRS. INCHBALD'S BRITISH THEATRE. *(Continued.)*

HAVING in the last number gone through our remarks on Mrs. Inchbald's Theatrical Criticisms, as far as they relate to the works of Shakspeare, it now remains to notice her observations on the minor luminaries of the British drama.

Mrs. Inchbald prefaces her edition of the comedy of "Rule "a Wife and have a Wife," with some observations on the two brother-poets, Beaumont and Fletcher. She very justly remarks, that "to the querulous and vain, it must be a "subject of astonishment, how two persons could derive fame "so directly from the same source as writing plays together, "without contending which had the strongest claim to that "general admiration which their productions excited. But "all accounts upon this point are merely conjectural; for "the authors behaved too much like men, to disclose the "secret means of their labour; and here a curious enquirer "after facts, might almost wish they had been women."

The Reviewer trusts Mrs. Inchbald will forgive him for entering his protest against the concluding sentence of this quotation, and for declaring it as his decided opinion, notwithstanding the proverbial notion that has given a name to one of our comedies, that a secret is to the full as safe in the breast of a woman, as in that of a man. The conjectural criticism of the editors of the joint works of these poets, has however supplied the intelligence which their candour denied; for in the late editions, the precise labours of each are defined, with nearly as much exactness, as if the critic had been the most confidential friend of both.

The censure of the conduct of the fable, and the morality of the female characters in this entertaining play, does honour to the fair critic; but when we accede to her concluding remark, that "to preserve its fame on the stage, no common

" performers can be entrusted with the charge," we must reflect on how many of our plays the same remark is equally applicable.

The alteration of the comedy of " the Chances," by Villiers, Duke of Buckingham and Garrick, though perhaps necessary for the theatric representation, certainly takes off from the intrinsic merit of the play, however careless the united poets generally are in the catastrophe of their pieces, they seldom deviate from consistency of character; but the Don John of Villiers and of Garrick, is not the Don John of Beaumont and Fletcher.

To the opinion of Mrs. Inchbald that Massinger's comedy, " A New Way to pay Old Debts," though a very admirable play, is not altogether a pleasing one, we cannot implicitly assent; surely it affords an abundant source of amusement; no doubt it has many faults, but the fault attributed to Massinger and many past dramatists (and writers of novels may be added) " of bestowing spirit, life, and every powerful emotion of the soul, upon the wicked, and making all their good people insipid," must be imputed, not to the poet, but to the general feelings of mankind. This it is not the intention of the Reviewer to try to account for here, and still less to vindicate: but undoubtedly Lothario is a more popular character than Altamont, and Lovelace than Sir Charles Grandison. With regard to female characters, we are more just; there virtue always confers dignity, and no vice can be so elevated as not to excite hatred or contempt: in women there is no poetic goodness, distinguished from moral goodness.

In Mrs. Inchbald's remarks on Dryden's " All for Love," this passage occurs: " Who can be inattentive to the loves " of Marc Antony? (why not Mark Anthony, if his name " must be Anglicised?) Yet, thus described, their fate in re- " presentation seldom draws a tear, or gives rise to one " transport of passion in the breast of the most discerning

"auditor. There is certainly in this short history, compared "with more copious ones, a diminution of Cleopatra's faults; "yet her character is by no means so graced with virtues, "and dignified by heroism in this drama, as in the tragedy "of Pompée, by the great Corneille." Surely the reason of this is sufficiently obvious. Plays, drawn from Greek and Roman history, have never yet been interesting; and the character of "Cæsar's Cleopatra, Anthony's Cleopatra, "every body's Cleopatra," is too well known to an English audience to have permitted them to endure, at the time when Dryden wrote, the heroic dignity given to her by Corneille, any more than they would now endure to see the part of the Triumvir acted in a tye-wig and a full-dressed coat.

The remarks on the two celebrated tragedies of Southern, "Isabella" and "Oroonoko," are in general just, but have not much claim to novelty; and where the critic has attempted novelty, she has not always been happy in the attempt: speaking of Isabella's conduct to her creditors, whom she calls "ravening blood-hounds," Mrs. Inchbald says, "A charac- "ter only half as amiable as the author meant her to appear, "could not conduct herself towards her creditors, but with "the most profound respect. Indeed was Isabella largely "indebted to any one among these men, and had not the means "of payment—moral argument, perhaps, could prove, she "was as much in honour bound to marry *him* for the value "received, as to marry Villeroy." This is indeed "A new way to pay to old debts," but which in a drama would command a large accompaniment of hisses, though perhaps many a widow might be ready to adopt it in real life. It is not impossible that a sheriff's officer may have as much honour as a soldier, a sailor, or even that object of modern dramatic excellence, a blundering Irishman; but though the stage has exhibited sentimental ploughmen and braziers, it has not yet ventured on a sentimental bailiff.

Mrs. Inchbald gives a very just eulogium on the perform-

ance of Oroonoko, by Pope; but it surely deserved notice, that it was also performed by Garrick on the revival of the play, many years ago, when the licentious part of the comic dialogue, as in the present edition, was first suppressed; a circumstance worthy of notice, as he performed it with the greatest success, which was never the case with his Othello; though the same objection as to his figure, and the hiding the discriminating powers of his features, which was one of his excellencies, is applicable to both.

Mrs. Inchbald observes of Zara, that "it is impossible to "read this play without being delighted, or to see it without "being weary:" to the latter part of this assertion, we cordially assent, but not to the former; she also says, that suppose the author of Zara, a religious man, and the play "becomes instantly a production of the most virtuous tendency." The supposition is impossible, every intelligent reader must see through the whole drama, that the author is adverse to all religion, but especially to that of Christianity.

In the eighth volume, we find the four comedies of Farquhar, which now keep their place on the stage. The preliminary notes to each play are chiefly filled by anecdotes of the poet's life, which would have been better thrown together under one head. Why Mrs. Inchbald should have particularly chosen her remarks on the "Constant Couple," to tell us that "the theatre has peculiar charms for men of letters," is not very clear. She, however, very justly, censures the improbability of two lovers, like Col. Standard and Lady Lurewell, not recollecting each other till the catastrophe. With equal propriety she censures the disguise of Sylvia in the "Recruiting Officer." Such events, however, she truly observes, "were considered as perfectly natural in former "times;" a circumstance that seems perfectly unaccountable, especially as these disguises are more frequent when we go back to those times when female characters were performed by lads. A young man playing the part of a woman, in man's

clothes, must appear very absurd to the spectators, who are generally in the secret; but it must have been worse than absurd, when the lover and his disguised mistress recognize each other at the close of the drama.

It is rather odd, that Mrs. Inchbald should not have noticed, that the plot, and even some of the names in the Inconstant, are taken from Beaumont and Fletcher's "Wild-"Goose Chace." And when she says of the Beaux Stratagem, that, "charmed with the spirit of Archer and Aimwell, "the reader may not, perhaps, immediately perceive that "those two fine gentlemen are but arrant impostors;" she might have added, and unfeeling unmannerly brutes. Can any thing be more grossly brutal, than what Aimwell says to his friend in the last scene? "Take the twenty-thousand pounds, or the lady;" except the answer of Archer, who, when Dorinda expresses some indignant surprise at the offer, says, "his lordship knows very well that I'll take the money."

Of the tragedy of Cato, Mrs. Inchbald remarks, that "notwithstanding the merit of this play, it is certain that it "was indebted to the political circumstances of the times for "that enthusiastic applause with which it was received by "the town." The merit of Cato as a play, has been long given up; the Reviewer is bold enough to deny it merit as a poem, which it has been the fashion to give it. Surely there must be a radical defect in any work, when the principal character is drawn diametrically opposite to the author's obvious and avowed intention. Addison meant Cato for a zealous republican; but in Utica, he is a despot; he meant him for a stoic, and he flies out into intemperate warmth, because his son interrupts his platonic soliloquy. Pope, in his satire on the poet, gives the true picture of his hero, who certainly

> "—— Gives his little senate laws,
> And sits attentive to his own applause."

but in this picture we see no likeness to the republican or the stoic.

As the satiric poet Churchill has chosen to compare Cato with Sir John Brute, it is singular enough that the "Provoked Wife" should immediately follow Cato in this edition. The abominable profligacy and indecency exhibited in almost every scene of this comedy of Vanbrugh, very properly meets with severe reprehension from the fair critic.

Mrs. Inchbald does justice to the merits of that pleasing Comedy, "Love makes a Man," and to the ingenuity of Cibber, who so happily blended in one drama, "the Elder Brother," and "the Custom of the Country," of Beaumont and Fletcher. However low it was the fashion of the poets of his time to estimate Cibber, he was generally a popular dramatic writer; for, as Mrs. Inchbald excellently expresses it, "While many a judicious critic boasted of knowing what "kind of drama the public *ought* to like; Cibber was the "lucky dramatist generally to know what they *would* like, "whether they ought or not." Whatever most refined critics may say of classic dramas written by elegant scholars in the closet, theory as well as experience have shewn, that every dramatic poet who has attained celebrity, has been actually acquainted with the business of the Theatre. The theory is as old as Aristotle; the fact is confirmed by every good dramatist from Æschylus to Sheridan.

Of the "Careless Husband" it was the fashion of the contemporary wits to say it could not have been written by Cibber, on account of its merit. Were I to accede to that opinion, it would be on account of its insipidity. Mrs. Inchbald calls this "an excellent, a moral comedy." Where can be the excellence of a drama, where she herself allows, "there are no violent passions such as are usually depicted on a stage, but merely such as commonly govern mankind?" In fact the piece is without plot or interest, and merely consists of the common chitchat of persons of rank; and where are we to look

for the morality? In the manners of Sir Charles Easy, Lord Foppington, Lady Graveairs, or Edging?

Of the four Tragedies of Rowe, which are published in this edition, only the "Fair Penitent," and "Jane Shore," can now be considered as in possession of the Theatre. Every one must agree with Mrs. Inchbald, that of the first, the Fair Penitent is a complete misnomer, for never was there a more determined profligate than Calista. The following assertion however seems a little problematical, that "now, enlightened by a degree of masculine study, women's taste and judgement being improved—this best consequence of all ensues—men must improve to win them." Whether our fashionable coxcombs now turn chemists, politicians, and metaphysicians, to please the ladies, or the ladies adopt the same studies to please them, may admit of a doubt in the opinion of some enquirers. Perhaps there may be those who think, that, though *some few* ladies may not exactly conform to the habits of those men with whom they are particularly connected, the sex in general will adopt those habits which they think will render them most agreeable to ours, and that even those gentlemen who choose the costume and the pursuits of coachmen, will even now find as their counterparts, postillions in petticoats.

The concluding remark, that the seduction of unmarried women is not at this time so common as that of married women among persons of rank; and that therefore this play is not now an example to them, seem wonderful from the pen of a dramatic writer. The only question is whether the event is not probable enough for dramatic incident, and its consequences for tragic pathos. If every play is censurable that does not hold up a moral example to persons of rank, where is the playwright who shall escape?

The appellation of Fair Penitent might with much more propriety have been given to Jane Shore, than to Calista: the concluding remark on this play seems still more surprising

even than that on the last, when we consider it as coming from a person so intimately acquainted with the feelings of the human heart as Mrs. Inchbald has shewn herself to be, both in her dramatic and narrative writings.

The passage alluded to is this: Mrs. Inchbald, after having observed that "Alicia's calamities are far more heavy than that of the famished Shore," concludes thus:

"The parting scene between her and the condemned Hastings, "where he forgives her as the cause of his immediate execution, "has something more affecting than the last scene of the drama, "where Shore forgives his dying wife. The husband's pardon "comes after time has softened and penitence mitigated his "wrongs.—The *lover* forgives a more fatal injury, and its conse- "quences that moment impending."

The Reviewer confesses he never could find any thing affecting in the parting scene between Hastings and Alicia. He is not a *lover* who forgives, but a dying sinner who repents. While Shore is a fond husband, reconciled to a penitent wife, of whose sincere and steady reformation he had been a witness, and whom he is on the point of losing; Alicia and Jane Shore are by no means equal in the eyes of the spectator. They both suffer in consequence of guilt; but the guilt of Jane Shore arose from female weakness, long before the opening of the drama, and sincerely repented of; the guilt of Alicia is that of a fiend, and acted in the face of the Theatre. Besides, as most of u derive our first knowledge of Jane Shore from the old ditty, we are apt, when we see Alicia, to think of her prototype Mrs. Blague, of which Rowe has very injudiciously reminded us by the circumstance of Jane Shore delivering the casket to her in the first act.

Mrs. Inchbald prefaces her remarks on Mrs. Centlivre's Comedies, with an apology for female dramatic writers: Surely no apology was necessary for a circumstance which has given to the British Theatre the humour of Mrs. Centlivre, and the pathos of Mrs. Inchbald. The first however must be acknowledged as the more extraordinary endowment in a female wri-

ter, for the same reason that the latter, as being more consonant with the female character, is the more amiable one.

Of the Tragedies of Lillo, what Mrs. Inchbald says of the Fatal Curiosity, may in some degree be applied to George Barnwell, viz. "that for want of that robust constitution which implies "strength of mind as well as body, an audience shrinks from be- "holding it performed." Those persons who possess such a constitutional firmness, as not to find the pathos of these private-life tragedies carried to an excess that is painful, are better calculated for mathematical than poetical pursuits. We are told of a tragedy of Euripides, in which the apparatus was so dreadful as to throw children into fits, and make women miscarry; but it is most probable that the subsequent performances were not much crowded by the Athenian ladies.

Of the "Orphan," the less that is said the better, for two such unprincipled rascals as Castalio and Polydore, can excite no feeling except that of disgust. The assertion of our Critic, that the mistake of one brother for another by Monimia, is "far the most natural of any of the *self-same* kind that has "yet been invented by Shakspeare, or any other dramatist," we do not understand: we do not recollect any mistake of the *self-same* kind in any other play. A minute investigation of the probability of this would hardly be consistent with strict decorum.

Mrs. Inchbald says of Venice Preserved, that it is "the favourite work of Otway, and is played repeatedly "every year, except when an order from the Lord Chamber- "lain forbids its representation, lest some of the speeches of "Pierre should be applied by the ignorant part of the audi- "ence to certain men or assemblies in the English state."

It is an observation of Aristotle, that before an author is blamed for an immoral sentiment, the occasion of it and the character of the person who delivers it should be considered. The same reason is equally applicable to a popular sentiment. It surely can be no credit to any cause to applaud sentiments of

reform, from the mouth of a man whose avowed end is the ruin of his country, and the means fire and assassination.

Who, that has any sense of propriety of character, can read this passage with patience: "The high sounding vengeance of "Zanga charms every heart, while the malicious purposes of "Iago fill every bosom with abhorrence?" Iago's means of vengeance are consonant with his character, those of Zanga perfectly inconsistent with what the poet meant for his character; but shew the despicable villain that merited the blow he received. The ridiculous line intended as a parody, in Chronononhotonthologos,

> "And Bombardinian has receiv'd a blow,"

in point of absurdity and bombast, sinks to nothing before its archetype,

> "Great Alexander 'midst his conquests mourn'd,
> "Heroes and demigods have known their sorrows!
> "Cæsars have wept, and *I* have had *my* blow."

Of the "Mourning Bride," or the criticism on it, there is little to say. The first attempt at tragedy, by the first comic writer of the age, was naturally a subject of much curiosity, and consequently drew, as Mrs. Inchbald says, "all the wits and "critics to the representation;" and she adds, "the great Dryden "was present, and is said to have been enraptured." We have heard from good authority, the mode in which he expressed his rapture. He went with a hope of seeing a formidable dramatic rival fail in this yet untried species of composition; but the moment he had heard the opening of the play, he jumped up and exclaimed, 'D--- this fellow, he will ruin us all.'

Every dramatic critic will agree in the charge of insipidity brought against "Tancred and Sigismunda;" but the observation of its revival to introduce young Betty, is not altogether so just. When Mrs. Inchbald says, "The taste which is irre-

" gular, will combine irregularities; and why should not exqui-
" site verses be taken for a play, while an exquisite little boy
" is received as an actor?" We cannot assent to her proposition. That young Betty was so young as to be on that account totally unfit for many of the parts he performed, is obvious; never was any exhibition more ridiculously absurd than his grappling with and overpowering the largest actor on the stage,—Corry in Octavian. But the words *little boy* convey the idea of a child; and as for the exquisite verses, surely never was language more harsh and turgid than that of Tancred and Sigismunda.

Speaking of the Suspicious Husband, Mrs. Inchbald's usual discrimination surely forsook her, when she remarked that, " of all the *jealous* husbands on the stage, from the an-
" cient Kitely and Ford, down to the modern Sir John Restless,
" Strickland is the most tame and unimportant." Strickland is not a *jealous* but a *suspicious* husband. Jea ousy originates from the unreasonable and misguided effusions of violent love, but the suspicion of Strickland arises from an envious and morose temper, without the smallest spark of affection; " the Suspicious Wife," would have been a more appropriate appellation for Colman's excellent comedy than, " the Jealous Wife."

This criticism on the Tragedy of the Gamester is new, but strikes us as perfectly just:—" As the author meant his Game-
" ster to be an object of pity, not of detestation, (and in ge-
" neral his design has been fulfilled,) it appears that he has
" pleaded an apology for the vice, rather than set all hearts
" against it. Ridicule had been the best means by which to
" have accomplished its extirpation."

The Tragedy of Barbarossa (which by the way is exactly the story of Merope with different names) is no longer interesting, but as being the drama in which Master Betty made his first appearance on a London Stage. This is Mrs. Inch-

bald's observation on the merits of this young actor, and the effect of his first performance:

"To argue the question upon matter of fact, rather than on the "disputed claims of correct taste--which every party conceive "they possess—these are the facts. A great majority of the au- "dience thought young Betty a complete Tragedian, yet he fail- "ed in that power over their hearts which ought to have ended "the argument in demonstration. Bursts of laughter were ex- "cited from the audience, in divers parts of this Tragedy—on his "first appearance, which could not have occurred from any ad- "ventitious or ludicrous event whatever, had the minds of the "auditors been once enwrapt, and not left vacant for the quick "reception of every tract of ridicule."

The Reviewer was present at this representation. In his opinion, the majority of the audience neither thought, nor were capable of thinking, whether young Betty was or was not a complete Tragedian. They were told they were to see a prodigy of excellence, and they came predetermined both to wonder and to praise. Bursts of applause he heard, but none of laughter. Let Betty's merit have been of the most transcendent kind, it could excite no interest, from his disproportion to the other actors. This was particularly observable in his scenes with Irene, for which reason Douglas should have been chosen for his début. It is more strikingly out of character for a boy to make love to a woman than to kill a giant; besides, the heroic deeds of Douglas are performed behind the scenes.

Mrs. Inchbald's remark on the "Grecian Daughter," recalls to the Reviewer an anecdote he had from the author. The fair critic observes, that in this play the "men's cha- "racters have been all sacrificed to the valour of the woman; "he has made his female do the deed of a man, and his best "man perform the act of a child." Mr. Murphy told the Reviewer, who once ventured to state the same objection to him, that at the first rehearsal there was a warm contest between Mr. and Mrs. Barry for the honour of stabbing Dionysius, which, as is natural, terminated in favour of the Lady.

Mrs. Inchbald says, that "the short and seemingly inferior "part of Glenalvon in Douglas, is rendered a conspicuous "character on the stage by the skilful acting of Cooke." The first, second and third acts are each concluded by a soliloquy, in which Glenalvon details his own villainous character to the audience.—Of Cooke's excellence in the part, there can be but one opinion.

Of Bickerstaff's two Comic Operas, Love in a Village, and the Maid of the Mill, our critic speaks with becoming candour, and allows them the dramatic merit they possess, much beyond what is any where else to be found in the same species of Drama. As the last is not in the least inferior in merit to the first, there seems no good reason why Love in a Village should still keep its place entire on the stage, and the Maid of the Mill be reduced to an after-piece. Voltaire has ventured, even during the height of French aristocracy, to introduce the same circumstance that forms the catastrophe of the Maid of the Mill on the Paris stage, in his favourite Opera of Nina. Though there can be no possible competition between the general poetical excellence of Voltaire and Bickerstaff; yet in one instance the English dramatist has done better than the French one. Both thought it necessary to shew that, though such unequal marriages might occasionally from the high merit and accomplishments of the women be justified, they should not be considered as examples to be frequently followed. Of this, the mother-in-law of Nina, though she consents to the union, comes forward and tells the audience in express terms. But Sir Harry Sycamore does it much better in the English Opera, when he tells Lord Aimworth, that 'he knew a gentleman, a relation of his own, 'who married his cook-maid, who was a very good sort 'of a woman, and made the best suet dumplings he ever 'tasted.'

To the Comedies of Mr. Cumberland Mrs. Inchbald allows the praise they deserve. The following remarks, whether

applied to comedy in general, or to the particular one (the West-Indian) to which they more immediately relate, are so judicious that there can be no reader of our Review, but will be pleased with their insertion.

"To give blunt repartee or other humorous dialogue to cha-
"racters in low life; to produce variety of comic accidents by
"which a petty tradesman, a sailor, or a country clown, shall
"raise a peal of laughter, is the easy attainment of every whim-
"sical writer: but to exhibit the weak side of wisdom, the occa-
"sional foibles which impede the full exertion of good sense; the
"chance-awkwardness of the elegant, and mistakes of the correct;
"to bestow wit on beauty, and to depict the passions visible in
"the young as well as the aged;—herein is the difficulty which
"divides like a gulf the superior from the inferior dramatist.—
"These are efforts of intellect required in the production of a good
"comedy, and can alone confer the title of a good comic author."

Why Mrs. Inchbald chuses to say on "the Wheel of Fortune," that Mr. Cumberland is indebted to the German original of 'the Stranger,' "for even a glimmering of plot, incident, and character," contrary to the assertion of the author, it is not easy to determine. Is it necessary that a character and incidents, derived from the fickleness of an honourable mistress, must be a copy of those derived from the infamy of an adultress? We trust that in a future edition this passage, so indecorous from the pen of a Lady, will be omitted: "The Stran-
"ger in one *high* instance is pre-eminent to the Wheel of
"Fortune:—the female character is there of infinite impor-
"tance. But want of taste is not the fault of Mr. Cumberland
"for diminishing the pathos of his heroine;—his feeling and
"delicacy would not permit her fall from virtue." Does Mrs. Inchbald mean really to say that the heroine of a comedy cannot be sufficiently interesting, unless she is a strumpet? If it be so, the Reviewer has to apologize to Mr. Walter Scott for questioning his preference* of Beaumont and Fletcher to Shakspeare in the delineation of female characters, for in this species of excellence they are *facile principes*.

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* See page 44. vol. I.

What business the Tragedy of the Earl of Warwick, which has not been acted for many years, except for the purpose of exhibiting Master Betty in a character singularly unfit for him, can have in the collection, we cannot imagine. Surely it could not be for the purpose of shewing how completely Mrs. Inchbald must have forgotten her Shakspeare when she says, "In this tragedy the youthful, gay, and gallant Edward the "Fourth is for the *first* and *last* time brought upon the stage "in person."

That the Rivals is a Comedy much inferior to the School for Scanda every critic, it is presumed, must agree with Mrs. Inchbald: but surely

"*Her zeal for Cato carried her too far*,"

when she called the latter "the best dramatic composition since Shakspeare wrote."

This is however exceeded by the hyperbolical rant that begins the remarks on the Duenna. "This drama," the fascinated critic says, "has a charm for the public beyond its "own intrinsic worth—it was written by Richard Brinsley "Sheridan. If that name has no power over the reader's "imagination, so as to give every sentence a degree of interest, let him throw aside the book and forbear to seek after "literary pleasures, for he has not the taste to enjoy them." Why, this is out-heroding Herod! it is putting Sheridan far above Shakspeare, for Mrs. Inchbald has shewn that the name of Shakspeare gives no such degree of interest to her. But to a dramatist, a living manager is more worth flattering than a dead poet.

What can Mrs. Inchbald mean by this observation in the conclusion of her remarks on the Mountaineers? "It is "said that some part of this play is taken from Cervantes." Is the taste of our fair critic of too delicate a nature to permit her to read Don Quixote? Yet if she had read that celebrated work, she might have been able to judge herself, without

trusting to the sayings of others, whether or not the fable of the Moutaineers is founded on the Episode of Cardenio.

As an introduction to the remarks on the Heir at Law, Mrs. Inchbald has obliged the public with two letters which pass d between herself and Mr. Colman, relative to her criticisms on Inkle and Yarico. Suffice it to say of this correspondence, that it seems a contest between the two dramatists, which could convey the most ill-bred sentiments, in the most well-bred language. On the same principle, Mrs. Inchbald tries to veil under affected panegyric, all the censure which without entirely discrediting her own judgment she could bestow on that inimitable comedy, the Heir at Law.

The twenty-third volume is filled by five of Mrs. Inchbald's Comedies, the remarks on which present a circumstance I believe totally unparalleled in the annals of criticism.—It is not uncommon to find an author resisting the censure of criticism, or apologizing for, or trying to palliate faults which cannot be denied; but Mrs. Inchbald stands forth and boldly blames her own works with something like the asperity of a Reviewer. It will be the pleasing duty of the present Reviewer, occasionally to interpose between her criticism and her dramas, and to shew that though many of her observations are excellent, they sometimes press with too much severity against herself.

Of her Comedy, Such things are, she says "there was "novelty, locality, and invention in it, and the audience for- "gave, or in their warmth of approbation overlooked, impro- "bability in certain events, incorrectness of language, and "meanness bordering on vulgarity in some of the characters." Would not this from the pen of any other critic, and without any proofs to support it, have been deemed an invidious attempt to depreciate a drama, where merit was universally acknowledged? Mrs. Inchbald is equally severe, and with as little ground, on that very interesting comedy, Wives as they Were. Her observations on To Marry or not to Marry,

require more investigation : we make these extracts from them: " It appears as if the writer of this play had said, " previous *(previously)* to the commencement of the task, " ' I will shun the faults imputed by the critics to modern " ' dramatists, I will avoid farcical incidents, broad jests, " ' the introduction of broken English, whether provincial or " ' Hibernian. Vain is the forecast of both man and woman ! " ' What is the event of her cautious plan ? Has she produ- " ' ced a good comedy ? No : she has passed from one ex- " ' treme to another ; and in attempting to soar above others, " ' she has fallen beneath herself.' " Can Mrs. Inchbald be surprized at this, after saying that " various personages of the " drama, however disunited, amuse the looker-on ; while one " little compact family presents a sameness to the view, like " unity of place, and wearies the sight of a British audience " fully as much." Could she look at the Dramatis Personæ, and suppose the play would be popular ? Or when she allows also, that " incidents must be numerous, however unconnected, " to please a London audience, who seem, of late, to expect " a certain number, whether good or bad," how could she hope that simplicity, which is the avowed characteristic of the play, could ever make it a favourite with the public ? Mrs. Inchbald pays too high a compliment, even to the most exalted genius, to suppose it possibly capable of " giving to a " play of simple construction, all those attractive powers " which every complex drama is sure to produce."

To the comedies of Mr. Holcroft our authoress seems very partial: this remark on the ' Road to Ruin,' seems as singular a piece of dramatic panegyric, as ever was written: "The " scenes between Dornton and his son, are not like scenes in " a play, but like occurrences in the house of a respectable " banker, who has a dissipated though a loving and beloved " son." We have always considered the merit of imitation of every kind, but especially of dramatic imitation, to draw incidents and situation, which, without going beyond the

bounds of probability, shall produce stronger interest than is usually found in the events of real life.

After what has been said on Mr. Cumberland's Wheel of Fortune, Mrs. Inchbald's eulogium on the Stranger is not wonderful: though when she chose so strongly to advocate the cause of an adultress, it is to be lamented, that she introduced so sacred an authority.

Heaven may forgive a crime to penitence,
Because Heaven knows if penitence is true.

But the dramatic poet is bound to respect the opinions of mankind. In the eye of popular opinion, the character of a woman is degraded by want of chastity, as that of a man is by want of courage; and he would be a bold writer who should venture to draw a coward as an object of respect.

The remark on the catastrophe (which is certainly highly affecting) is very curious, as suggesting a doubt, whether the concluding embrace was really cordial, or that the endearment was only transient, to be followed by perpetual remembrance of former injury. Such an enquiry would destroy all the pleasure we feel, from every play that has a happy catastrophe, and is equally applicable to the interesting reconciliation of Lord and Lady Townly.

It is difficult to conceive on what principle De Montfort could be introduced among a collection of plays "which *are* acted at the London Theatres," since it was only brought forward to gratify one actor, was very coldly received, and acted for a very few nights. We acknowledge the merit of Miss Baillie as a poet, but her poems, though dramatic, are not calculated to please in representation: neither, while we doubt of the consistency of inserting the tragedy in this collection, can we censure a circumstance that has given occasion for so much excellent dramatic criticism. Great truth, mixed with perhaps a little too strong a tincture of compliment, will be found in this passage: "Theory and practice are very dif-

"ferent things, and perhaps so distinct is the art of criticism "from the art of producing good plays, that no one critic so "good as herself, has ever written a play half so good as De "Montfort." Without saying any thing of the high panegyric at the conclusion, the whole history of the Drama confirms the general observation. What Mrs. Inchbald says of the hatred of De Montfort, being carried to such an excess as to border on constitutional mania, is perfectly just, and such a character is not proper for the drama. A man like Lear, driven into frenzy by events within the course of drama, excites pity and terror in the highest degree; but "rooted antipathy with-"out ome more considerable provocation than is here ad-"duced, is too like the first unhappy token of insanity," to be a proper object of dramatic imitation.

The last play in this collection, is Mr. Tobin's Honey Moon. After much merited praise on this very pleasing drama, and an interesting account of the author who did not live to witness its success, our fair critic says that "it is al-"ledged, that the author, with all his talents, was deficient "of invention, and therefore he reminds his auditors too "frequently of the plots and incidents of other plays." This, it must be confessed, is true; but when it is allowed, that "it "must also be confessed, that his choice of examples has been "directed by taste and judgment;" and that his imitations are of such poets as Shakspeare, or Beaumont and Fletcher, surely, if their merit has not suffered in the imitation, Mr. Tobin is entitled to no mean praise. Virgil will always rank with the first of poets, notwithstanding his obligations to Homer, to Hesiod, and to Theocritus.

The reader will perceive, that our criticism has not been extended to all the plays in this voluminous collection. As the remarks of Mrs. Inchbald, and not the plays themselves, were the objects of enquiry, such plays only are noticed as were prefaced by remarks that claimed particular attention, though in doing this, it was impossible to avoid some critical observations on

the dramas that were the object of these remarks. So many extracts have been laid before the reader, accompanied with observations on them as they occurred, that it may seem superfluous to add any general character of the work: suffice it to say, that most of the notes do credit to the taste and feeling of the amiable critic, and that the chief fault we have to find, is rather a too frequent affectation of singularity of opinion. There is perhaps no part of a critic's duty so difficult, as the steering carefully between the two extremes of too blind a deference to the authority of received opinion, or too wanton a deviation from it.

Shall the Reviewer be pardoned for wandering a little from his avowed object, just to mention a circumstance that struck him in the course of this review? As the manners of the age are no where so faithfully exhibited as on the stage, and as these plays are nearly given in chronological order, they afford a striking picture of the wonderful preponderance that the commercial interest has acquired within little more than half a century. The fine gentlemen, the Mirabells and even the Charles Oakleys of the stage, were men of family and landed fortune, and love and gallantry furnished both the distress and the fortunate catastrophe of the piece. At present, both the man of virtue and the man of intrigue are taken from the country-house; the distress and the difficulties, in the four first acts, originate from a ruined fortune: and in the fifth, the god of wealth appears to solve the *dignus vindice nodus*, in the shape of an unexpected will, or the arrival of a rich relation from abroad.

LATIN AND ITALIAN POEMS OF MILTON, TRANSLATED INTO ENGLISH VERSE, AND A FRAGMENT OF A COMMENTARY ON *PARADISE LOST*. BY THE LATE WILLIAM COWPER, ESQ. WITH A PREFACE, BY THE EDITOR, W. HAYLEY, ESQ. AND NOTES OF VARIOUS AUTHORS. *For J. Johnson, St. Paul's Church-yard, and R. H. Evans, Pall-Mall, London*, 1808.

THE Editor of this volume having generously bestowed upon an orphan god-child of his deceased friend Mr. Cowper, whatever profits the sale of it may produce, has sent it into the world accompanied by the good wishes of every candid reader for its success, and as such, I sincerely hope his liberal motives have received, and will continue to receive, their merited gratification and reward.

Mr. Cowper, whose admirable translation of Homer will continue to rise in the estimation of all true judges, has certainly given proof of his very high respect for the author of *Paradise Lost* by condescending to employ his time and talents on a version of these minor poems, in which, if he discovered any very brilliant dawnings of that mighty mind, that afterwards broke forth with so much splendour, I must own they are lost upon me. I trust I know how I ought to appreciate the judgment of Mr. Cowper, and that also of his learned Editor, but I cannot think with the former that the *Epitaphium Damonis* is "a pastoral equal to any of Virgil's "Bucolics." (*Pref.* p. 13.)

That Samuel Johnson spoke contemptuously of this Elegy is not matter of such surprise to me, as that Mr. Cowper should so overrate it; for if I am not very grossly mistaken, the young academic, taking Ovid rather than Virgil for his model, has overcharged these Elegies with a puerile exuberance

of ancient fable, and a troop of gods and goddesses, out of place, and out of nature.

As to Mr. Cowper's version of these Latin Elegies, and the fragment of his intended Commentary on *Paradise Lost*, with whatever else Mr. Hayley has given us of his remains, I am of opinion they will be found rather to evince the modest and ingenuous character of the man, than to add any thing to the fame of the poet; the measure of which was already full. I shall not therefore call the reader's attention to any review of them: the translations are well done, and very probably the better for Mr. Hayley's share in the revisal of them.

The sample of the Commentary on *Paradise Lost* is too mere a fragment to pronounce upon, but from the progress he had made in his notes upon part of the third book, it seems out of doubt that he meant to enter on a resolute defence of that conduct, which so many have disapproved of, and which suggested to Pope that sarcastic line—

And God the Father turns a school divine.

A line, says Mr. Cowper, *which for the flippancy of it, considering whom it censures, it might be wished that he had never written.*

He further says—"The doctrines here agitated, and in the "other speeches, which Milton ascribes to the two first Persons in "the Trinity, (as Mr. Addison well observes) naturally grow up "in a poem on the fall of man, and Mr. Pope must have been very "little acquainted with the school-men, to have asserted that in "Milton's manner of handling those doctrines there is any thing "that resembles their's."

Upon this I have simply to observe, that although Milton certainly gives language and argument to the aweful character, which he aspires to introduce, far above what Mr. Pope compares them to, yet if in tracing his sublime subject up to heaven, he found himself warranted or compelled to furnish word for the Supreme Being, other than those, which have the

authority and sanctification of Holy Writ, it behoved him, as I humbly conceive, to have introduced that Supreme Being, whose thoughts surpass man's comprehension, not in the act of reasoning, debating and haranguing, but simply and strictly as delivering out his Almighty mandates in his character, by which we, his creatures, address him, of the Ruler and Creator of the universe.

Let the genius of man be what it may, he has no right to attempt what he has no power to perform.

On the part of Mr. Hayley we have a dedication, a preface and some notes on the aforesaid minor poems, undersigned with the letter H. In his preface, (p. 19,) he says that a friend of Mr. Cowper sent him "a copy of Bentley's Milton, contain-"ing many very severe censures, in manuscript, against the "presumptuous Editor.—These smothered embers of ancient "animosity he was far from wishing to rekindle—and thought "it most worthy of a scholar and a Christian, rather to suppress "the hasty occasional virulence even of angry wit, than to "give it new circulation."

Such being the mild conciliatory disposition of Mr. Cowper, he would hardly have given new circulation to the *angry wit* of Mr. Pope, but on the contrary perhaps have noted it with his disapprobation in the case of Bentley, as he did in that of Milton. Mr. Hayley in the mean time, not influenced by the like disposition, in the very next page save one, (v. p. 21.) turns a little out of his way to pick up and point this flippant anecdote against Bentley, who, he says, "had the temerity to "insult Pope in conversation, by calling his Homer *a pretty* "*poem;* and the insult was so powerfully avenged, that its "punishment can never be forgotten."

This is not quite in Mr. Cowper's spirit; however if the punishment can never be forgotten, there is no harm in Mr. Hayley's remembring it, nor any great good in his recording it. If the temerity and insult consisted in Doctor Bentley's not giving the title of Translation to the Homer of Mr. Pope,

I should doubt if he is single in that offence. How far Mr. Cowper coincided in opinion with Doctor Bentley as to the point in question, will appear in the following passage, extaracted from his Preface to the first edition of his own translation—*viz:*—"He (Mr. Pope) has given the *Tale of Troy divine*, in smooth verse, generally in correct and elegant language, and in diction often highly poetical; but *his deviations are so many*, occasioned chiefly by the cause already mentioned, that, much as he has done, and valuable as his work is on some accounts, it was yet in the humble province of a translator that I thought it possible even for me to follow him with some advantage. That he has sometimes *altogether suppressed the sense of his author*, and has not seldom *intermingled his own ideas with it*, is a remark, which on this occasion nothing but necessity should have extorted from me: but we differ sometimes so widely in our matter, that unless this remark, invidious as it seems, be premised, I know not how to obviate a suspicion on the one hand, of careless oversight, or of factitious embellishment on the other. On this head therefore the English reader is to be admonished, that the matter found in me, whether he like it or not, is found also in Homer, and that the matter not found in me, how much soever he may admire it, *is found only in Mr. Pope.* I have omitted nothing; I have invented nothing."

If these defects in Mr. Pope's translation of Homer, discovered and above-described by Mr. Cowper, were not overlooked by Doctor Bentley, I presume I might leave this charge of *temerity* and *insult* without any further appeal; but as Mr. Hayley, when he asserts that Doctor Bentley *had the temerity to insult Pope in conversation*, may be understood to mean *in company with Mr. Pope*, it behoves to say, that was not the case.—The very utmost that can be inferred from the anecdote is, that he would not give the name of a translation to the Homer of Mr. Pope, but saw it in the same light with

Mr. Cowper as to that particular; and this I trust reflects no discredit upon either party: the one by implication spoke his thoughts, the other published them.

I now look back to what Mr. Hayley adduces in his preceding page, as the testimony of a friend and scholar; for whose person and opinions I have the most sincere respect. It is simply this—(*Pref.* p. 20,)—"When Bentley's unfortunate Milton first appeared, it was received (says Mr. Todd) *with disgust and derision*." These words in Italics are certainly to be found in the Preface of my friend, (p. 2.) yet I must observe, that in the manner Mr. Hayley has thought fit and for his purpose to introduce and apply them, they are most unfairly quoted.—Mr. Todd's words are as follows:—"In 1732 Doctor Bentley published a splendid edition of the *Paradise Lost*, by which he acquired no honour: his specious pretences of an interpolated text, and his arbitrary method of emendation, were received with *derision and disgust;* yet there are some notes in the edition, which bespeak the unvitiated taste of this eminent scholar, and to which the classical reader will always thankfully subscribe."

I must think it hard upon Mr. Todd, and not quite fair in Mr. Hayley towards Doctor Bentley, that out of a passage, where liberal praise is so much mixed with seemingly reluctant blame, as to give it the preponderance, only two words could be found for a gentleman and a scholar to make use of for the purpose of degrading the illustrious dead; and those two words, which by Mr. Todd are pointed only at a part of the general work, so quoted, as to bear against the whole. This manner of culling bitter out of sweet, evil out of good, is surely out of place in a work, professing motives of benevolence, and recommending to posterity the pious memory of a departed friend, the mild and gentle poet of Weston, "whose "pure mind—(I quote Mr. Hayley's words)— was a stranger "in its own feelings to the common animosities of the world,

"and, on all occasions, evangelically disposed to promote "peace and good will among men." Let these feelings, which were in Cowper, be also in Mr. Hayley, and I hope he will live to the age of Doctor Bentley, and, like him, retain his faculties in full possession to his dying-day.

LECTURES ON THE TRULY EMINENT ENGLISH POETS. BY PERCIVAL STOCKDALE. *2 Vols. 8vo. about 600 pages each. Longman and Co. 1807, 1808.*

THERE are few spectacles at once so ridiculous and deplorable, as that of an unsuccessful author abusing the insensibility of his contemporaries, and boldly claiming the wonder and admiration of a period more liberal and enlightened. The abilities of such a writer are generally in an inverse ratio to his vanity, and the more undeserving he is of every literary distinction, the prouder are his boasts and the loftier his pretensions. His youth is wasted in dreaming of the honours that await his age, and his age in anticipating the reverence which shall be paid to his memory.

Such is the situation of the writer whom it is our present duty to review. Without the correctness of a scholar, the taste of a critic, or the abilities of a poet, there is scarcely any species of composition in which he does not suppose himself to excel, and for which he has not displayed his utter incapacity. Yet after more than forty years of mortification and disappointment; after seeing the dearest pledges of his literary labour glide successively to slumber and forgetfulness, and outliving every friend whose forbearance or partiality might delude him into a false estimate of his own powers; he still continues, unwearied and undismayed, to

poise his sentences, and modulate his stanzas, with all the ardour of youth, and all the confidence of a successful veteran.

Though every line of his book contains some encomium on his own sensibility, and reverence for truth; though every page is crouded with exclamations of tenderness, admiration, generosity, and candour; though the injuries of Gray excite him almost to madness, and the multiplied transgressions against the inviolable sanctity of Milton, affect him with a grief and horror that almost overpower his reason, and paralyze his faculties; yet there are some occasions on which his ardour for truth, and his indignation at posthumous calumny, give place to less worthy and amiable passions. When he mentions the name of Johnson, all his former considerations of justice or prudence are overpowered by the frenzy of personal resentment. Every charge against his character and his writings, that from its importance has been considered as worthy of satisfactory refutation, or neglected on account of its absurdity, is collected, and commented upon with a minuteness and a vehemence, that lead us at once to pity the blindness of his anger, and to detest the inveteracy of his revenge. In one respect, however, he has been of considerable service to the cause of literature: he has brought into a tangible shape, all the flying innuendos and unconnected charges which have been circulated for the last fifty years, in a mass of heterogeneous publications. He has enabled the Critic to examine and refute within a reasonable compass, the collective accusations of the Sewards, the Campbells, and the Mudfords. To this cause, and to this alone, is Mr. Stockdale indebted for our present observations—it is only as the vehicle of calumny and slander, that we have selected him as worthy of serious castigation; as the chymist crushes the spider, or dissects the wasp, not that he may destroy the insect, but that he may analyse its poison.

The great object of the book secondary, if not paramount to that of depreciating the moral and literary character o

Johnson, is to prove that Mr. Stockdale is fully competent to succeed him in the chair of criticism. His lectures are not designed to elucidate abstract truths, or to enforce the just principles of literary composition, but to prove that Johnson is a fool, and Stockdale a philosopher. In the few chapters in which he has not compared the Doctor with himself, he delivers only such sentiments as are too obvious to be disputed, and too common-place to excite any other wonder than that a writer should be found so dull, or so ignorant as to repeat them. It is only, therefore, as his opinions clash with those of Johnson, that they are the proper objects of our present examination; and we are not sorry that Mr. Stockdale's vanity and irritability have supplied us with an opportunity that we had vainly expected from the honesty or candour of the Doctor's former adversaries.

If Mr. Stockdale himself may be believed, there is no qualification of the critic, the poet, or the scholar, that he does not possess in a supereminent degree. A reader who should overlook the title-page, would suppose his lectures to be the last and worst production of some literary veteran, flushed with the remembrance of his early triumphs, and delivering his sentiments with the freedom and confidence of acknowledged superiority. Even his apologies for his own inadequacy to the subjects that he treats, his deprecations of critical severity, his professions of diffidence in himself, and deference to the public, display more of the simpering self-sufficiency of a man who knows that he is soliciting what he might justly demand, than of the real and unaffected modesty of an author doubtful of his own powers, and embarrassed by the novelty of his situation.

"I have exerted (says he) my energy of thinking, my critical "penetration and enquiries, &c. &c. with that free and independent "spirit which was due to the memory of that illustrious and "glorious youth" (Chatterton; preface, p. 9.) Again, "I "here openly and honestly declare, that I am not a little ambi-"tious of a literary immortality; and it would gratify me extreme-

"ly to feel the rays of its orient lustre warm and animate my "languid frame, before it descends to the tomb." Preface, page 10.

These passages will, no doubt, be sufficient to gratify the curiosity of the generality of readers; but if any one be anxious to contemplate the human mind in its lowest state of degradation, to sport with the ravings of egotistic frenzy, and to observe the deplorable effects of unbounded vanity in the perversion of every moral principle, and every discriminative faculty, we must refer him to the volumes themselves, which contain passages too indecently presumptuous to be quoted, and absurdities that no unconnected extracts would exemplify.

We have already expressed our opinion of Mr. Stockdale's former labours, and it is our present duty to enquire, whether his "Lectures on the truly eminent English Poets," display any indications of improvement. A writer who comes boldly forward as the avowed competitor of Johnson, must either atone for the temerity of the enterprise by its success, or consent to be distinguished as the most vain and foolish of mankind. He ought, at least, if he wishes that his production should excite even momentary notice, to display some knowledge of the subjects that he treats, and some acquaintance with the graces of polished composition. He should remember that he is exposing himself to comparison with a writer whose learning was extensive, accurate, and various; to whose acuteness of perception, nothing was so minute as to be invisible; to whose depth of penetration, no abstruseness could seem difficult, nor any perplexity entangled; whose style was so perspicuous as to elucidate the lowest subject, and so copious and splendid as to be equal to the highest.

If the reader can picture to himself a writer in every qualification of the critic and rhetorician, the direct reverse of Dr. Johnson, he will be able in some measure to estimate the merits of Mr. Stockdale. His violations of grammar and

common-sense, are so numerous and so flagrant, that it might almost be suspected that his volumes were merely intended to exemplify the principles and practice of bad writing.

On every subject but the literary character of Johnson, his opinions are at variance with themselves. Without comprehension of genius to embrace a system, or accuracy of discrimination to form a just estimate of what is immediately before him, his decisions are rather the effusions of vanity stimulated by resentment, or of imbecility bewildered in a labyrinth of heterogeneous prejudices, than the cool and consistent determinations of talent and impartiality. He hazards his assertions sometimes without perceiving the conclusions to which they will ultimately lead; and sometimes trusting that they will not be perceived by his readers. Scarcely a paragraph occurs, therefore, in one part of his work, which is not contradicted in another. It is when he speaks of Johnson alone, that he escapes the disgrace of self-contradiction. To be consistent in abuse, is easy; to perform the office of a critic requires something very different from scurrility of language and malignity of invention.

Speaking of Shakspeare, he says,

"His perspicuity will not by many readers be easily granted "me. I have no doubt, that in language and style, and indeed "in every other object, to his contemporaries he was always per- "spicuous. Some of his references will be for ever dark and dis- "putable, on account of his distance from our time. But when "in his *passages of moral terms*, or of allusions, the sources of "which are yet known; when in them there is any obscurity, I "am satisfied that it is *involved in the corruption of the text.*"—(Vol. I. p. 72.)

It might have been imagined from this paragraph, that Mr. Stockdale admitted the necessity of restoring the true reading of Shakspeare as far as it could be accomplished; yet, only four pages before, he assures us, that

"It is almost impossible, that so rich and fertile a mind (as "*that of Pope*) should submit to the drudgery of plodding through

"many cold and rugged authors, whose utmost merit, after all the "toil that has been bestowed upon them, consists in their tendency "to ascertain some words which are of very little consequence, "either to the reader or to him who wrote them."—(Vol. I. p. 78.)

And again,

"The interest, the permanence, or the increase of Shakspeare's "glory, does not at all depend on the relatively insignificant "purity, or *corruption of a few words or periods.*"—(Vol. I. p. 85.)

Of his talent for metaphysical disquisition, the following specimens are equally curious and entertaining. Page 48, he exclaims, "I shall the more clearly communicate what I "mean by this faculty (invention); if I endeavour with some "accuracy to distinguish it from imagination." *After such a preface,* who would not expect some profound disquisition concerning the operations of the human mind, and some logical enquiry into the precise meaning of the terms thus employed? It will be difficult, however, to discover in the succeeding sentences any marks of the accuracy that he professes. "The inventive poet signalizes himself by combining remoter "images. Such a writer is emphatically the ποιητης, the "poet, the maker, almost the creator." What person, unacquainted with Mr. Stockdale's preceding observations, would suspect this sentence to be meant for an accurate definition of invention?

The following extract affords an instance equally striking, of the pomposity with which he introduces trifling observations, and the importance which he attaches to remarks which another writer would have rejected as absurd, or despised as common-place:

"I will endeavour to exemplify what I have now advanced, by "an observation which I had intended to insert in another part of "this lecture, but which I think will take its place here with the "greatest propriety.—The careless stroke, the slight touch of a "true poet is not given in vain. '*To take the air and hear the*

" '*thrush's song*,' is a line in the Faerie Queene. By this single " verse of simple elegance the mind of a correspondent reader " (that is, we suppose, a *reader* of simple elegance) is not *weak-* " *ly affected:* because the verse is easy, and flowing; and be- " cause, in the idea of the pure zephyr, *(which is not mentioned)* " and of the melodious thrill of the thrush softly falling, *(which* " *Spenser has not described)* it announces the salubrious region " of innocence and peace. I flatter myself that these remarks ra- " ther illustrate, and enforce the simple beauty of the line. They " are not *very profoundly ingenious; as no poetical criticism* " *should be*, they are as perspicuous as the line itself to which they " are applied, and yet they may not occur to the mind of a sensible " reader, who has not been professionally habituated to give a close " attention to literary, and poetical objects." (Vol. I. p. 39, 40.)

Pythagoras could not have exulted more rapturously on the discovery of the 47th Proposition, or Mr. Ross declaimed with greater elegance and self-satisfaction on the merits of his transcendant perukes, than Mr. Stockdale on the enunciation of what he is pleased to denominate *the preceding theory*. But it is not in this respect alone that the paragraphs we have quoted are illustrative of Mr. Stockdale's peculiarities. The pliability with which he converts "taking the "air," into *breathing the zephyr*, and "the thrush's song," into a *softly falling thrill*, the simple naiveté with which he disclaims all pretensions to profundity, or ingenuity, at the very moment that he is boasting of those very qualities, and the sententious brevity with which he at once bids defiance to the authority of every former critic, and controverts the concurring opinions of his contemporaries; are all so peculiarly characteristic of Mr. Stockdale's manner, and spirit, that we know not any other critic with whose productions they would assimilate.

Notwithstanding his lectures are professedly designed to elucidate the principles of poetical composition, he expresses on all occasions an ineffable contempt for the art of criticism. He is one of those favoured beings who are able to determine the merits of a poem by intuition, and to form a perfect estimate of its plot, its diction, and its imagery, without the small-

est assistance from the enquiries of others, or the slightest exercise of their own faculties. "Let a poet (says he) be enthu-"siastic; if his critic is worthy of him, he will be enthusiastic "too. . . . Peace to these dry metaphysical critics; they "never yet gave any information to one disciple, they never "yet illustrated one fine author."

If this *critical theory* (as he calls it, for with him every assertion is a theory, and every exclamation a discovery,) be true, of what use are Mr. Stockdale's Lectures? There is no occasion for his critical instructions, for every reader is able to feel without them, and feeling, he assures us, is infallible. The utility of his writings can only depend on the value of the principles that they enforce, or elucidate; or to speak more precisely, on their resemblance to those very essays for which he has condemned the metaphysical authors to oblivion. The relative merit of true poets cannot be estimated but by comparison, and comparison implies the exercise of the metaphysical powers. It is true that a man may judge correctly of a poem without being conscious while he feels its beauties, or is disgusted with its faults, that he has exerted any faculty of the mind; but this want of consciousness, is the natural consequence of that facility of combining the ideas and that habitual familiarity with mental exertion which is derived from previous study of the principles of criticism.

Were therefore the omnipotence of enthusiasm to be once admitted, it would be difficult to explain why one poet should have pre-eminence over another, or why a Grub-Street ballad should not elevate its author to as high a degree of immortality, as an epic poem. The war-song of an Indian chief excites an enthusiasm, which it would be vain to expect from the most animated recitation of the Odes of Pindar, or the Elegies of Tyrtæus. Kien Long's address to Tea is repeated by a Chinese peasant as a perfect example of poetical beauty. The Oxford Tragedy (to use the language of

Mr. S.) has excited tears more frequent, and sincere than ever embalmed the "*afflicting memory*" of Werter, or bedewed the "*solitary, the awe-inspiring*" tomb of the lovely Juliet. A Greenlander will breathe out his amorous emotions in strains at which even Mr. Stockdale would feel no other sensations than nausea, and disgust. *Taste* is not an abstract, and independent quality of the mind, but a combination of all those metaphysical powers which Mr. Stockdale has declared to be useless to the critic. It would not be inconsistent with his usual style of reasoning and self-contradiction, if he arrived at this conclusion by some logical deduction such as this: "I am an excellent critic, but I do not possess judgment, acuteness, or discrimination; therefore an excellent critic has no occasion for those qualities."

The great artifice of his style is repetition. He supposes that to render a sentence or a word emphatical, it is only necessary to repeat it. All his combinations of sentences are formed by interjections, or prepositions.

"An old mansion (says he) built in the days of the first Charles, "or James; in a sheltered, and tranquil situation; Druidically "embossed in wood, *with* all its elaborate, though unwieldy con- "veniences, and ornaments; *with* all its characteristics, and ap- "pendages of antient taste; *with* the sacred stream of its tutelary "Naiads; *with* the cawing of its rooks; though it may be harsh, "and discordant; *to* false delicacy, *to* modern ears; such a man- "sion would be the chosen seat of a person of true taste; of a man "endowed with a fine, active, and excursive imagination."
(Vol. I. p. 1.)

These passages have the appearance of having been pronounced by a consumptive orator, who was obliged to adapt the length of his sentences to the shortness of his respiration.—Again:

"This body of the muse of Spenser, this ancient and large Go- "thic fabric, if you will allow me the expression, operates * in a "region yet nobler than that of criticism, to minds congenial with

* *Qu.* What is the operation of a fabric?

"poetry, it gives us personified lectures of morality; it excites and "fires our best ambition; before the general resurrection; before "the dread sound of the last trumpet; &c. &c. (Vol. I. p. 9.)

This is evidently the manner of a writer who possesses neither vigour of thought, nor facility of expression. He first lashes himself into a fury, and then mistakes the ebullitions of rage, for the workings of inspiration. He stamps, and frets, and fumes, and blusters, and looks big; but his anger is without dignity, and his vehemence without animation. Sometimes indeed he simpers, and fawns, and gambols; but we like him as little when he endeavours to play the courtier, as when he acts the bully.

Of his precision of language, and accuracy of construction, it will be unnecessary to give any other examples than the following; which we believe to be perfectly unique:

"I have *exerted* my energy of thinking; my critical penetration, "and enquiries; *my eulogy*, and *my censure*, whatever they are "on the writings and fate of the unfortunate Chatterton, &c."
(Preface, p. 9.)

"Great personages, and very respectable persons, are in the "train of our poet—the eloquent, and elegant Rowe—his masterly "dramatic knowledge—the delicate, the animated, the divine soul of "Pope; have been employed, and exerted to repair his injuries, "and to do justice to his fame." (Vol. I. p. 46.)

To exert eulogy, and censure, is an operation to which we have been totally unaccustomed; and still less have we ever laboured under any difficulty of determining whether doubt, is doubt, or censure, censure. In the second of these extracts we must confess our unwillingness to admire the beauty, or justice of the distinction between personages, and persons; and we are likewise at a loss to understand, whether the eloquent, and elegant Rowe, was employed, and exerted *to*, &c. &c. or his *masterly dramatic* knowledge was a *very respectable* person, a great personage, one of the poet's train, or any of these.

His epithets are in the highest degree glorious, and divine. The glorious youth, the divine poem, the divine soul, the ecstatic beauty, the thrilling verse, the transcendant genius, and many other expressions equally glittering, and splendid, sparkle through his volumes with a profusion that only renders their tinsel poverty more deplorably visible. He is afflicted with a species of nervous irritability, that sometimes deprives him of all power of thought, or recollection. This is more peculiarly the case when he speaks of those glorious, and divine poets, who alone are superior to himself. He is awed and intimidated—he is subdued—he trembles—he is agitated—he bows with awe, and admiration, he dare not look up, he ventures not gaze upon their glory, &c. while he contemplates the features of the mighty *masters of divine poetry.*

Some of these peculiarities are owing to the absurdity of his original plan of composition. Though many years have elapsed since he relinquished his intention of delivering these lectures in public, he has committed them to the press in the shape in which they were first written, deformed by egotisms, and repetitions, which nothing but the awkward situation of a lecturer could justify. "Permit me to recite to you (he "exclaims) some of the striking lines of this astonishing scene. "I am willing to suffer some mortification for the sake of Mil- "ton; I know how unequal I am to a proper repetition of his "verses; but they must be miserably recited indeed, if they do "not convince us that it was in his power, above all others, to "make his objects real, and present for the time." (Vol. I. p. 146.)

This apology for his recitation might be very prudent and appropriate in the lecture-room, but what is its beauty or utility in its present situation? His perpetual appeals to the good-nature, and attention of his audience are equally misplaced and fatiguing. Such exclamations as "permit me to "give you two quotations," "I am sure you will excuse me "for observing," "You will be pleased to recollect," "I wish "that what I have already said would induce you to attend,"

and "I entreat your most earnest and polite attention," have no other tendency than to render *confusion worse confounded;* to draw the attention more forcibly to his faults of tumour and affectation, and to cause all pity for his dullness, to be lost in our displeasure at his impertinence.

Such are the literary qualifications on which he founds his pretensions to the gratitude of an ignorant and deluded nation, whose prejudices he has undertaken to remove, and whose darkness he has condescended to illuminate.

Mr. Stockdale commences his first serious onset with the following "*eloquent* and *elegant*" exclamation: "What a "contrast are Addison's *charming* commentaries on the Para-"dise Lost, to the frequent absurdity, to the frequent asperity, "(I speak out, for the heroic virtue, the heroic poetry of Mil-"ton are at stake,) to the iniquity of Johnson."(Vol. I. p. 117.) This preference of Addison's observations to those of Johnson, is a sufficient proof how little Mr. Stockdale's taste, or impartiality, is to be trusted, on more doubtful and important subjects. It is now too late for him to come forward with his agonies of horror, and his ecstasies of admiration—the time is long since past in which the name of Milton would deprive a biographer of his reason or veracity; the world now talks of a poet as of another man, and the praise which he receives is more valuable and lasting, because it is more rational. A critic may at length be endured, though he does not believe every line of Shakspeare, or Homer, to be either *divine*, or *glorious;* though he should venture to deny that the sound is always an echo to the sense, and should suppose it possible that a great genius may sometimes produce an inharmonious line, or commit an unworthy action. Had the early biographers of our English Poets been less indiscriminate in their praise, and less partial in their narratives, the task of Dr. Johnson would have been more easy, and more popular. That spirit of blind and outrageous eulogy, which Mr. Stockdale so ardently admires, and which he has so laboriously

exemplified, has had no other influence than that of reducing our national Biography to a mere collection of epitaphs, which display every quality of poetry, but its powers of attraction.

Before the time of Johnson, the Biography of our own nation was little more than a repetition of compliments, and eulogies; every *verse-man* was divine, and every *prose-man* learned; his foibles were converted into virtues, and his greater iniquities either totally concealed, or partially represented. A reader who should judge of the general character of those literary worthies who flourished at the end of the seventeenth and the beginning of the eighteenth centuries, by these undiscriminating praises would suppose them to have been exempted from every human failing, and to have possessed every god-like attribute. At that period the reputation of a wit was a sufficient apology for every extravagance of folly and licentiousness; and that indulgence which was granted to themselves by their contemporaries, the critics of the times were not unwilling to allow their predecessors. Literature was then the profession of a few; its members were personally and intimately acquainted with each other, and friendship and jealousy equally conspired to render their daily intercourse a scene of officious adulation and reciprocal compliment. A poet was praised by a friend, that he might prove his attachment, and by his rival, that he might display his generosity. The petty warfare of the inferior retainers of literature, had no other effect than to unite their superiors in closer coalition; to provoke their friends to more exaggerated praise, and to give a vain, or an ostentatious writer a plausible opportunity of mentioning himself. The press groaned beneath a perpetual load of complimentary epistles: commendatory stanzas were a necessary accompaniment of a poem that aspired at popularity; every statesman was a poet, and every country-gentleman who could give a good dinner, and write a congratulatory epistle, a man of letters.

Even after the gradations of literary rank had been more

impartially regulated, the same blindness of admiration for our established writers was equally observable. When criticism began to assume a manlier tone, the weight of its severity was chiefly felt by contemporary writers.

Walsh was still *learned*, and Granville *polite*; Prior was a model of gentlemanly ease, and graceful vivacity. Of more celebrated men, every error was a virtue, and every deformity a beauty. Lycidas was a model of tenderness and simplicity, and Smith's tragedy of *Phædra and Hypolitus* the noblest production of human genius.

Such was the state of English criticism and biography, when Johnson first commenced his literary career: and though in the course of a long life, he had, partly by his own exertions, and partly by the influence of his example, communicated to our criticism an energy and independence which it had not possessed before, and which has since too frequently degenerated into blind and indiscriminate scurrility; yet he still found in the decline of age, that much remained to be done towards exploding the collective fables, and absurdities of a century. He was well acquainted with the difficulties of the task that he had undertaken, and he knew that to execute it with ultimate honour to himself, or advantage to the public, it would be necessary to risk the temporary displeasure of the partial and the prejudiced. He was rather willing to incur, or even to deserve the censure of merciless and unrelenting severity, than to suffer the authority of a celebrated name to give lustre to dullness, or dignity to vice. It was he who first taught us to detect the fallacy of those sophisms, by which preceding biographers had been accustomed to palliate the moral transgressions, or defend the literary errors of heroes. To elicit the true character of a writer from his own representation of himself, or the encomiums of his friends, was a task, which, however invidious it might be, the acquiescence with which such delusive pictures had been received, had rendered necessary; and we ought not to be angry, though we have

some reason to be surprized that the portrait appears less faultless and brilliant when cleared of its varnish.

So much for the truth, or the propriety of Mr. Stockdale's assertion, that the "Lives of the Poets" came out at a time *very inauspicious to the fate of languishing literature; when manly knowledge and taste were not much cultivated amongst us.* If it be true, the criticisms of Johnson are the more to be admired for their spirit, and independence: if it be false (as we believe it to be), its falsehood only shews, that he reasons badly, from uncertain data.

We are next entertained with forty-five pages of declamation against the malignity of Johnson's censure, and the blindness of his taste. To support these charges, no other circumstance is adduced, than that his opinions are different from those of Mr. Stockdale. After attempting, by a long train of assertion and misrepresentation, to defend the sixth book of Paradise Lost, against the charge of "metaphysical incongruity," he is at last obliged to assert, that "physical and metaphysical accuracy are to be dispensed with in poetry;" and immediately after confesses the folly of his admission, by exclaiming that, "very good judges are of the same opinion with himself." To answer observations absurd in themselves, and so inconsistent with each other, would only be to imitate Mr. Stockdale in his triffing and prolixity.

That "Paradise Lost is one of the books which the reader admires, and lays down, and forgets to take up again," is a sentence of which the justice is too irresistibly and universally felt, to be censured as absurd, or reprobated as malicious, because a man like Mr. Stockdale chuses to deny it. The critic who ventures to call the readers of the Iliad stupid, indolent, and superficial, must surely forgive us if we value his admiration as little as his censure.

The soul of Johnson was not, like that of some writers whom we could name, vehemently moved with fixed horror and transport of agitation; and we cannot therefore be surprized,

that he sometimes had leisure to observe the defects of the authors whom he read, with more minuteness and discrimination than Mr. Stockdale; but that he either "degraded, dis-"paraged, or debased" the "glory," "the divine genius" of Milton, by asserting that his diction is sometimes peculiar and pedantic, and that rhyme is more distinctly melodious than blank-verse, we beg leave to doubt. Our author's affirmation, that Young and Thomson are poetical, notwithstanding they wrote in blank-verse; and that we may distinctly perceive, when the lines in blank-verse end or begin, is nothing to the purpose. The Doctor only asserted, that blank-verse, *as verse*, was inferior to rhyme: he did not assert, that no poet could animate the former, or that it might not be better suited to one particular bent of genius, than to another.—He had expressed, as clearly as human language would enable him, his preference of blank-verse, as best adapted to the loftier flights of poetry; and we can scarcely believe that Mr. Stockdale would contend for any further extension of the licence.

All his feelings are alive at the mention of Lycidas. It is here that he again bursts forth in an agony of sorrow; bewails the piteous state of modern poesy, and declares, that nothing can be produced so sweet, so tender, so enchanting, as Lycidas! His fits of hysterical indignation are here so outrageous, that on a cursory perusal, we could not help remembering certain expressions in the preface, which we had at first mistaken for a confession of stupidity, but which, on our arrival at page 192, we suspected to indicate a much more deplorable affliction. On turning, however, to certain productions of Mr. Hayley, we discovered that neither Mr. Stockdale's rage nor rapture was perfectly original.

As he displays, on all occasions, a mortal antipathy to metaphysics, we would entreat him to judge for once, at least, of a poetical production, by the rules of common sense. He will then be disposed to confess, that Lycidas displays more osten-

tation, than sorrow; that the mind, which can entertain itself with the language of pastoral, and the absurdities of classical mythology, is but little afflicted by the calamity that it so ingeniously deplores. In our own opinion, this celebrated poem possesses neither the tenderness of an elegy, nor the beauty of a pastoral. Lycidas is drowned, and of course, it might be expected that his friend should eulogize the virtues that endeared him to his remembrance, and lament the untimely fate by which he was torn from the pleasures of youth and the arms of friendship. But instead of expressing any feelings of natural emotion, or sensibility, he sits down and amuses himself with dreaming, like a school-boy in vacation-time, with the flocks of Admetus, and the shades of Mantua. Instead of thinking of his friend, he dilates, in verses not remarkable for their harmony, on the uncertainty of fame *(not of life)*, and talks of Phœbus, Doric lays, sandals gray, the shepherd's trade, and a thousand other subjects, the bare mention of which is sufficient to banish all delicacy of thought, and to destroy all simplicity of language.

He who believes that Johnson was incited by envy, or malignity, to attack the morals or the poetry of Milton, must likewise be prepared to account for his liberality of praise. Of his reflections on the political conduct of the poet, we shall say no more, than that we consider them as equally just and salutary. No man, who really loves the constitution of his country, or considers the advantage of a regulated government, can review the conduct of Milton with any other sentiments than regret and indignation. But in deciding upon the conduct and character of the author of *Paradise Lost*, it is not only necessary to enquire, whether every man has a right to perfect liberty of speech, or whether the opinions and principles that he supported, were rational and virtuous; but whether his support of them was the result of disinterested and dispassionate examination. It is not our present business to enquire whether the conduct of Milton was such

as characterizes a man who is only anxious in the cause of truth: it is sufficient for our purpose, that Johnson imagined it was not, and his indignation is, therefore, a proof of his independence, rather than his malignity.

Of the modest and amiable spirit with which Mr. Stockdale's defence of Milton has been conducted, every sentence, and every epithet is expressive. Johnson's criticism is declared to be feeble, confused, wicked, absurd, ridiculous, malignant, and horrible: his disposition is stigmatized as envious, malicious, and detestable, and every opinion that he advances and every expression that he employs, is condemned as the offspring of iniquity, blindness, spite, and folly. However deficient Mr. Stockdale may usually be in command of language, it cannot be denied, that his vocabulary of abuse is peculiarly copious.

If such be his language and his temper when he undertakes the defence of Milton, it will be easily supposed that he is not more decent, or more rational, when he becomes the champion of Gray. The language of Billingsgate is elegance itself, when compared with the critical denunciations of this formidable lecturer. What he wants in argument, he endeavours to supply by his scurrility; and if scurrility would serve his purpose, the friends of Johnson might tremble for his safety. Many of his calumnies, it is true, are mere repetitions from writers, as feeble and as outrageous as himself; but he has, at least, the merit of clothing them in language of which, with all their zeal, and all their impudence, his predecessors would have been ashamed.

His defence of Gray consists, like his defence of Milton, of assertion opposed to assertion, and calumny to argument. Dr. Johnson thinks that the Ode on Spring is too luxuriant in its language; Mr. Stockdale thinks that its language is supremely beautiful. Johnson dislikes the abrupt beginning of the bard, and Stockdale admires it; the former says, that the *Ode on the Death of a Cat* is a trifle, but not a happy trifle; the latter thinks that it was a *very happy* trifle,

and that he must be a *very unhappy* critic who condemned it. This is a fair specimen of the manner in which Johnson has been so repeatedly convicted of rancour, prejudice, and envy. To such attacks we have nothing to reply: we have no expectation of convincing or reforming the wilfully blind, or the obstinately wicked.

It is at least but reasonable to require that they who impeach the integrity of Johnson with so much eagerness and perseverance, should shew us that those passages of the bard which Johnson has censured as obscure, are easily understood, and that the imitator of an ode is entitled to equal praise with its author. The more Gray's productions are examined, the more will his readers be convinced that they are rather the production of intense labour and extensive reading, than of a very vigorous, or very poetical imagination.

But it is now time to leave Mr. Stockdale, and close this review with a few brief observations on the literary character of Dr. Johnson.

Between the conclusion of the Spectator and the commencement of the Rambler, there are no essays to be found, except in the "Champion" of Fielding, which are not disgusting and contemptible. It was Johnson who first taught us to unite the opposite beauties of regularity and variety, energy and elegance. Since the appearance of the Rambler, some regard to the melody of his periods, and the construction of his sentences has become absolutely necessary to every writer who wishes to be read, and our diurnal newspapers are written with greater elegance than many of the most elaborate productions of the age of Anne.

If the Essays of Johnson are distinguished by majesty of period, and magnificence of diction, his ideas and his images are equally glowing and sublime. If the prevailing characteristic of his style be uniformity, it cannot be denied that it is uniformity of excellence. He who forms a style superior to that of his predecessors, must necessarily be distinguished by some peculiarity of language and construction. Even of those

sesquipedalian words which so frequently occur in the Rambler, the repetition may partly be excused on account of the felicity with which they are adopted. He who can enchain the attention of his reader by the novelty of his thoughts, and the sublimity of his images; whose slightest efforts of composition display the imagination of a poet, and the judgment of a philosopher; and whose precepts have a powerful and invariable tendency to promote the interests of religion, and of virtue, may surely be forgiven, if he sometimes oversteps the rigid boundaries of language, and endeavours to elevate his diction to the energy and magnificence of his own conceptions.

That he may have been frequently excelled in grace of manner and abstruseness of learning, few of his admirers will be inclined to dipsute. But if his works be considered collectively, he is superior to every other writer in the profundity and elegance of his criticism, the energy and brilliance of his diction, the beauty and fertility of his illustrations.

However he may have been influenced by prejudice or passion in some of his opinions, there is no subject on which he has employed his powers, without elucidating it by the vigour and originality of his ideas, and adorning it by the splendour and elegance of his language.

RELIQUES OF ROBERT BURNS; CONSISTING CHIEFLY OF ORIGINAL LETTERS, POEMS, AND CRITICAL OBSERVATIONS ON SCOTTISH SONGS. COLLECTED AND PUBLISHED BY R. H. CROMEK. *London. Cadell and Davies.* 8*vo*.. *pp.* xxiii. 453. 1808.

When posterity's clear and steady gaze, undazzled by the prejudices and partialities with which contemporary criticism is blinded, shall have analysed the lustre of Burns's fame, the

orb that now glares so broadly and so brightly, seems destined to fade from its glittering greatness. Possibly, in the present period, a period scarcely mature for the accomplishment of such a prediction, the theorist, who ventures to examine this literary star, may share the fate of Galileo, and suffer as a heretic; but confidence in the justness of a cause is a strong support against the terrors even of persecution itself. It is the peculiar fate of prediction, that while its very nature is irresistibly suspicious, the facts which could accredit it, are necessarily too remote to do it justice.

Burns appears to have possessed an understanding, unusually vigorous and active, but heavily clogged by prejudice. His poetical genius, though very seldom exalted, was accidentally eloquent. He was by no means destitute of imagination, and he had a still larger proportion of feeling; but both the one and the other were greater than his taste. His humour was like a manual jest, sometimes amusing, but almost always vulgar. He undoubtedly rose far above the ordinary class of plain people, but not far above the generality of those who lift themselves into any degree of fame. He was a poet, but surely not an astonishing poet, except when considered as a peasant. There was more cause of surprise in his ever raising himself from the level of his native condition, than in the feats he performed when the exaltation was effected; for, after all, he was not a phœnix: he became a subject of curiosity, merely by having contrived to break his shell, and come forth without hatching.

Mr. Cromek, in this collection, which he has published as a supplementary volume to Dr. Currie's edition of Burns, has interwoven only so much of his own, as will make his readers regret that he has interwoven no more. His adoration of his author, that almost invariable weakness of commentators, a little obscures his critical perspicacity; but he sometimes evinces a very true and tender feeling. Thus he observes, in recording Burns's love for Mary Campbell, and the

sacredness with which he kept the anniversary of her death, that

"There are events in this transitory scene of existence, seasons "of joy or of sorrow, of despair or of hope, which, as they "powerfully affect us at the time, serve as epochs to the history of "our lives. They may be termed the trials of the heart.—We "treasure them deeply in our memory, and as time glides silently "away, they help us to number our days." (Reliques, p. 238. note.)

Mr. Cromek, even when considered no longer as an original author, still deserves respect, as a compiler. His work affords not only an opportunity for discussing the powers of the Scottish poet, but additional and very valuable data for appreciating them.

In order to form a just idea concerning Burns, we must bestow some attention on his general manner of thinking and expressing himself: and this examination may be best effected by promiscuous extracts from his prose and poetry.

It is generally thought that his great excellence is found in those pieces, where *humble and characteristic description* is sometimes softened with *serious passages*, and sometimes streaked with *broad humour*. Such are the Cotter's Saturday Night, and the tale of Tam O'Shanter. But, though the Cotter's Saturday Night undoubtedly deserves great praise, it is for other than *poetical* merit that this praise is due. Of late, indeed, a notion has gone abroad, which the popularity of some very energetic descriptions in rustic life appears to have greatly promoted, that these vivid, plain, coarse descriptions of actual nature, are evidences of poetical genius. But the title of Poetry, if it is of necessity due to all imitations of nature in verse, must be given to every line that has common sense and correct metre: and this must be confessed to induce an insurmountable absurdity. Poetry is conversant with the sublime, and with the tender, and with the pathetic, and with what Mr. Burke distinctively denominates *the fine*, and with the pleasingly picturesque, and with every modifi-

cation of the beautiful; but not with descriptions of disgusting, vulgar, mean, or even familiar objects. Now what poetry is there in such lines as these?—

"November chill blaws loud wi' angry sugh;
The short'ning winter-day is near a close;
The miry beasts retreating frae the pleugh;
The black'ning trains o' craws to their repose:
The toil-worn *Cotter* frae his labour goes,
This night his weekly moil is at an end,
Collects his spades, his mattocks, and his hoes,
Hoping the *morn* in ease and rest to spend,
And weary, o'er the moor, his course does hameward bend."

(Currie's Burns, Vol. III. p. 174.)

In this description, there is an obvious resemblance to the opening of Gray's Elegy in a Country Church-yard; but there is no poetry, nothing but what, exclusively of the rhyme, the honest Cotter himself might very easily have uttered extempore. Nor is it possible to pronounce a judgment at all more flattering, on the poetry of those accurate strokes of character, which are shortly after presented in the lines on the reception of the eldest daughter's lover:

"Wi' kindly welcome *Jenny* brings him ben;
A strappan youth; he taks the mother's eye;
Blythe *Jenny* sees the visit 's no ill ta'en;
The father cracks of horses, pleughs, and kye."

(Ibid. p. 176.)

Now these extracts are by no means selected as inferior parts of the poem, because in truth the whole tenour is very equal: nor is it intended to insinuate, that this tenour is in itself unworthy of approbation; but one may be permitted to urge, that it is not to be applauded as poetry. If the stanzas were translated into another language, or even simply divested of their rhyme, would the "disjecti membra poetæ," the scattered limbs of the poet, be perceived in that new modification? More probably the lines would be taken for memoranda, col-

lected for a chapter upon national manners, by some careful traveller, or historian. Tacitus's book *de moribus Germanorum*, if it were versified, would be much more like a poem than the Saturday Night; though perhaps nothing can be better than the Saturday Night, as a good, plain piece of sense and observation.

Tam O'Shanter possesses higher merits, together with a good deal of characteristic description, and broad humour; it contains lines, which deserve the name of poetry in the true sense of that word. Such are the following:

"But pleasures are like poppies spread,
You seize the flow'r, its bloom is shed;
Or like the snow-falls in the river,
A moment white—then melts for ever;
* * * * * * *
Or like the rainbow's lovely form
Evanishing amid the storm."—

(Vol. III. p. 327, 328.)

"Coffins stood round, like open presses,
"That shaw'd the dead in their last dresses;
"And by some devilish cantrip slight,
"Each in its cauld hand held a light."

(Ibid. p. 330.)

There is much humour in a little song, composed by the poet on his marriage:

"I hae a wife o' my ain,
I'll partake wi' nae-body;
I'll tak cuckold frae nane,
I'll gie cuckold to nae-body.

"I hae a penny to spend,
There—thanks to nae-body;
I hae naething to lend,
I'll borrow frae nae-body.

"I am nae-body's lord,
I'll be slave to nae-body;
I hae a guid braid sword,
I'll tak dunts frae nae-body.

"I'll be merry and free,
I'll be sad for nae-body;
If nae-body care for me,
I'll care for nae-body."

(Vol. I. p. 195. note.)

That however, which national partiality has celebrated as humour, is, in most instances, nothing better than *dull detail, with an offensive vulgarity both of sentiment and of expression.* From the sweep of this condemnation, the countrymen of Burns are now struggling hard to exempt the pieces in the Scottish tongue. But that point is not to be conceded without consideration; for Dr. Moore, himself a Scotchman, in one of his letters (Currie's Edition, Vol. II. p. 240) expressly advises our author to "abandon the Scottish stanza and dialect, and adopt the measure and language of modern English poetry." Now, if Scotchmen were unanimous in preferring Burns's Scotch writings, it might seem presumptuous in Southern critics to dispute about the pre-eminence; but when our own common sense is backed by so high an authority, we may reasonably question, if not deny, the great cleverness even of Halloween, Scotch Drink, and the Twa Dogs. Nay, the two former of these three poems may perhaps be pronounced absolutely tedious and heavy. As to the third, though more amusing, it breathes an offensive spirit of vulgar discontent, and a mischievous eagerness to misrepresent the constitution of society. Such topics were very seductive to this irascible bard, who never could forgive the higher classes of society, for being the higher classes. Indeed, as a politician, he was an extraordinary compound. His family had made him a Jacobite, and his opinions inclined him to be a Jacobin.

His vulgarity sometimes appears rather in particular expressions and allusions, than in the general tone of the piece: and of this fault one specimen will probably be quite sufficient. The author, after some lines of good, plain, natural feeling, speaks thus of his friend and of his wife:

"Fate still has blest me with a friend,
In every care and ill;
And oft a more endearing band,
A tie more tender still.
It lightens, it brightens
The tenebrific scene,
To meet with, and greet with
My *Davie* or my *Jean*.

"O, how that *name* inspires my style!
The words come skelpin rank and file,
Amaist before I ken!
The ready measure rins as fine,
As Phœbus and the famous Nine
Were glowrin owre my pen.
My spaviet *Pegasus* will limp,
'Till ance he's fairly het;
And then he'll hilch, and stilt, and jimp,
An' rin an unco fit;
But lest then, the beast then
Should rue this hasty ride,
I'll light now, and dight now
His sweaty wizen'd hide."

(Vol. III. p. 160, 161.)

Burns's *descriptive merit* is not confined to the humorous and accurate delineation of character and manners. The appearances of external nature are often seized by his fancy, with all the skill and fidelity of a painter: as in the following passage, the style of which is not unlike the manner of Mr. Walter Scott:

"As I stood by yon roofless tower,
Where the wa'-flower scents the dewy air,
Where th' howlet mourns in her ivy bower,
And tells the midnight moon her care,

"The winds were laid, the air was still,
The stars they shot alang the sky;
The fox was howling on the hill,
And the distant-echoing glens reply.

"The stream adown its hazelly path,
Was rushing by the ruin'd wa's,
Hasting to join the sweeping Nith,
Whase distant roaring swells an fa's.

"The cauld blue North was streaming forth
Her lights, wi' hissing eerie din;
Athort the lift they start and shift,
Like fortune's favours, tint as win."
(Vol. IV. p. 345, 346.)

Through the greatest part of his works, Burns perpetually betrays a failing, which is almost inseparable from self-taught minds,—the notion that a thousand trite common-places, which have never been imparted to himself, must be important discoveries of his own, and of course can never have been yet imparted to other people. Accordingly we find him frequently preaching successions of flat, stale sentences, on the most threadbare topics of morality. There is page after page of such lines as the prosing stanza that follows:

"It's no in titles nor in rank,
It's no in wealth like Lon'on Bank,
To purchase peace and rest;
It's no in makin muckle *mair*:
It's no in books, its no in lear,
To make us truly blest:
If happiness hae not her seat
And centre in the breast,
We may be wise, or rich, or great,
But never can be blest:
Nae treasures, nor pleasures,
Could make us happy lang;
The *heart* ay's the part ay,
That makes us right or wrang."
(Vol. III. p. 157.)

Sometimes his common-place is that of declamation: as in the following address to the shades of unknown ancient bards:

"O ye illustrious names unknown! who could feel so strongly "and describe so well; the last, the meanest of the muses' train— "one who, though far inferior to your flights, yet eyes your path, "and with trembling wing would sometimes soar after you—a "poor rustic bard unknown, pays this sympathetic pang to your "memory!" (Reliques, p. 348.)

But this style, though too prevalent, is not universal: for we frequently find a real originality of thought. The collection

now published, contains more ingenious prose, than all the preceding volumes, taken together. In a letter to two young ladies, he says neatly:

"I have one vexatious fault to the kindly-welcome, well-filled "sheet which I owe to your and Charlotte's goodness—it contains "too much sense, sentiment, and good-spelling. It is impossible "that even you two, whom I declare to my God, I will give credit "for any degree of excellence the sex are capable of attaining, it is "impossible you can go on to correspond at that rate; so like "those who, Shenstone says, retire because they have made a good "speech, I shall after a few letters hear no more of you. I insist "that you shall write whatever comes first: what you see, what "you read, what you hear, what you admire, what you dislike, "trifles, bagatelles, nonsense; or to fill up a corner, e'en put down "a laugh at full length." (Reliques, p. 41.)

The following reflections on self-appreciation, contain good sense:

"I have often observed, in the course of my experience of human "life, that every man, even the worst, has something good about "him; though very often nothing else than a happy temperament "of constitution inclining him to this or that virtue. For this rea- "son, no man can say in what degree any other person, besides "himself, can be, with strict justice, called *wicked*. Let any, of "the strictest character for regularity of conduct among us, exa- "mine impartially how many vices he has never been guilty of, not "from any care or vigilance, but for want of opportunity, or some "accidental circumstance intervening; how many of the weaknesses "of mankind he has escaped, because he was out of the line of "such temptation; and, what often, if not always, weighs more "than all the rest, how much he is indebted to the world's good "opinion, because the world does not know all: I say, any man "who can thus think, will scan the failings, nay, the faults and "crimes, of mankind around him, with a brother's eye."
(Reliques, p. 322, 323.)

There is a good deal of *imagination* in this too:

"My worst enemy is *Moi-même*. I lie so miserably open to "the inroads and incursions of a mischievous, light-armed, well- "mounted banditti, under the banners of imagination, whim, "caprice, and passion; and the heavy-armed veteran regulars of "*wisdom*, prudence and forethought, move so very, very slow, "that I am almost in a state of perpetual warfare, and alas! fre- "quent defeat. There are just two creatures that I would envy,

"a horse in his wild state traversing the forests of Asia, and an "oyster on some of the desart shores of Europe. The one has not "a wish without enjoyment, the other has neither wish nor fear." (Reliques, p. 44, 45.)

The following sentence, in defence of marriage, is ungrammatical, but very *eloquent:*

"If the relations we stand in to king, country, kindred, and "friends, be any thing but the visionary fancies of dreaming "metaphysicians; if religion, virtue, magnanimity. generosity, "humanity, and justice, be aught but empty sounds; then the man "who may be said to live only for others, for the beloved, "honourable female whose tender faithful embrace endears life, "and for the helpless little innocents who are to be the men and "women, the worshippers of his God, the subjects of his king, "and the support, nay the very vital existence of his COUNTRY, in "the ensuing age;—compare such a man with any fellow what-"ever, who, whether he bustle and push in business among "labourers, clerks, statesmen; or whether he roar and rant, and "drink and sing in taverns—a fellow over whose grave no one will "breathe a single heigh-ho, except from the cobweb-tie of what "is called good fellowship—who has no view nor aim but what "terminates in himself--if there be any grovelling earthborn "wretch of our species, a renegado to common sense, who would "fain believe that the noble creature, man, is no better than a "sort of fungus, generated out of nothing, nobody knows how, "and soon dissipating in nothing, nobody knows where; such a "stupid beast, such a crawling reptile might balance the fore-"going unexaggerated comparison, but no one else would have the "patience." (Reliques, p. 93, 94.)

An *ingenious* thought occurs, upon anger, impatience, resentment, and envy:

"They eat up the immortal part of man! If they spent their "fury only on the unfortunate objects of them, it would be some-"thing in their favour; but these miserable passions, like traitor "Iscariot, betray their lord and master." (Reliques, p. 368.)

And it would be difficult to find a passage, containing more *brilliancy of metaphor*, than the simile addressed to a powerful minister:

"At an age when others are the votaries of pleasure, or under-"lings in business, you had attained the highest wish of a British "Statesman; and with the ordinary date of human life, what a

"prospect was before you! Deeply rooted in *royal favour*, you "overshadowed the land. The birds of passage, which follow "ministerial sun-shine through every clime of political faith and "manners, flocked to your branches; and the beasts of the field, "(the lordly possessors of hills and vallies,) crowded under your "shade. 'But behold, a watcher, a holy one came down from "'heaven, and cried aloud, and said thus: Hew down the tree, "'and cut off his branches; shake off his leaves, and scatter his "'fruit; let the beasts get away from under it, and the fowls from "'his branches!'" (Reliques, p. 179.)

Our poet was frequently guilty of what looked like gross *affectation*, though perhaps in reality it was nothing more than *a want of* that *good taste*, to which education seems indispensably requisite. Thus:

"Compliments is such a miserable Greenland expression; lies "at such a chilly polar distance from the torrid zone of my con-"stitution, that I cannot, for the very soul of me, use it to any "person for whom I have the twentieth part of the esteem, every "one must have for you who knows you:" (Reliques, p. 50, 51.)

which, but for the frequency of similar passages, one would be tempted to suppose written as a joke. And thus the *redundance of antithesis and epithet* in the following sentence:

"Whether a man shall shake hands with welcome in the dis-"tinguished elevation of respect, or shrink from contempt in the "abject corner of insignificance; whether he shall wanton under "the tropic of plenty, at least enjoy himself in the comfortable "latitudes of easy convenience, or starve in the arctic circle of "dreary poverty; whether he shall rise in the manly consciousness "of a self-approving mind, or sink beneath a galling load of regret "and remorse—these are alternatives of the last moment." (Reliques, p. 66, 67.)

The admirers of Burns aver, that if his taste is not always pure, the defect is at least compensated by a perpetual *vigour*. They are greatly deceived: they confound *vigour* with *violence*. No doubt our author is sometimes vigorous; but his sentences often strain at vigour, till the effort reduces them to imbecillity. The vulgar may view the impotence of rage as

the symptom of valour: but a mind like Burns's ought to have been aware that unnatural exertion paralyzes as mischievously as relaxation itself. Thus we find a man, for having shot at a hare out of the season, denounced in this furious stanza:

> "Inhuman man! curse on thy barb'rous art,
> And blasted be thy murder-aiming eye;
> May never pity soothe thee with a sigh,
> Nor ever pleasure glad thy cruel heart!"
>
> Vol. III. p. 335.

In the foregoing instance the fault is chiefly that of overstrained expression. In other cases, the violence, which is substituted for strength, seems a violence, not so much of expression, as of sentiment. The poet's feelings have been sore and irritable, and then he has mistaken the writhings of his mortification or spleen, for the energy of muscular genius. A natural, but a mischievous mistake:—for it was never found that in poetry, as in mechanics, impetus could be made to answer the purpose of positive power. The techy pertness and high-flying folly of these unjust lines may serve to illustrate his error:

> "Let prudence number o'er each sturdy son,
> Who life and wisdom at one race begun,
> Who feel by reason, and who give by rule,
> (Instinct's a brute and sentiment a fool!)
> Who make poor *will do* wait upon *I should*—
> We own they're prudent, but who feels they're good?
> Ye wise ones, hence! ye hurt the social eye!
> God's image rudely etch'd on base alloy?
> But come ye who the godlike pleasure know,
> Heaven's attribute distinguish'd—to bestow!
> Whose arms of love would grasp the human race;" &c.
>
> Vol. II. p. 174.

Among the best instances of genuine vigour, are his two epistles to Mr. Graham, and his fragment of an epistle to Mr. Fox. And there is another poem, which, not having been published in the earlier editions of his works, is little

known; but which, when once observed, must needs be admired, not only for vigour, but for truth, and for poetry.

"Written in Friars-Carse Hermitage, on Nith-Side.

"Thou whom chance may hither lead,
Be thou clad in russet weed,
Be thou deckt in silken stole,
Grave these counsels on thy soul.

"Life is but a day at most,
Sprung from night, in darkness lost;
Hope not sunshine ev'ry hour,
Fear not clouds will always lour.

"As youth and love with sprightly dance,
Beneath thy morning star advance,
Pleasure with her siren air
May delude the thoughtless pair;
Let prudence bless enjoyment's cup,
Then raptur'd sip, and sip it up.

"As thy day grows warm and high,
Life's meridian flaming nigh,
Dost thou spurn the humble vale?
Life's proud summits would'st thou scale?
Check thy climbing step, elate,
Evils lurk in felon wait:
Dangers, eagle-pinioned, bold,
Soar around each cliffy hold,
While cheerful peace, with linnet song,
Chants the lowly dells among.

"As the shades of ev'ning close,
Beck'ning thee to long repose;
As life itself becomes disease,
Seek the chimney-nook of ease,
There ruminate with sober thought,
On all thou'st seen, and heard, and wrought;
And teach the sportive younkers round,
Saws of experience, sage and sound.
Say, man's true, genuine estimate,
The grand criterion of his fate,
Is not, art thou high or low?
Did thy fortune ebb or flow?
Did many talents gild thy span?
Or frugal nature grudge thee one?
Tell them, and press it on their mind,
As thou thyself must shortly find,
The smile or frown of awful Heav'n,
To virtue or to vice is giv'n.

Say, to be just, and kind, and wise,
There solid self-enjoyment lies;
That foolish, selfish, faithless ways,
Lead to the wretched, vile, and base.

"Thus resign'd and quiet, creep
To the bed of lasting sleep;
Sleep, whence thou shalt ne'er awake,
Night, where dawn shall never break,
Till future life, future no more,
To light and joy the good restore,
To light and joy unknown before.

"Stranger, go! Heav'n be thy guide!
Quod the beadsman of Nith-side."

Vol. III. p. 298, 299, 300.

The great merit of Bruce's address to his army, that address so loudly and so eagerly praised, it is not equally easy to discover. This poem may be exceedingly animating to the hearts of Scots: associations or prejudices can make any thing delightful to particular minds; but with people in general, it passes for a versified paraphrase of the common newspaper-addresses about dying for freedom.

Many of Burns's writings breathe a spirit of *independence*, which is naturally pleasing to the hearts of generous readers; but he has carried his virtue so far, as to make it look rather like a tedious and impertinent affectation, than like the genuine nobleness of a great soul. This, again, is want of taste and education. He seems to fancy that his muse is catching an air of grandeur, as he swells her with these pompous inflations: and brags of his freedom as if he were afraid of being suspected for a slave. Yet his writings are by no means deficient in a *courtier-like flexibility to certain individuals of the higher rank*. On some occasions, he not only saw the merits of greatness, but, in the intoxication of his enthusiasm, saw them double. However, even in the overflowings of his adulation, his independence is not omitted: he just mentions it, by way of heightening his compliment. The following affectation occurs in a letter, inclosing some complimentary verses to Lord Glencairn:

"Almost every poet has celebrated his patrons, particularly when they were names dear to fame, and illustrious in their country; allow me, then, my lord, if you think the verses have intrinsic merit, to tell the world how much I have the honour to be—Your lordship's highly indebted, and ever grateful humble servant." Vol. II. p. 56.

To justify such a conclusion, Lord Glencairn should have been a prodigy. He was doubtless a very estimable man; but, *dear* as *Fame* is described to have held him, that fickle female has forgotten him already.

It yet remains to make some specific observation upon two other qualities of Burns's genius—his *feeling* and his *diction*. If his feeling had been accompanied by taste and cultivation, and enforced by any peculiar felicity of language, he must have deserved a place of very glorious eminence. But his sensibilities, as well as his other merits, become too often ineffective, for want of originality and elegance in the expression. The hackneyed topics of tenderness recur with unreasonable frequency, in phraseology no less hackneyed; and though there certainly are some charming exceptions to this general statement, such exceptions are by no means numerous.

It is rather unfortunate, that while, in the kindred art of painting, the English school have devoted themselves with so decided a partiality to colouring, the poets, in spite of a few noble examples, have generally neglected the cultivation of that felicity in diction, which to them is precisely what colouring is to the painter. The *medium* or *language* of art is not indeed so important as the *design;* but that medium is the allurement, the attraction, the charm to the sense, if not the most solid enjoyment to the understanding.

The expression and versification of Burns have certainly found admirers; but such admiration is only a proof, how little progress the philosophers of criticism have made in analysing the charms of diction. Diction, even when it has risen above mediocrity, may still fall short of excellence, in two

ways: first, by that kind of mannerism, that repetition and monotony of structure, which have been so dangerously sanctified by some great authorities: and secondly, by that mere faultless simplicity, which is not adorned and inspirited by any peculiar felicity of expression. Burns's diction, when it rises above mediocrity, is free from mannerism, but not often animated by fortunate phraseology: it is simple, and no more. Now simplicity is a material requisite of style; but surely it ranks rather among negative than among positive virtues: and the consequence that it has acquired, seems owing less to its real importance, than to the dangers attendant on the vices that are its opposites. Simplicity alone, which is but a correct freedom from mannerism, is not, therefore, sufficient to merit the highest reputation for a poet's style. Shakspeare and Horace afford innumerable examples of perfect simplicity; but in these poets it is heightened by a peculiar happiness of expression: a happiness, which, in any form, is sufficient to characterise its possessor, and distinguish him from all other writers. A characteristic quality can never consist in mere simplicity; for simplicity being, as has before been observed, little more than negative, may be gained from taste and education, without any genius. Nor will this glorious distinction be the lot of mere mannerists; because these, being easily mimicked, become of course confounded with their followers. The mannerism of Dr. Johnson, beautiful as it is, has been often and not unhappily imitated; but Shakspeare was never copied with success. And why not? Because, without losing sight of simplicity, he could not only strike out paths which others had never trodden, but alter his course so frequently, as to vary no less from himself than from his competitors. That diction, which is at once striking and various, which, while it attracts admiration by its originality, allows no repetition to betray the secret of its magic, is not a manner, but a style.

Though Burns, in avoiding the errors of manner, has failed

to arrive at the excellence of style, he deserves, for his diction in general, at least a negative commendation—and, in a few brilliant instances, a positive praise. He has not often overlaid his feeling, by the antithesis and bombast that deform his declamation. He generally writes his sensations as they come from his heart, without adulterating them in his head. He pretends to no peculiarities, and pleases by that purity.

The most favourable extract that can be presented from his works, is the little song of "John Anderson, my Jo:"

"John Anderson my jo, John,
When we were first acquent,
Your locks were like the raven,
Your bonie brow was brent;
But now your brow is beld, John,
Your locks are like the snaw;
But blessings on your frosty pow,
John Anderson my jo.

"John Anderson my jo, John,
We clamb the hill thegither;
And mony a canty day, John,
We've had wi' ane anither:
Now we maun totter down, John,
But hand in hand we'll go;
And sleep thegither at the foot,
John Anderson my jo."—Vol. IV. p. 302, 303.

Burns's Epitaph on himself, deserves to be recorded:

"Is there a whim-inspired fool,
Owre fast for thought, owre hot for rule,
Owre blate to seek, owre proud to snool,
Let him draw near;
And owre this grassy heap sing dool,
And drap a tear.

"Is there a bard of rustic song,
Who, noteless, steals the crowds among,
That weekly this area throng,
O, pass not by!
But, with a frater-feeling strong,
Here heave a sigh.

"Is there a man, whose judgment clear,
Can others teach the course to steer,
Yet runs, himself, life's mad career,
Wild as the wave;
Here pause—and, thro' the starting tear,
Survey this grave.

"The poor inhabitant below
Was quick to learn and wise to know,
And keenly felt the friendly glow,
And softer flame,
But thoughtless follies laid him low,
And stain'd his name!

"Reader, attend—whether thy soul
Soars fancy's flights beyond the pole,
Or darkling grubs this earthly hole,
In low pursuit;
Know, prudent, cautious, *self-control*
Is wisdom's root."

Vol. III. p. 342, 343.

And scarcely less interesting is the address which, in the second *Duan* of his first Vision, he supposes himself to have received from his muse. Nothing can be more deeply touching than the concluding four lines of the following stanza, which terminates the "Lament for James, Earl of Glencairn:"

"The bridegroom may forget the bride
Was made his wedded wife yestreen;
The monarch may forget the crown
That on his head an hour has been;
The mother may forget the child
That smiles sae sweetly on her knee;
But I'll remember thee, Glencairn,
And a' that thou hast done for me!"

Vol. III. p. 323.

The same kind of beauty is observable in the apostrophe uttered by Mary, Queen of Scots, to her child:

"My son! my son! may kinder stars
Upon thy fortune shine;

And may those pleasures gild thy reign,
That ne'er wad blink on mine!
God keep thee frae thy mother's faes,
Or turn their hearts to thee:
And where thou meet'st thy mother's friend,
Remember him for me!"—Vol. III. p. 313.

And Mr. Cromek has preserved a poem, containing these tender lines:

"But to see her, was to love her;
"Love but her, and love for ever.
"Had we never lov'd sae kindly,
"Had we never lov'd sae blindly,
"Never met—or never parted,
"We had ne'er been broken-hearted!"
(Reliques, p. 429.)

His prose, sometimes, though not so often, interests the heart with strong pathos: Thus,

"Can it be possible, that when I resign this frail, feverish being, I shall still find myself in conscious existence! When the last gasp of agony has announced that I am no more to those that knew me, and the few who loved me; when the cold, stiffened, unconscious, ghastly corse is resigned into the earth, to be the prey of unsightly reptiles, and to become in time a trodden clod, shall I yet be warm in life, seeing and seen, enjoying and enjoyed?"—Vol. II. p. 271.

Sometimes his feeling degenerates into *cant*: as,

"My much esteemed friend, Mr. Riddel of Glenriddel, has just "read me a paragraph of a letter he had from you. Accept, Sir, "of the silent throb of gratitude; for words would but mock the "emotion of my soul." (Reliques, p. 139.)

And sometimes we find the most wretched *puerility*: as in the address to the wood-lark—and in these verses:

"Ye flowery banks o' bonie Doon,
"How can ye blume sae fair;
"How can ye chant, ye little birds,
"And I sae fu' o' care!

"Thou'll break my heart, thou bonie bird,
"That sings upon the bough;
"Thou minds me o' the happy days
"When my fause luve was true."
(Reliques, p. 17, 18.)

A critic has little concern with the moral character of authors; and it is hardly necessary to say more of their private life, than what may be requisite for fairly appreciating their genius. Therefore, in the history of Burns, his education is the only circumstance that seems to demand any particular observation; and this part of the subject is the more deserving of attention, because the disadvantages of his early life have been often exaggerated, and, even where correctly related, have been widely misconceived in their effects.

Burns was the son of a very poor man, and passed the first years of his life in severe bodily labour; but he was early instructed in reading, writing, and the ordinary knowledge of the Scottish peasantry. Besides, long before he arrived at manhood, some fortunate circumstances threw him into the society of persons, better informed than himself or his rustic associates. Thus, in early youth, he imbibed a strong taste for intellectual occupation in general, and particularly a love for poetry. He was slightly initiated, though not regularly educated, in several useful pursuits, and studied Pope, Thomson, and Shakspeare, with great assiduity. Therefore, it appears that the disadvantages, under which he laboured, were not so much neglect and ignorance, as connexions and occupations, unsuited, perhaps, to the developement of a poetical genius.

All his encouragements, to be sure, did not amount to an education, and of course will not bar him from claiming the allowances, which the world is accustomed to make in such instances. But some among his adherents, in the ardour of their hearts, have asserted that the admiration, which he has received upon allowance for his humble condition in life, is a

vulgar wonder; and that a man whose youthful mind was improved by the studies before enumerated, is not treated with fairness, when he is praised, merely as an example of untaught intellect performing strange things. Surely such adherents do our Poet more injury than service; for the faults which are pardonable, when their author is considered as an uneducated peasant, can by no means be forgiven, if he is to be examined on equal terms with writers in general. However, it is but justice to these admirers to allow, that, when they are very closely pushed with respect to some of his defects, and cannot find any other defence, they by no means permit a false shame to deter them from taking shelter behind those excuses of his condition, which, on other occasions, are unworthy of their notice. As soon as the pressure of attack has abated, Burns is again restored to his former point of view, and once more contemplated, not as a peasant, but as a classical writer. Some very zealous friends go so far as to maintain, that the circumstances of his life, which most people would think inauspicious, are rather to be esteemed fortunate, and that he "was placed perhaps in a situation more favourable to the developement of great poetical talents, than any other which could have been assigned him." This argument, and some concomitant disparagements of education, seem to have been devised for the purpose of proving, that, as *disadvantages* are *advantageous* for first-rate poetry, and as thus Burns *ought to have been* a first-rate poet, therefore Burns *was* a first-rate poet. Here we have a remarkable instance of a paradox adduced to prop a mistake: and a very pernicious paradox it is. It teaches the young to disregard application and study: it encourages them to throw away the rudder: and commends them to the blind steerage of nature, and genius, and inspiration, and the rest of those indefinite impulses, which people, who are not fond of trouble, find so very convenient as pleadable substitutes for diligence.

Great as has been the mischief, which, in all ages and on all questions, has arisen from the vagueness of metaphysical notions, and from the want of precise definitions for the ordinarily occurring phrases and terms of argumentation, in no instance, perhaps, has the evil been more extensive or more permanent, than in the very ancient feud respecting the nature and attributes of genius. For the influence of false doctrines on this head operates for the most part in that early period of life, when faith is romantic, and judgment weak. Error, sown in such soil, strikes root but too quickly and too deeply. A futile, glittering theory is constructed, by which genius is described as indescribable, design as fortuitous, and reason as unreasonable: paradox is piled upon paradox, gaudy and intricate, puzzling and dazzling the sight: the intellectual powers are snatched from the severe grasp of common sense, and veiled, like Homer's heroes, in bright impenetrable clouds. When all this deception has been practised, the aspiring youth begins to think, that genius is really an unaccountable phenomenon, a fairy-gift: he disdains to sully its immaterial purity with the contamination of gross and clogging rules: he leaves study to the dull, and takes his chance with nature!

That such wild fancies should be propagated by the vulgar, (who know nothing of genius by experience, but who love the marvellous, and would always rather believe any extraordinary appearance to be the creation of magic, than the offspring of capacity duly cultivated,) is natural and intelligible enough: nor can we wonder, that some of those, who possess genius, are anxious to keep up the quackery, and mislead the public as to the causes of the conjuration. But really it seems somewhat extraordinary, that the grave and critical part of mankind should allow themselves to join in the common cant against polish and education. The minds that could sink under the usual cultivation which the higher ranks in this country receive, must be very weak minds indeed.

The absence of cultivation is supposed to give room for ori-

ginality. Why, to be sure, a thought, whether it have been produced by other authors or not, is always original to him who utters it, if he is not aware of its previous production: and so far indeed originality is promoted by the absence of cultivation; but such originality is of very little use to the world, and evinces no great superiority in the author. Now the only valuable originality, the production of something which may be new not only to the author's mind, but to that of his reader, is doubtless more likely to be attained by the man, who, knowing what others have already done, is enabled to form some estimate of that which it remains for him to do, than by one who, being little acquainted with preceding exertions, perpetually wastes his strength and his time, in performing that, which a moderate degree of information would have told him was performed already. Finally, the arguments of those who undervalue cultivation, involve this palpable absurdity:—that the art of poetry, unlike all other arts, has made, and can make, no improvement: that the experience of the past is unavailing: and that every succeeding bard, to the end of time, must discover, by his own unguided efforts, those contrivances of plan, those artifices of contrast, those harmonies of cadence, those delicacies of phraseology, in short, all those thousand auxiliaries, that administer so sweetly and so powerfully to the effect of poetry. How many endurable poets would be produced by this unassisted course, the reader will easily guess. A large vocabulary of high-sounding phrases, about freedom from all system, may be, and has been, scattered abroad, by poets whom nobody will be at the pains of reading; but surely the writers, destined to be admired by posterity, have been, with very, very few exceptions, men who have not thought themselves unjust to their own genius, in referring to the experience of their predecessors.

Even those advantages, which such a life as Burns's can bestow, scanty as they are in comparison with the benefits of literary education and society, do not appear to have been all

seized by his genius. The poetry of the untaught bards has been distinguished, in almost every nation, by a plain sublimity, an unaffected elevation, which rude scenery and simple manners appear to have promoted. The resources of such a style indeed are soon exhausted; but, as long as they last, they are among the most powerful and affecting. Even through the gloomy fustian of the son of Fingal, this sublime of nature sometimes flashes out.—But Burns caught very little of lofty inspiration. It must be confessed, that he was not a Highlander, and therefore had not the very best opportunities of contemplating nature in the magnificent dispositions of her Scottish scenery. But magnificence, at any rate, does not appear to have been a quality of Burns's genius. His genius, like his understanding, was rather strong than majestic: better calculated to seize particulars with vigorous originality, than to embrace and adorn a general view. It is impossible to read his works, without discovering, that, on almost every subject, he had some partial error, some bias or prejudice, that excluded or distorted comprehensive speculation. His was a near-sighted kind of intellect, that saw collateral and distant objects dimly, though it had a more than common penetration in scanning what came within its scope. Such minds may be capable of much; but yet they are not of the highest order. A mind of the highest order must be unclouded and comprehensive: it must possess the faculty of assigning a proportionate importance to every relation of a subject, and of passing onward from detail to combination. The power of thus seizing general results with truth, valuable as it is in every pursuit of poetry and philosophy, is most peculiarly necessary to the sublime: which, without respect to any disputes concerning its mode of affecting the mind, may safely be affirmed to have little concern with partial surveys and curious details.

Much of the popularity that attended Burns, appears to have arisen from the accident of his being a Scotchman. The mutual partiality, so conspicuous among the natives of the

North, laudable as it is in principle and expedient in practice, induces them now and then to exceed the preference, that a Scotchman might reasonably claim from them, above an Englishman with equal merits, and betrays them into an exaltation of Scotchmen with moderate talents, above Englishmen of abilities greatly superior. Coming forth with this national advantage, Burns of course enlisted prejudice in his favour: and prejudice was in his instance furthered by vanity. For the Scots, at the time of his appearance, had scarcely any poets: and a bard was a phænomenon as much to be boasted in that day, as a timber-tree. Of any scarce commodity, a very moderate sample will generally pass as excellent. The Romans applauded Terence as a comic author: and the Chinese admire the landscape of a tea-tray.

What would have been the fate of Burns, if he had been born an Englishman, it is not difficult to guess. He would doubtless have been treated as much beneath his desert, as in Scotland he was over-valued. In this country, genius is not encouraged. If a man of talent have confidence and resolution enough to brave the obstacles that oppose his outset, and money enough to support the contest till the arrival of a brighter season, he may succeed in England; but very vain are the hopes of those who expect assistance while assistance is yet important. Nothing is to be gained but from a steady perseverance. Character and talent united, are indeed irresistible in the end: and vanity, or fear, will at length afford that notice which generosity and taste ought spontaneously to have bestowed. The refreshing streams of fortune are not showered on genius: they must be wrung forth with long and laborious effort. Many and many a noble mind, which timidity, or poverty, or some other blameless evil forbids to seek the public observation, lingers in hopeless obscurity for want of what costs nothing, the notice of the higher classes. There are some creditable exceptions to this general insensibility; but they

are very few, and by no means capable of attending to all the genius, that deserves consideration. Thus perish the best years of youth, in struggles for a precarious livelihood, or in the inactivity of total despondence. Undoubtedly, in some particulars, the present age excels all that have preceded it; but it is lamentably deficient in the patronage of genius. Even so lately as forty or fifty years ago, the case was less deplorable. The fine ladies in London had taken literature into their hands, and they exercised their duties with something like that ardour which existed at Paris, before the revolution, in the golden days described by Marmontel. Under the auspices of fashion, arose a long series of poets and wits, who having shone originally by the lustre of their protectors, repaid the debt by the reflection of a tenfold light. In political life, it was the pride of noblemen who possessed boroughs, to send to parliament such representatives as would do honour to their patrons.—Mr. Dunning, Colonel Barré, and Mr. Burke, were thought more creditable friends, than those silent members who can assist a cause with nothing but their votes. Such was the creed of the Shelburnes and the Charlemonts; but their mode is quite obsolete. No man of genius has been brought forward, since the first appearance of Mr. Canning—which is now almost twenty years ago. It is unhappily true, that a part of this mischief must be imputed to the sufferers themselves. So many men of genius have been loose, unprincipled profligates, irregular in their habits, and vulgar in their manners, that genius itself has been brought into an ill-repute. The name of author, instead of being, as it once was, a title of honour, now denotes too often, a vagabond, who being too lazy to learn any regular employment, rather paradoxically selects that vocation which of all others requires the greatest labour. On such writers disgrace deservedly descends; but there seems no necessity for involving merit in the penance of vice, and altogether withholding good, because good has been partially abused.

Literature has need of a revolution, both in her authors and in her patrons.

Many of the faults which dishonour genius, were exceedingly conspicuous in Burns: a dissolute conduct with respect to women, a dreadful propensity to intoxication, and a general wildness and imprudence, in thought, word, and deed. But all this did not prevent the Scotch from noticing and applauding him. To be sure, their patronage added little to his fortune; but fortune is not the best blessing in the gift of the great. Fame is in their power: and fame, though it be but air, is vital air to a poet. Burns longed for reputation, not for wealth: he gained a decent maintenance by the humble situation, which the influence of his more powerful friends procured for him under government: and perhaps a decent maintenance was all that he had a right to expect, as solid reward. The rich can hardly be expected to make larger pecuniary presents, than may be sufficient to save a poet from sinking beneath absolute distress. There should still perhaps remain enough of pressure, to keep activity and industry always alert.

Burns was not only praised during life by the great, but deified after death by his biographers and commentators. Dr. Currie, Mr. Cromek, and the rest of our poet's critical eulogists, have done small service to literature by their zeal in his favour. The temptation to write carelessly and rapidly, like Burns, is but too powerful in all cases; but it certainly is in some degree counteracted by the dread of posterity's neglect or condemnation. Complaint may therefore justly be made of biographers, who praise all the weaknesses of their hero, and lead the injudicious to believe that faults are immaterial in great men. We read of a custom among the ancient Egyptians, which was thought extremely advantageous to the state. They brought the dead bodies of their kings to a regular trial before the performance of any funeral rite, in order that the merits of the deceased might undergo that investigation, which would not have been conducted without bias during life. According to the re-

sult of this trial, the final obsequies were granted or denied. But modern biographers embalm without the process of enquiry, and enshrine alike the vicious and the pure.

He seems to have been perfectly aware of his own real value: and his manner of expressing his opinions on this subject is pleasingly free, both from the presumption of conceit on the one hand, and from the affectation of modesty on the other. In a sort of common-place book of his own, he says:

"*Observations, Hints, Songs, Scraps of Poetry, &c. by R. B.*—a man who had little art in making money, and still less in keeping it; but was, however, a man of some sense, a great deal of honesty, and unbounded good-will to every creature, rational and irrational. As he was but little indebted to scholastic education, and bred at a plough-tail, his performances must be strongly tinctured with his unpolished rustic way of life; but as I believe they are really his *own*, it may be some entertainment to a curious observer of human nature, to see how a ploughman thinks and feels, under the pressure of love, ambition, anxiety, grief, with the like cares and passions, which, however diversified by the *modes* and *manners* of life, operate pretty much alike, I believe, on all the species." (Vol. II. p. 5.)

In a letter to Mrs. Dunlop, he exclaims:

"You are afraid I shall grow intoxicated with my prosperity as a poet. Alas! Madam, I know myself and the world too well. I do not mean any airs of affected modesty; I am willing to believe that my abilities deserved some notice; but in a most enlightened, informed age and nation, when poetry is and has been the study of men of the first natural genius, aided with all the powers of polite learning, polite books, and polite company—to be dragged forth to the full glare of learned and polite observation, with all my imperfections of awkward rusticity and crude unpolished ideas on my head—I assure you, Madam, I do not dissemble when I tell you I tremble for the consequences. The novelty of a poet in my obscure situation, without any of those advantages which are reckoned necessary for that character, at least at this time of day, has raised a partial tide of public notice, which has borne me to a height where I am absolutely, feelingly certain my abilities are inadequate to support me; and too surely do I see that time when the same tide will leave me, and recede, perhaps, as far below the mark of truth. I do not say this in the ridiculous affectation of self-abasement and modesty. I have studied myself, and know what ground I occupy; and, however a friend or the world

may differ from me in that particular, I stand for my own opinion, in silent resolve, with all the tenaciousness of property. I mention this to you, once for all, to disburthen my mind, and I do not wish to hear or say more about it.—But

'when proud fortune's ebbing tide recedes,'

you will bear me witness, that, when my bubble of fame was at the highest, I stood, unintoxicated, with the inebriating cup in my hand, looking forward with rueful resolve to the hastening time when the blow of Calumny should dash it to the ground, with all the eagerness of vengeful triumph." (Vol. II. pp. 40, 41.)

And the same thought occurs in a letter to the Rev. G. Lowrie:

"I thank you, Sir, with all my soul, for your friendly hints; though I do not need them so much as my friends are apt to imagine. You are dazzled with newspaper accounts and distant reports; but in reality, I have no great temptation to be intoxicated with the cup of prosperity. Novelty may attract the attention of mankind awhile; to it I owe my present éclat: but I see the time not far distant, when the popular tide, which has borne me to a height of which I am, perhaps, unworthy, shall recede, with silent celerity, and leave me a barren waste of sand, to descend at my leisure to my former station. I do not say this in the affectation of modesty; I see the consequence is unavoidable, and am prepared for it. I had been at a good deal of pains to form a just, impartial estimate of my intellectual powers before I came here; I have not added, since I came to Edinburgh, any thing to the account; and I trust I shall take every atom of it back to my shades, the coverts of my unnoticed, early years." (Ibid. p. 48.)

Even if a doubt of Burns's poetical immortality had not been suggested by that general deficiency of very transcendent beauties, which, not withstanding a few meritorious passages, determines him a secondary writer, such a doubt would have sprung from the ordinary complexion of his subjects and of his dialect. A very large proportion of his poetry is written on topics of a peculiar cast. It is easy to conceive, that petty malignities and trifling attachments may have deeply interested our author himself, in Death and Dr. Hornbook, the Brigs of Ayr, the Calf, Poor Mailie, Tam Samson, and a long list of similar works; but the interest attached in the mind of an au-

thor to the topics and phrases that engage his Muse, by no means extends itself to the minds of his readers. Those works will not be long admired, which cannot be understood, by students in general, without notes and references, biographical sketches, anecdotes, and explanations of particular conversations or occurrences. Among the Scotch indeed, Burns's credit may endure a little longer than on the Southern banks of the Tweed: for there is a great proportion of verbal peculiarities, of local descriptions, and of allusions to national habits, which is likely to be more relished where it is more familiar. But the Scottish language—for the title of a *language* ought not perhaps to be denied to a vocabulary so much nobler than the provincial dialects—the Scottish language is gradually waning: and thence its bards seem fated to become obsolete. If, like the Greek and Roman writers, the Scottish authors possessed any very striking beauties, any soul of poetry to keep alive the corruptible frame of their diction, they might be preserved amid all the decays of time. But having little more to recommend them, than a moderate share of ease and pastoral simplicity, a few pretty images on the subject of love, and a few characteristic descriptions in the Dutch style of painting, they will probably descend, even with their own countrymen, to that kind of neglect, which, among English readers, is at this day the lot of Fergusson, and Allan Ramsay, and one or two other Northern bards, well known by their names, but not at all by their works.

Though these pages are so bold as to predict the gradual decline of Burns's fame, let it be remembered, that this decline is not mentioned here as an occurrence likely to be immediate. Independently of the merit which he certainly possesses, many temporary causes yet continue to prevent the multitude from judging him clearly. Something is accomplished in favour of his reputation, by the still extant aristocracy, who delight to boast of having known a poet; and something, by the hodiernal taste for wonders. But the principal cause of present error

is, that, of late years, the leading departments of literature, both poetical and critical, have been almost exclusively in the hands of Scotchmen. With such advantages, it can be no wonder that Burns is still overvalued. But it is to be hoped for the credit of English talent, that the literary ascendency of our ingenious neighbours will not endure for ever: in process of time their domination may be superseded, and, with the sovereign influence, appear destined to fall the favourites whom the sovereign influence has upborne.

A COURSE OF LECTURES ON NATURAL PHILOSOPHY, AND THE MECHANICAL ARTS. BY THOMAS YOUNG, M.D. &c. *2 Vols. 4to.*—1807.

THE accumulation of knowledge, which the observations and the exertions of about thirty centuries have produced, exceeds, in an unappreciable degree, the capacity of a human being. Though divided into branches under appropriate denominations, and though a single individual generally directs his attention to not more than one or two of those branches; yet it can but seldom be said, that he becomes thoroughly possessed of the former; nor can it be denied, that the difficulty of comprehending and retaining increases in proportion as science advances. But the same industry, which has ascertained a multitude of useful facts, and has thus extended the limits of the arts and the sciences, has likewise contrived means of assisting the mind, both in the comprehension, and in the retention, of those facts.—The former of these objects is attained by clear, rational, and methodical explanations;—the latter, by arrangements in written repositories, wherein any particular kind of information may be easily and regularly obtained.

The late rapid advancement of Philosophy in all its branches, having frequently demanded a renewal of those books which profess to explain its principles and to record its valuable discoveries, various such works have accordingly been produced, and among those, it cannot, upon examination, be denied, that one of the best which the public has received, is the work which forms the object of the present account. Two bulky quarto volumes, although too large for an elementary treatise, and too small for a complete and extended view of the subject, will, nevertheless, be found to contain a prodigious stock of information, far exceeding the quantity which might be reasonably expected from the size of the volumes, or from the labour of a single individual. A work so large, so comprehensive, and yet so concise, must naturally afford ample scope both for criticism, and for commendation. But the voice of impartiality, which weighs each separate part, and determines the result of the whole, is compelled to pronounce a most favourable report on the merit of the performance.

The first volume, consisting of about 800 pages, contains (after a preface and an ample table of contents) sixty lectures in three divisions, under the titles of Mechanics, Hydrodynamics, and Physics; each of which divisions comprehends twenty lectures. Those lectures were compiled for the purpose of being read at the Royal Institution, to which place Dr. Young was appointed Professor of Natural Philosophy, and where he accordingly read them during two successive years. They were afterwards revised, corrected, and enlarged, by the addition of the most recent discoveries, and, under that form, they were finally offered to the public in the year 1807.

The same volume likewise contains 43 copper plate engravings, to each of which a short explanation is annexed in the opposite page, and which exhibit the delineations of a vast number of instruments, results of experiments, natural phenomena, and diagrams for illustration. Some of the figures

which relate to optics, are neatly coloured. The plates are full, but the figures in general are small, rather too much so for most readers.

In the compilation of these lectures, Dr. Young has not only undertaken to explain the chief, or leading principles of natural philosophy; but he has also endeavoured to mention all the collateral or dependant subjects, such for instance, as the application of mechanics, of hydrostatics, of astronomy, of optics, &c. to the common purposes of economy, to the arts, and to manufactures. He has, in truth, embraced a much greater variety of subjects than is usually explained in a course of philosophical lectures, or in philosophical treatises; but he has treated them in a manner neither too profound, nor too particular; having justly adapted them to the purpose of giving a general information of those matters to a mixed company, such as may be expected to attend the Royal Institution. To a company of that description, the intricacy of strict demonstrations, the long lists of facts of certain denominations, the minute numerical determinations of weight, of temperature, of refraction, of expansion, of hardness, of gravity, of transparency, and so forth, will always prove both tedious and useless; it being hardly to be expected that the hearer should follow a long demonstration without interruption, or that he could impress on his memory a train of new names, and of particular numbers, in the course of a verbal recitation.

It may be obviously observed, that in preparing these lectures for the press, such statements as have been mentioned above, might have been subjoined either in the text, or by the way of notes; but Dr. Young with great propriety reserved them for the second volume, which will be noticed in the sequel.—Let us now take a nearer view of the contents of the first volume, or at least of some parts of it; for the uniformity of style supersedes the necessity, and the limits of our publication renders it impracticable, to follow this author step by step throughout his extensive work.

It has been frequently observed, that most of the primary notions of philosohpy, and such as may seem to be the simplest, are the most difficult to be explained with verbal precision, or with complete satisfaction. The reason may probably depend upon the want of simpler ideas, by the combination of which, the desired explanation may be effected. On this account it frequently happens, that the comprehension of a particular subject is rendered much more intricate and perplexed by the very same length of illustration, which is intended for its complete elucidation. Dr. Young's definition of Motion in the second lecture is ingenious; and, had he left it insulated, the slightest attention on the part of the reader, might have compensated for the exceptionable part of its general application. "Motion, (he says,) therefore, is the change of rectilinear distance between two points." He then proceeds to observe, "that two points are necessary to constitute motion; that in all cases when we are inquiring "whether or no any body or any point is in motion, we must "recur to some point which we can compare with it, and "that if a single atom existed alone in the Universe, it could "neither be said to be in motion, nor at rest."

It may be easily perceived, that the original definition of motion is sufficiently satisfactory, but that the subsequent part, together with a great deal more, which we might have transcribed, seems to involve the mind of a novice in a cloud of doubt and perplexity.---The like observation might also be applied to some other definitions.

The seventh lecture, on Pressure and Equilibrium, is peculiarly well executed; the difference between pressure and momentum (an abstruse subject) being pointed out as well as the present state of knowledge seems to admit of. The simple mechanical powers are likewise briefly and clearly explained in the latter part of the same lecture.

The tenth and the eleventh lectures are some of those which treat of subjects unusual in a course of philosophical lectures. The former treats of Drawing, Writing, and Measuring;—the

latter, of Modelling, Perspective, Engraving, and Painting. But though those subjects are treated in a concise, and sometimes in a superficial manner; yet they furnish good examples of the application of mechanics, and serve, at the same time, to relieve the mind from the continual attention to theoretical precepts. Nearly the same observations are applicable to the fourteenth lecture, wherein the principles of architecture and carpentry are explained, and to the seventeenth, which describes the construction of chronometers, or time-keepers, giving an account of their gradual improvements, and their peculiar merits.

The twentieth lecture, which contains a concise history of Mechanics, and concludes the first grand division under the name of *Mechanics*, is peculiarly well adapted to the inclination of general readers.

There is a competition,—a sort of rivalship, among human beings, which renders them extremely fond of personal anecdotes. The unusual actions, whether laudable or blameable, of other individuals,—their prosperity, or their misfortunes, seldom fail to excite interest and curiosity; for by a natural application to ourselves, our satisfaction, our emulation, our caution, or our astonishment, is called forth, whence new actions frequently arise. In scientific histories, where theoretical or practical subjects are connected with personal anecdotes, the latter, by a natural connexion of ideas, help to impress the former on the mind of the hearer. Thus the idea of burning-glasses generally suggests the remembrance of Archimedes, and Proclus, who are said to have burned the vessels of their enemies by means of reflectors. Thus also the name of Newton is scarcely separable from the idea of the general gravitation of matter.

Dr. Young begins his lecture with the origin of Grecian learning in Egypt, and then proceeds to mention the Ionian and the Italian schools, Pythagoras, Democritus, Archytas, Aristotle, Epicurus, Archimedes, Vitruvius, Bacon, Galileo,

Napier, Newton, Hooke, &c. down to the most modern philosophers, mathematicians, and mechanics. The sketch is concise, but regular and instructive. A short table is placed at the end of the lecture, exhibiting the names of the above-mentioned, and other ingenious persons, with the periods in which they lived, after the manner of Priestley's biographical table.—A similar appendage is added to each of the other historical lectures.—From this twentieth lecture the following paragraphs are transcribed as a specimen of this author's style.

"In the midst of an age of darkness, an insulated individual "arrests our attention, by merits of no ordinary kind. Roger "Bacon was born at Ilchester, in the year 1214: it is well known "that his experiments had led him to a discovery of the properties "of gunpowder, although he humanely concealed the nature of its "composition from the public, and described it only in an enigma. "The extent of his optical knowledge has been variously estimated, "but it was unquestionably much greater than that of the ancient "philosophers. He appears, however, to have had some com-"panions in his mechanical pursuits; he declares that he had seen "chariots which could move with incredible rapidity, without the "help of animals; he describes a diving bell: and he says that he "had been informed, on good authority, that machines had been "made, by the assistance of which men might fly through the "air. Cimabue, who first began to revive the long neglected art "of painting, was contemporary with Bacon. The use of oil in "painting is commonly supposed to have been introduced by "Van Eyck; but there are traces in the records of this country, "of its employment as early as the year 1289."

"The clepsydræ, or water timekeepers of the ancients, ap-"pear to have been gradually transformed, in the middle ages, "into the clocks of the Saracens, and of the Arabians; and these "were introduced into Europe in the thirteenth century. About "the year 1290, turret-clocks were erected at Westminster, and at "Canterbury. The first clock, of which we know the construc-"tion, is that which was made by Wallingford in 1326, and which "was regulated by a fly; and the second that of Defondeur, or "Fusorius, with a simple balance, made about 1400.---But it "appears that some portable watches had been constructed in the "beginning of the fourteenth century; and about the year 1460, "several clock-makers are said to have come to England from "Flanders."

"The art of engraving on metal, and of printing with the rol-
"ling press, is supposed to have been invented in the year 1423.
"Some attribute the art of printing with types to Laurentius
"Coster, of Haerlem, who, as they say, in 1430, employed for the
"purpose separate blocks of wood, tied together with thread.
"Gensfleich, one of his workmen, went to Mentz, and was there
"assisted by Gutenberg, who invented types of metal. But the
"best authors appear to disbelieve this story; and Gutenberg, in
"partnership with Fust, and Schoeffer, is the first that is univer-
"sally allowed to have practised the art. It was introduced into
"this country by William Caxton."

"Leonardo da Vinci, the most accomplished man of his age,
"was born about the year 1443, and excelled not only in painting
"and poetry, but also in architecture, mathematics, and mechanics.
"The state of practical mechanics in this and the subsequent cen-
"turies may be estimated from Ramelli's collection of machines,
"which contains several curious and useful inventions; some of
"them long since forgotten, and even lately proposed again
"as new."

"The works of Bacon, Lord Verulam, although not immedi-
"ately tending to the advancement of mathematics or mechanics,
"are universally allowed to have conduced very materially to the
"improvement of every branch of science, by the introduction of
"a correct and conclusive method of philosophical arrangement
"and inquiry. Guido Ubaldi published, in 1577, a treatise on
"mechanics, not wholly exempt from inaccuracies; and in the fol-
"lowing year, a valuable commentary on the works of Archimedes:
"some of the properties of projectiles were about the same time
"rather imagined than demonstrated by Tortalez: Benedetti soon
"after began to reason correctly respecting the principles of me-
"chanics; but it was reserved for Galileo to lay the foundations
"of the discoveries, which have succeeded each other with increa-
"sing rapidity for more than two centuries. He investigated, in
"the year 1589, the laws of accelerating forces, and shewed the
"nature of the curve which is described by a projectile: he infer-
"red from observation the isochronism of the vibrations of a pen-
"dulum, and the principle was soon after applied by Sanctorius
"to the regulation of timekeepers. Stevinus, a Dutchman, was
"the first that clearly stated the important law by which the equi-
"librium of any three forces is determined: and the properties
"of the centre of gravity were successively investigated by Lucas
"Valerius, Lafaille, and Guldinus, who made some additions to
"the elegant propositions of Archimedes which relate to it."

Should it be asked, which of the lectures of the second division seem to be written with more particular attention, an

answer might be given in favour of the lectures on optics. Dr. Young seems to have bestowed peculiar labour on the study of that branch of natural philosophy: for one may easily discover new hints, new lights, and new explanations, in those optical lectures.—In treating of the theories of optics, Dr. Young does not seem to give that satisfaction which the reader might be led to expect. But this defect, which could hardly be avoided in the lectures, is compensated by certain papers on that subject, which were first published in the philosophical transactions of the Royal Society, and which are reprinted in the second volume of the present work.

The lectures on Sound may well claim the rank next to those on optics; yet some of them, and especially the thirty-third, which treats of *harmonics*, are rather in want of a more methodical arrangement, or a more detailed explanation. In their present state, they are not easily comprehended without repeated and attentive perusals; and of course could have been much less understood when delivered verbally. The twenty lectures of the last division, under the general title of Physics, embrace a variety of subjects, the most important of which are treated more at large, whilst others are explained in a more summary way, and some are little more than barely mentioned.

After a general view of the first volume of the work, which is at present under consideration, it would be both useless and improper to enter into a particular examination, or to attempt to censure any part of it; for, since those lectures were compiled for the purpose of giving a superficial, yet extended, view of the modern state of philosophical knowledge, a severe examiner might easily find occasion to criticize the exceptionable part of almost every subject, that is mentioned in the course.—He might remark, that several propositions are destitute of demonstration; that a great many explanations are either too intricate, or not sufficiently illustrated by means of examples; he might call in question certain theories, and

point out a variety of defective statements; which, however, seem intended to be as they are, for the purpose of avoiding minutiæ, that can hardly ever be remembered when heard in a lecture-room, or, if remembered, can seldom be of use to the hearer, who cannot possibly expect to become fully informed of a subject without farther study, or more particular application. It will, for instance, suffice for a lecturer to say, that a heavy body, dropped from a little altitude above the surface of the earth, will descend through 16 feet, in the first second of time, and this may be easily remembered. Yet such statement may be censured as being incorrect; for, the space abovementioned is a little longer than 16 feet. Its proper length, according to the nearest approximation of experimental investigation, being 16·087 feet; but the additional decimal fraction of 0·087 is neither easily remembered, nor, when remembered, is of any great importance to a superficial learner.

The only question which might deserve discussion, is whether, in a course of lectures, it would be better thoroughly to explain and to illustrate the very first principles of a subject, without advancing a great way into it; or to give an enlarged, but superficial, view of every branch of the same. And though, at first sight, it may appear indifferent whether the one or the other of those plans be adopted; yet a slight consideration of the object for which the course of lectures is intended, will easily point out the plan to which the preference ought to be given.—Scientific lectures in general are delivered either to academies, colleges, and seminaries, of various kinds, in which, young persons are educated; or in towns, to a promiscuous company, of all ages and descriptions. The attendance of the former may be justly considered as professional students, who, being intended for the law, for physic, or for any other department, must be initiated into those branches of knowledge, which are more or less immediately subservient to their intended professions. And in this case

it is evident that a proper and full explanation of the rudiments of a science is absolutely necessary; for upon this firm foundation, the superstructure of the whole subject must be raised in the mind of the learner. But to a mixt company, whose members either wish to be amused for a short time, or desire to acquire a slight notion of a science, without giving themselves any farther trouble about it, the only particulars, which can with propriety be delivered, are the most useful definitions, and such more prominent parts of a subject as may make a greater impression in the hearer's mind, without fatiguing his attention.

Dr. Young, in his lectures, has often steered a middle course between the two abovementioned plans. In general, however, he has leaned with considerable inclination towards the extended and the superficial mode, which, upon every consideration, seems to have been judiciously adapted to the company for which his lectures were intended.

The second volume of this work consists of 738 pages, and it may well be considered as a performance in great measure distinct from the first. The only thing which they have in common, is a copious index at the end of the second volume, which refers to the materials of both the volumes.

In a short preface, with which this volume commences, Dr. Young briefly mentions the nature of the contents, and adds a few necessary observations relative to their use. Those contents are of three different kinds, unconnected with each other; though they are all belonging to the subject of natural philosophy, and the mathematics, together with the arts depending upon them. The first 86 pages contain the mathematical elements of natural philosophy. After these, the principal part of the volume, (viz.) as far as page 520 contains a methodical catalogue of references, a most elaborate and most useful performance. The rest of the volume contains miscellaneous papers upon subjects of natural philosophy, and an

index for the whole work.—Of those parts it is now necessary to give a more particular, or a more satisfactory account.

From the small number of pages in which the mathematical elements of natural philosophy are contained, the reader is naturally led to expect a most compendious or condensed statement of the same, and his expectation will not be disappointed; for they were originally intended to serve as a syllabus to the lectures, and for that purpose they were first published by themselves in a small octavo volume: but on being reprinted in the present work, they have been augmented by the addition both of elementary matter, and of original investigations.

"These elements (Dr. Young says) are perfectly independent "of every other work introductory to any branch of the mathe- "matics, and they comprehend all the propositions which are re- "quired for forming a complete series of demonstrations, leading to "every case of importance that occurs in natural philosophy, with "the exception of some of the more intricate calculations of astro- "nomy."

These elements are divided into three parts; each of which is subdivided into several sections; and were it possible thoroughly to explain the principles of the subjects which are treated of, within the limits in which those sections are contained, the performance might be justly considered as a most extraordinary, and a most useful production. But upon a careful examination, an impartial reader will easily discover the standard of their real value, which by no means renders them independent of any other elementary work.—In their present state, it would be difficult to determine the class of readers, to whom these elements might prove acceptable. Too laconic and too abstruse for mere beginners, too short for proficients, and too imperfect for those who would study the subject with care and attention; they are, nevertheless, curiously expressed, and contain several neat demonstrations, together with a variety of other useful particulars; but they

are in want of considerable addition and alteration, before they may be considered as a complete compendium of natural philosophy. Upon this plan, which is not unlike Jones's *Synopsis Palmariorum Matheseos*, with the addition of a detached explanatory volume, a most useful work might be compiled, which would have the double advantage of serving as a concise remembrancer to proficients; and, with the assistance of the explanatory volume, as an elementary work for collegial students. The abovementioned Mr. Jones might with propriety have affixed to his Synopsis (which by the bye is a most curious performance) the motto, *Dum brevis esse laboro, obscurus fio.* His son, the late Sir William Jones, famous for his Oriental knowledge, was so impressed with the truth of this observation, that, before he had any expectation of going to India, he intended to apply himself to the study of the mathematics and philosophy, principally for the purpose of writing an explanation of, or key to, his father's Synopsis.

The sections of the elements, which are the object of our immediate consideration, though greatly compressed, and in some measure imperfect, are not, however, all equally so; and in proof of this, a section of the most contracted or imperfect, and another of the best kind, may now be pointed out. As an instance of the former, we may examine the second section of the first part, which treats *of the Comparison of variable Quantities.*

This section contains three definitions; six theorems relative to the doctrine of, or principally for finding, fluxions; and lastly, an algebraical problem; namely, a very concise idea of the method of solving numerical equations by approximation. This author would perhaps have done much better, if, instead thereof, he had stated the nature of proportional equations, by shewing how those equations are affected by the addition, subtraction, multiplication, and division, of variable or invariable quantities; which is a subject very useful to beginners, and

which is, at the same time, susceptible of being sufficiently explained in a very narrow compass.

The seventh section of the second part, which treats *of Pressure and Equilibrium*, may be considered as one of the best. Amongst other particulars, it describes the mechanical powers in a short, indeed, but elegant, manner. The ninth, likewise, *on the Equilibrium and Strength of elastic Substances*, deserves particular notice, as it contains a considerable quantity of original matter.

The methodical catalogue of references, which follows the abovementioned elements, cannot be too much admired or praised. The disposition of the materials, the accuracy of the statements, the numerous works to which it refers, the elegant manner in which the results of various experimental enquiries and observations are condensed in tables, or formulæ, or otherwise, and the impartial statement of opinions or theories, are strong marks of an industrious, persevering, and extensively informed mind.

The use of this part of Dr. Young's work is not confined to any particular kind of students. The novice will be directed by it in the choice of his books relative to any particular branch of philosophical, mechanical, or mathematical knowledge:—the proficient will be enabled to see how far any subject has been advanced, and what books he must examine for that purpose. But his enquiry is often sufficiently satisfied, and the necessity of more elaborate researches is superseded by a concise but satisfactory statement of the subject in question; for it is scarcely possible to open this catalogue at random, without meeting with a variety of those useful and compendious statements.—But let us now take a nearer view of those particulars.

The contents of the catalogue of references, or the titles of its numerous divisions, are expressed in a table of a peculiar nature, which is prefixed to it. In this table, the dependence of one subject upon another, or the branches of the principal

subjects, are distinguished by means of long lines or brackets, so that a particular subject may be readily found out, without the necessity of running along the whole table. Thus, if it be required to find out the authors who have written upon escapements of time-keepers, the enquirer will in the first place look for the principal article, *Mechanics in general*, to which the article in question obviously belongs. This embraces, in a long bracket, several subordinate heads, and among them there is, *Practical Mechanics*, which comprehends several inferior titles, one of which is, *Time-keepers in general.* This comprehends other titles, one of which is, *Parts of a Time-keeper*, and among those parts will be found *Escapement*, which refers the reader to page 193 of the catalogue for the desired information.

With respect to the disposition of the materials, Dr. Young expresses himself in the following manner:

"The catalogue of references has been methodically subdivided, "as far as it was possible to do it with convenience and accuracy, "and the works and passages belonging to each subdivision, have "in general been arranged in chronological order; except that "the different productions of the same author have been placed "together. The divisions of the catalogue follow very nearly the "same order as the text of the lectures, so that there has been no "occasion for any references from one to the other."

The number of works which the reader is referred to, differs, as must be naturally expected, according to the subject. Thus, in the instance which has been mentioned above, under the title of *Escapement*, in page 193, there will be found twenty-one different works which treat of escapements. Thus also under the title of *Machines for raising Water, Pumps, Fire-engines, and Fountains*, you will find about 190 works mentioned. It is not only to works written expressly, and entirely, on the particular subjects, that the reader is referred to; but likewise to particular parts of general and periodical publications; such as to transactions of learned societies, to magazines, journals, &c.

"In the mathematical, (Dr. Young says,) and astronomical "parts, all references to the transactions of foreign societies have "in general been omitted: partly because they would have been "too numerous for insertion, and partly because they may be found "at large in the copious works of Murhard and of Reuss. The "references to periodical publications have been continued, where "it was possible, to the beginning of the year 1805."

The statements of experiments, observations, theories, &c. that are intermixed with the other particulars of this catalogue, deserve particular notice; and it will now be necessary to point out some of those that are more remarkable. They are so very numerous, that, if collected, they would form a pretty well-sized volume. They are unquestionably very useful, especially because they are compendiously expressed, in consequence of which they may be easily remembered. And it must be acknowledged, that Dr. Young possesses great powers of epitomizing and condensing.

The first remarkable article that occurs, is an epitome of the principal attempts and experiments that have been made for the purpose of establishing Standards of Measures, together with the statement of English, Scotch, French, and other foreign measures, both ancient and modern. These have been extracted from the most authentic sources, and the names of the authors, or experimenters, are annexed to the account. The accuracy of the numerical expressions is likewise deserving commendation.

Similar to this essay (as it may be properly called) on Measures, is the essay on Weights, under the title of *Standard Weights*, in page 160 and following.

The division which is intitled *Sources of Motion*, is subdivided into the following heads, viz. *Animal Mechanics; Animal Force; Immediate Force of Men; Performance of Men by Machines; Force of Horses*; *Work of Mules;* and *Inanimate Force.* And in those divisions, besides the references, the reader will find the statements themselves; so that, un-

less any one wish to examine the authors themselves for any very particular purpose, he need not take any farther trouble; for the abovementioned statements are clearly and accurately expressed, so as to afford complete satisfaction.

The division on *Friction*, which follows the above, contains an elegant abstract of Coulomb's memoir on Friction.

The reader will be enabled to form a better idea of the manner in which Dr. Young expresses the result of experiments, by the following specimen, which has been transcribed from page 185:

> "*From the Journals of the Royal Institution. Extract from "a Memoir of M. Labillardière, on the Strength of the "Fibres of the Flax of New Zealand. Read before the "National Institute. B. Soc. Phil. n.* 75.
>
> "This flax, the *phormium tenax*, was procured from the inhabitants of New Zealand, by M. Labillardière himself, in the voyage he made in search of La Peyrouse.
>
> "In these experiments particular care was taken to employ substances of a diameter as equable as possible throughout their lengths. The inferences are, that the strength of the fibres of the great aloe, *agave Americana*, being equal to 7, that of common flax is represented by $11\frac{1}{4}$; that of hemp by $16\frac{1}{3}$; that of the flax of New Zealand by $23\frac{5}{11}$; and that of silk by 34. If we call the strength of the flax 1000, that of the aloe will be 596, of hemp 1390, of the phormium 1996, and of silk 2894.
>
> "The degree of extension of these fibres, before they break, is in a different proportion. Supposing it 1 for flax, it is 2 for hemp, 3 for the flax of New Zealand, 5 for the agave, and 10 for silk. It is well known, that the strength of cords depends as well on their elasticity, as on the ultimate force required to break them.
>
> "The experiments and reflections of M. Labillardière, shew beyond contradiction, that many advantages may be obtained from the cultivation of this flax on a large scale; and that it may be attempted with a prospect of success in the southern parts of France."

A list of elegant and useful particulars, contained in this part of the work, might be protracted to an immense length, but it will be sufficient to add one specimen more of this author's style; which gives an account of experiments and ob-

servations on the height of falling or shooting stars; by Benzenberg and Brandes.

"They were observed, (he says,) from a base of 46200 feet F. or "2 German geographical miles, 15 of which make a degree: their "height was from 4 to 30 of those miles; the mean height about "11, or near 50 English miles; the velocity of two of them was "from 4 to 6 miles, or about 22 English miles in a second. One "was brighter than Jupiter, and was 450 miles distant.

"In the second paper Dr. Benzenberg gives two instances in "detail.—September 15. A shooting star of the fifth magnitude, "Elevation of the beginning 7,7 geographical miles: of the end "8,2. Length of the path, 1,5 miles. Longitude of the place "of disappearance 28° 3′. Latitude 53° 22′. Observed by Bran- "des, in Ekwarden, and Benzenberg, in Ham, near Hamburgh: "length of the base 14 miles.—October 3. Another of the fourth "magnitude observed by the same persons. The termination 7,1 "geographical miles above the earth. Longitude 27° 7′; lat. "53° 5′. These observations shew, says Dr. Benzenberg, that a "long base will furnish as accurate a comparison as a shorter one; "that even meteors of the fourth and fifth magnitude, may be seen "at places distant above 14 geographical miles from each other; "and they confirm the former observations made at Gottingen with "a base of but one or two miles. Dr. Pottgiesser, in Elberfeld, "40 miles distant from Hamburgh, saw a meteor on the 2d of Oc- "tober, in the zenith, which appears to have been the same as was "seen at Hamburgh in the horizon; its height is estimated at 25 "German miles. It was intended to continue these observations "with unremitting assiduity."

The eleven papers, which follow the catalogue of references, had all been published before, principally in the Philoso hical Transactions; but in the present volume they have been reprinted with various corrections.

The first paper, under the title of *Observations upon Vision*, treats of the manner in which the eye accommodates itself to view objects distinctly at different distances:—a subject which has exercised the ingenuity of the most able physiologists. Dr. Young, in the first place, briefly describes the theories, or hypotheses, of Kepler, Descartes, De la Hire, Dr. Pemberton, Dr. Potterfield, Dr. Jurin, Musschenbrock, and others; then subjoins the account of his discovery relative to the construction of the crystalline lens of the eye of the ox, and gives a minute

description of that lens: upon which he establishes his theory of the accommodation of the eye for distinct vision of objects placed at different distances. In the latter part of the paper, this author answers the following queries: 1st, What is the cause of the lateral radiation which seems to adhere to a candle viewed with winking eyes? 2d, Whence arises that luminous cross, which seems to proceed from the image of a candle in a looking-glass? 3d, Why do sparks appear to be emitted when the eye is rubbed or compressed in the dark? But the statement of the abovementioned theory, and the answers to the three queries, cannot be rendered intelligible, without the previous description of the crystalline lens; but the insertion of the whole in the present account would protract it to too great a length.—A plate is annexed to this paper, which exhibits a vertical section of the ox's eye, and the structure of the crystalline, with a side-view of the same.

The title of the second paper is, *Outlines of Experiments and Enquiries respecting Sound and Light.* Those particulars are arranged in sixteen divisions, and the experiments, and the deductions from those experiments, as they are described in the sections, though not always conclusive, are, however, very ingenious, and most of them are deserving of farther attention. —Five copper-plate engravings, with a variety of figures, belong to this paper.

Of the contents of the remaining papers, it is not practicable to give a concise and satisfactory account.

The last article of the work is an ample and accurate index, which occupies not less than 56 pages, and refers to both volumes. By the assistance of this index, the present work, which contains an immense variety of particulars, is rendered nearly equivalent to a philosophical dictionary.

The preceding account may probably be presumed to give the reader a pretty just idea of Dr. Young's present work, an examination of which has here been humbly attempted. But should a more definite statement of its merit be demanded in a

few words, a satisfactory answer might perhaps be given by saying, that Doctor Young's two volumes, intitled *A Course of Lectures*, &c. form rather a collection of that author's different works, than a uniform or homogeneous performance; nor can it be denied, that the execution of the different parts exhibits a considerable inequality. But taking it altogether, it must undoubtedly be considered as being a very ample, an elaborate, an accurate, and a most useful, repository of Natural Philosophy in its present state, as well as of several collateral branches of knowledge.

POEMS, NEVER BEFORE PUBLISHED. BY THE REV. WILLIAM LISLE BOWLES.—12*mo. pp.* 197. *Cadell and Davies, London.* 1809.

IT is generally believed, that Fashion is most despotic in those countries, where the greatest progress has been made towards civilization and refinement. This is not the case. In the wilds of Africa, on the frozen mountains of Lapland, over those vast and solitary plains, where the Arab and Tartar roam, in those regions where the human mind dozes under the narcotic influence of Mohammedan power,—wherever, indeed, barbarism and ignorance prevail, Fashion reigns with absolute dominion; and the laws, which she established some thousand years ago, are still observed with religious reverence. The slightest attempt at innovation is regarded with horror, and the abolition or alteration of the most trivial custom, which Fashion has consecrated, might cause the revolution of empires. But as the light of reason becomes diffused, and arts and sciences begin to be cultivated, the sanctity of peculiar modes, to which antiquity had imparted an appearance of inviolability, is gradually invaded; till at length

the modes themselves fall into contempt or oblivion. Fashion then gives place to Variety. Whatever may be employed for the use, the comfort, or the amusement of man, is subjected to eternal change of form and nature, as caprice, the desire of improvement, or the mere love of novelty may operate: and in the end, where refinement is carried to excess, things are esteemed not for their intrinsic excellence or beauty, but as they may be strange or novel.

Nor is the influence of this passion for novelty, confined to the mere modification of matter, but extends to the operations of the mind. The wing of Fancy grows weary in the eccentric flights, which it makes through unexplored regions in quest of objects, that may gratify the sickly taste of Variety: and the fields of Poesy are cultivated not according to the best fashion, but the newest whim: crop follows crop in a wild, irregular, and fantastic succession; a strange mixture of flowers and weeds, so intimately blended and entangled as mutually to support and shade each other.

It has fared with Poetry, indeed, much in the same way that it has with Landscape-gardening, as it is called. When the rude form of Nature first began to be subjected to cultivation, man was too intent on satisfying his immediate wants, to be studious of ornament, or anxious after beauty: but as soon as his necessities were supplied, (at least as soon as they were supplied so easily as to allow any respite from labour,) the activity of his mind was employed in devising modes of improvement and embellishment, and in inventing means of adding grace to utility. A considerable time must necessarily have elapsed, before any just principles of taste could have been established; but it is not probable, that at first any very great deviations would be made from the primitive simplicity of Nature: whatever defects there might be, they would be the defects of poverty, and not of superfluity: fastidious delicacy might be displeased at the plainness or scantiness of the garb, but would not be disgusted by the incumbrance of overloaded

and incongruous ornament. There is, however, every reason to suppose, that by the natural tendency of the human mind to prefer that which is right, when not warped by any powerful motive to lean to that which is wrong, a just perception of propriety and beauty must have prevailed, till the love of novelty exchanged beauty for deformity; and gave birth to all those monstrous productions, which were as much admired in their own time, as they are ridiculed in the present.—The gloomy rectilinear avenue; the sombre yew, tortured into walls and columns, and a thousand extravagant and frightful forms,

Gorgons and hydras and chimæras dire;

the fountains with their clumsy tritons and porpoise-like naiads; and indeed the whole tribe of pagan deities, in lead or bronze; the trim parterre, formal, hard, and dry, cut and divided into all possible forms, with as much minuteness and precision, as if they were intended for diagrams to illustrate geometrical problems; the trumpery of Chinese temples and bridges; and the more modern barbarisms of clumps and knolls, and belts, and tiresome serpentines: all of these as they deviate more or less from the direct path of simplicity and nature, are not proofs that the right way was not previously known, but that it was wilfully left, in search of variety: for the right way was plain and open, and straight forward, and all those, who have first wandered from it, have been compelled to make paths for themselves, with great labour and difficulty, through obstructions which opposed them at every step, and thickened as they proceeded.

If the various changes which at different periods have taken place in the style or fashion of Poetry are considered, they will be found to have occurred nearly in the same order, and indeed to have accompanied these revolutions in Landscape-gardening: and the cause of this is obvious; both are subjects

of taste; and as that varies from correctness to formality, from formality to meanness, and from meanness to extravagance, both must be equally affected. But the present state of these arts, while it shews their intimate analogy, will demonstrate how little the principles of taste are even now understood or cultivated; or at least will prove what was said above, and what cannot be too often repeated, nor too much deprecated, that though the charms of beauty, grace, and propriety, may be most powerfully felt and acknowledged, they are constantly sacrificed, without remorse, to variety. So that while one party of poets and landscape-gardeners, from an excessive admiration of simplicity and *picturesqueness*, are stripping Nature bare, or covering her with the coarse rags, which she had worn in her days of poverty, and had long since thrown aside; another set are tricking her out in all the fantastic gewgaws that capricious fancy can invent, and hiding her completely under a load of meretricious ornaments. These may be called Nature's man-milliners; for, as if they were insensible to her own beauties, they are only attentive to plait her frills, and dispose her drapery. Both these parties, however, cannot be right: it is certain, indeed, that prosecuting their systems to extremes, both are wrong; though not in an equal degree, since the nakedness of Nature is less offensive than the distortions of Art. But it is evident that though the effects are so diametrically opposite, they are produced by the same cause,—an insatiate passion for variety.

Now though the makers of poems are very apt occasionally to affect a good deal of carelessness for the opinion of their contemporaries, and talk of reserving their beauties for the admiration of other times, this is only to be understood as poetical coquetry: they understand very well the value of popular favour, and practise every art to obtain it. Instead, therefore, of endeavouring to direct the public taste, which it is their business to do, they study its prevailing tendency only in order to fashion their works accordingly: they are

afraid to climb against the wheel, and seek eminence by arresting its progress; they think it easier to reach the summit by yielding to its motion, and suffering themselves to be raised by it; and in this conclusion perhaps they are right, but it is certain that the next rotation precipitates them in the dust.

Public opinion, indeed, may be said to be the market of poetry, and those therefore, who have wares to dispose of, will study its fluctuations; and if they have not capital to command or regulate them, they will be careful to manufacture such articles only as are most in request, and fetch the best prices. Some dashing speculators, by the introduction of a novel manufacture, may obtain a temporary monopoly, but as soon as the novelty ceases, the trade becomes open again. There must, however, be in this, as in all other merchandize, wholesale dealers, who traffic only in one particular branch, and retailers who keep as it were a chandler's shop of poetry; and these, if they do nothing to improve the public taste, at least do nothing to corrupt it, since they only follow in a path already made for them by hardier adventurers.

It may be thought perhaps, that these observations are rather applicable to the general state of Poetry, than to the work of any single writer: but it is presumed that on a nearer view of the productions of Mr. Bowles, they will not be found altogether out of place, or superfluous: since there is scarcely any species of poetry, which he has not attempted, nor any of the modes which others have rendered fashionable for the day, that he has not partly adopted. He has composed Sonnets, Elegies, and Monodies, Odes, Ballads, Descriptive Poems, and non-descripts of all sorts and sizes, from five pages to five books; and has by turns been plaintive, incomprehensible, simple, gawdy, and extravagant. He does not indeed fall a whimpering over a fading rose, nor become hysterically lyrical at the sight of an old woman in a red cloak; neither does he go quite so far as to manufacture the clouds into gauze, nor, when he leaps upon his poetical hobby-horse, prac-

tise tumbler's tricks to shew the steadiness of his poise, and his fearlessness of vertigo. It was to avoid singularity perhaps, that he complied with the fashion of the hour so far as he has done; but he still is comparatively a plain man, and not enough in the height of the mode to be noticed on that account alone. Had he carried his compliance much farther, he would certainly have attracted much more of the popular gaze; had he not complied so far, he would have allowed much freer exercise to those poetical powers which he undoubtedly possesses; and would not have frittered away their energies in an endless search after variety.

Mr. Bowles has at various times given to the public, one by one, four volumes of poems; and though judgment has already been passed on the three first, and the last, therefore, which has only just now appeared, is the more immediate object of consideration; yet it seems but justice, in weighing his merits as a poet, to take into the scale his former productions: at least, liberal judges will not object to this proceeding since its object is to shew that Mr. Bowles has more genius and talent than those who only read his last volume would give him credit for. His first volume undoubtedly contains the best of his works, his last the worst; and as in this he professes to have 'closed his book for ever,' there is no room to hope that he will redeem the reputation he may lose by not having closed it sooner. His poetical character then must be determined by what is already before the public, and it would be unfair not to give him the advantage of all that may tend towards its support or elevation.

It is not intended, however, here to enter into a specification of the particular merits of the author's former volumes, or a minute examination of their defects: they have been for many years open to public investigation, and it were an ill compliment to Mr. Bowles to suppose that they have excited no curiosity: if they have not, it is too late to think of awakening it now; and if they have, their merits or defects remain not

to be discovered. It will be sufficient for the purpose proposed, to take such a general view only as may serve to shew what are the most prominent and characteristic features of the writer's genius.

Whoever contemplates the works of this author, must be forcibly struck with the strain of deep melancholy that pervades them. For this he has very ingenuously accounted in a short introduction prefixed to his first volume, with the intention of obviating "the common re mark on melancholy poetry, that it has been very often gravely composed, when possibly the heart of the writer had very little share in the distress he chose to describe." But he adds, "There is a great difference between *natural* and *fabricated* feelings, even in poetry;" and he leaves those readers, "who have felt sensations of sorrow, to judge to which of these two characters his poems belong." Now, in fact, the public has no right to enquire whether the sorrows which a poet chooses to describe, be imaginary, or real; it is enough that they are described naturally, and that they excite sympathy in the reader. But it is not quite so certain that a poet may be allowed to give vent, on all occasions, to his 'personal feelings,' however afflicting may be the cause which agitates and depresses his spirit. It may be questioned even whether by this self-violation of the sacredness of his sorrows, he does not subject himself to the imputation of querulousness: and readers who are impatient of complaint, may be apt to apply to him the sarcastic lines of Cowper, respecting those nervous valetudinarians, who are eternally reciting the history of their disorders;

> *'I thought I should have died, I was so bad,*
> *'The peevish hearers almost wish you had.'*

There is undoubtedly a vast difference between a melancholy description of objects not in themselves melancholy, and such a selection of images as, from their nature or their associations,

are calculated to excite that class of sensations, which may be termed poetical melancholy. In one case, you see with the poet's eye only, in the other with your own. A man, labouring under a deep depression of spirits, sickens at the sight of pleasure, he views every thing with a jaundiced eye, and a scene of the gayest merriment presents to his mind nothing but the most gloomy reflection: he anticipates the reverse of the scene, and laments the instability of all sublunary enjoyment. He casts his misty mantle before the brightest landscape, and they, who contemplate it through that medium, behold every object dim, shadowy, cheerless and distorted. The poems of Collins and of Ossian induce a pleasing melancholy in the reader, by the pensive colouring which they give to images naturally of a still and sober sort; but these poets would have broken the spell of their enchantment, if they had officiously obtruded their own sorrows on the reader. From the moment that a poem is opened, the author should be lost sight of; if the reader's mind is left sufficiently unoccupied to think about him, the poem must be void of interest: but if the author forces himself on his notice, he wilfully foregoes the advantage he might have gained by keeping himself in the back-ground, and if he does not entirely destroy the interest he may have excited, he undoubtedly weakens it by distracting the reader's attention, and dividing it between the fabric and the architect.

It may be considered as no small evidence of the poetical powers of Mr. Bowles, that, notwithstanding this defect runs through almost the whole of his productions, and acts as a drawback upon their interest, the mild light of his genius still attracts and preserves attention. It is easy to discover, that he is a very accurate observer of nature, and it will be readily admitted, that he selects his images with the most delicate taste; his language is, in general, highly poetical, his versification harmonious, and a strain of pure and tender sentiment pervades the whole. His first publication displayed these qualities in a very eminent degree, and entitled him to an elevated rank

among elegiac poets and writers of sonnets: his succeeding effusions have rather tended to shake the foundation of his fame than to support it.

If invention indeed, as it is the noblest and sublimest part of the poetical character, were considered absolutely indispensable in all, who presume to range the fields of Poesy, Mr. Bowles, on a severe examination, perhaps, might be found a trepasser; since to invention, in its strict and proper sense, he has very slight pretensions. But a law of this sort, if rigidly enforced, would affect the claims of many writers, who have been long regarded as the chief ornaments of poetry, and to call in question whose title to such distinction, would be deemed a sort of sacrilege offered to the divinity of the Muse. There is no doubt, however, that a writer, who delineates natural objects faithfully, and colours them with delicacy, has a fair claim to the rank of a poet, though not in the highest degree; as the delineator of landscape or still-life on canvas, is a painter, though of an order inferior to the painter of history. On entering into a more particular examination of the volume now immediately under review, it will be proper to consider Mr. Bowles rather attentively in this point of view.

There is scarcely any one of his compositions, in which he has not displayed his sensibility to the graces of nature, and the correctness and vividness of the impression which they leave on his fancy. The following short passage shews the habitual disposition of his mind:

> ——— "Still mine eye
> "Sought every charm of nature; every light
> "That deck'd her forests, and each ev'ning scene,
> "When west away the crimson clouds were hung,
> "Seem'd like a tender thought." P. 80.

Many highly-finished descriptions are to be found even in this last volume, which is so inferior to the author's former productions: but it is in delicate and passing allusions to picturesque objects, in those graceful and seemingly careless touches

of the pencil, that he is most eminently successful. Of this description are the following passages in his poem, intitled 'The Sylph of Summer:'—

> "The winds too are thy subjects; from the breeze,
> "That like a child upon a holiday
> "On the high mountain's van pursues the down
> "Of the grey thistle, ere the autumnal shower
> "Steals soft and mars his pastime; to the king
> "Of hurricanes, that sounds his mighty shell,
> "And bids TORNADO sweep the Western world." P. 100.

> ——— "Soft daughter of the AIR,
> "SYLPH OF THE SUMMER, come! the silent shower
> "Is past, and 'mid the dripping fern, the wren
> "Peeps, till the sun looks through the clouds again."
> P. 127.

The author's chief defect, as a descriptive poet, is minuteness. He enters too much into detail; he delineates faithfully the various parts, which properly combined, produce a beautiful picture, but he labours every part equally, and wants the power of combination: so that he may be said to be rather a painter of causes than of effects; and though this may be very good philosophy, it is bad poetry. A number of images, however beautiful in themselves, unless disposed with judgment and effect, will not form a poem, any more than a number of solo parts, thrown carelessly together, will form a concerto, or a dozen houris, ranged in a row, an historical picture.

Having examined the poetical character of Mr. Bowles, and pointed out its most peculiar features, it only remains to shew what deviations he has made from his own proper path. It is presumed, that few readers will have any difficulty in discovering upon what models he composed the passages subjoined.

> "'Twas in the twilight of the deepest wood,
> "Beneath whose boughs (like sad Cocytus, fam'd
> "Through fabling Greece, from lamentation nam'd)
> "A river dark and silent flow'd, there stood
> "A pale and melancholy man: intent
> "His look upon that drowsy stream he bent,

" As ever counting (when the fitful breeze
" With strange and hollow sound sung through the trees)
" Counting the sallow leaves, that down the current went.
" He saw them NOT ————
" Earth seem'd to him one universal blot.
" Sometimes, as most distemper'd, to and fro,
" He pac'd; and sometimes fixed his chilling look
" Upon a dreadful book,
" Inscribed with secret characters of woe;
" While gibb'ring imps, as mocking him, appear'd,
" And airy laughter 'mid the dusk was heard." P. 56.

" Upon a beaked promontory high,
" With streaming heart, and cloudy brow severe,
" Mark'd ye the FATHER of the frowning year?
" Dark vapours roll'd o'er the tempestuous sky,
" When creeping WINTER from his cave came forth;
" 'Stern courier of the storm, (he cry'd,) WHAT FROM THE
" NORTH?"

NORTH WIND.

" 'SHOUTS, AND THE NOISE OF BATTLE!' and again
" The winged wind blew loud a deadly blast;
" 'SHOUTS, AND THE NOISE OF BATTLE!' the long main
" Seem'd with hoarse voice to answer as he past.

" But rousing him from his desponding trance,
" Cold EURUS blew his sharp and shrilling horn;
" In his right-hand he bore an icy lance,
" That far off glitter'd in the frost of morn;
" The old man knew the clarion from afar,
" 'WHAT FROM THE EAST?' he cry'd.

EAST WIND.

" SHOUTS, AND THE NOISE OF WAR!" (P. 190.)

In these instances, it is plain, that the author has been enticed from his accustomed track by a wish for variety; and perhaps by a desire to accommodate himself to the mode, which might have prevailed at the time they were composed. But it is easy to produce specimens to make good the opinion above expressed respecting the inferiority of this volume to the author's former productions. His " Melodies of Remembrance," which relate to a subject with which he might have been ex-

pected to be more than commonly inspired, prove that, even in his proper field, his vigour is abated. What can be duller or more common-place, than the following effusion, except the attempt at humour in the note?

"Ah, no! forgive the vain intruding thought,
"And let me * * * *,† love thee as I ought:
"Love thee with warmth no language can express,
"With ecstacy, subdued by tenderness!

"Love thee with fervent friendship, that would bear,
"All griefs itself, so THOU wert free from care!
"LOVE thee with HONOUR, by each action shewn,
"That HELD THY PEACE FAR DEARER THAN MY OWN!"

Lest it might be possible, however, to exceed the insipidity of these lines, the author, as if resolved, that none should win from him the palm of dulness, has composed a dirge:

"THE DIRGE OF NELSON.

"TOLL NELSON'S KNELL! a soul more brave
"Ne'er triumph'd on the green-sea wave!
"Sad o'er the Hero's honour'd grave,
"TOLL NELSON'S KNELL.

"The ball of Death unerring flew:
"His cheek has lost its ardent hue:
"He sinks, amid his gallant crew!
"TOLL NELSON'S KNELL.

"Yet lift, brave Chief, thy dying eyes;
"Hark! loud huzzas around thee rise;
"Aloft the flag of conquest flies!
"THE DAY IS WON!

"THE DAY IS WON——PEACE TO THE BRAVE!
"But whilst the joyous streamers wave,
"We'll think upon the VICTOR'S GRAVE!
"PEACE TO THE BRAVE!"

† The reader may place any name he likes best, with the exception of Chloe, Delia, or Dorothy!

Few readers will be found so fastidious, as not to be pleased with some of the productions of this writer's pensive and descriptive genius: but it is not likely that many, who shall examine his last work, will regret that he has 'closed his book for ever.'

AN ACCOUNT OF THE EMPIRE OF MAROCCO, AND THE DISTRICT OF SUSE; COMPILED FROM MISCELLANEOUS OBSERVATIONS, MADE DURING A LONG RESIDENCE IN, AND VARIOUS JOURNIES THROUGH, THESE COUNTRIES. TO WHICH IS ADDED, AN ACCURATE AND INTERESTING ACCOUNT OF TIMBUCTOO, THE GREAT EMPORIUM OF CENTRAL AFRICA. BY JAMES GREY JACKSON, ESQ.---*Printed for the Author, by W. Bulmer and Co. and sold by G. and W. Nicol, Pall-Mall.* 1809.

As this had appeared to me to be a very interesting publication, involving many curious and some truly important particulars, I held it to be a duty, which I owed both to my readers and myself, to employ every means in my power for tracing certain matters, which seemed to rest upon simple affirmation, to their true and genuine sources of authority, before I set my name to a review of Mr. Jackson's volume.

He informs us in his preface that it has been "Compiled "from various notes and observations, made during a resi- "dence of sixteen years in different parts of the Empire of "Marocco." This is a claim, which very few of our travelled authors have to prefer, and certain it is, that the Englishman, who for sixteen years has voluntarily devoted himself to the hazard and horror of living under the dominion of a Moorish despot, has fairly and to a certain extent earned a title, to be believed, when he is describing what he has seen

and known and learned of the country: yet if he tells of things altogether new and strange, and such as it is hard to credit, there should be something more than mere assertion on his part to ensure our faith, and reconcile us to the tale of wonder. When, for instance, in the chapter, that treats of zoology, we are told of the swiftness and abstemiousness of the desart horse, possessing such extraordinary powers, and refusing all sustenance but that of camel's milk, and above all of the heirie, or camel called tasayee, which in traversing the desart, performs the length of nine days journies in one, with a swiftness, which seems to elude all description except that of a telegraph, we assuredly want something more solid than mere narration to support the fact, and keep our faith from staggering. When in the region about Timbuctoo, as yet unvisited by any English, (and I might say any European traveller) we are informed of a river, which would convey us to Grand Cairo through a tract as thickly strewed with populous towns as China, and that this river is in fact a western branch of the Nile itself, to be traced from its source in the Jibbel Kumra, or Mountains of the Moon, so called, to its junction with the Eastern or Egyptian streams;—the geographer is startled by intelligence so new, and would naturally urge those questions, which I have anticipated, and require that explanation, which I have sought for and obtained.

When a traveller makes notes of his own adventures, with a pre-determined purpose to impart them to the public, and enjoy the luxury of writing a book, he makes himself the hero of his story, and of course must make the story worthy of its hero.

This certainly was not in the contemplation of Mr. Jackson; the engagement, that occasioned him to make so long a residence in a Mohammedan country, and to perfect himself in a language, that is spoken in all parts wheresoever Mohammedans are, were of a political as well as a commercial

sort. In that character he was appointed by the old government of Holland, agent to the States General, and, having negotiated with the Emperor Muley Yezzid, hoisted their flag at Agadeer or Santa Cruz, and opened that port to foreign commerce. Here he established himself in trade, till he was obliged to leave Santa Cruz, when the present Emperor, jealous perhaps of the natural strength of the place, situated at the extremity of the Atlas Mountains, ordered it to be evacuated. This measure, dictated in the suspicious character of Marocco policy, obliged Mr. Jackson to cross the Atlas Mountains with the Prince's army, and repair to the Emperor, who then held his court at Marocco: this inland capital was no station for our author's purpose, and he was permitted to go to Mogodor on the coast at the distance of about a hundred miles, where he again established a house of commerce, under the firm of James Jackson and Co. when upon the death of Mr. Layton the partnership being dissolved, the survivor came to England, and having no other object but to render his communications useful to the African association, after several interviews with them, was induced by the liberal suggestions of the Earl of Moira to publish those remarks and that body of information, which are to be found in the volume now under my review.

Thus it came to pass, that Mr. Jackson, without courting the fame of an author, has become the unobtrusive narrator of his own observations, and these he has committed to the public with less parade of dictation, and more modest avoidance of egotism, than I can recollect to have observed in any other writers of the same description, whether their scale of travel has been great or small, foreign or domestic. For it shall sometimes happen that the passenger in a stage-coach between Bath and London, shall blow as loud a trumpet to puff his pennyworth of adventures, as if he had penetrated into unexplored latitudes, and added newly-discovered countries to the map of Earth.

Travellers of this sort have been successfully exposed of late by some, who seem to have a way of getting at their pocket-books, and yet keeping clear of the penalties of the law.

Of Barbary it may be said, that no country on the globe, of which so much has been written, is so little known. In the mean time its natural fertility entitles it to be considered as the garden of the world; in its products it possesses every thing, that can invite the trader to its coasts, in its government much, that may discourage him from resorting to them. By referring to the eleventh chapter of this volume, (p. 193.) where a statement is given of exports and imports, accurately transcribed from the original Arabic books of the Custom-house at Mogodor, a correct idea may be formed of the trade carried on in that port. In the list of exports will be found almost every article, that is in request either for luxury or for general use; the advantages, that our traders might derive from the vast abundance of raw materials, that would be bartered in exchange for manufactured goods, are in a manner incalculable; yet such is the wretched state of this neglected trade, that, "with the exception of two or three houses, there "is, at present, no European establishment of any conse-"quence at Mogodor,"—and it is to be feared that Mr. Jackson is too well founded in his remark, "that with Consuls, "who are equally unacquainted with the language of the "country, and the manners, politics, and complexion of the "Court, we must not expect that the British merchant will "be sufficiently encouraged to make considerable adventures "to West Barbary."

Still it should appear from the opinion of this well-informed writer, that means are in our power by prudent regulations, and intelligent well-chosen agents, to revive this languishing, but important, branch of trade.

"A close connexion, (he observes) with the empire of Marocco "is of the greatest importance to Great Britain, both in a politi-

"cal and commercial point of view; for, besides the various arti-
"cles of trade already enumerated, it affords ample supplies of
"provisions; and, if a friendly intercourse between the two na-
"tions were firmly established, we should never have any difficulty
"in victualling not only Gibraltar, but also all our different fleets
"which cruize in the Mediterranean, and on the northern coast
"of Africa; a resource, which, in the present state of things, cer-
"tainly merits the serious attention of this country. The advan-
"tages of a trade with this empire must be evident, from what has
"been detailed in the preceding pages, where it will be seen that
"*nearly the whole of the exports to Marocco consists of*
"*manufactured goods, and that the returns for these are en-*
"*tirely raw materials*, many of which are essentially necessary
"in our manufacture."

Greater advantages in point of trade than these, no country can hold forth; and it is Mr. Jackson's opinion,

"That we have it in our power, by proper representations and
"a judicious negociation, to supply through this channel a great
"part of the interior of Africa with our superfluous manufactures,
"while we might receive in return many very valuable and useful
"articles; such as oil of olives, hides, skins, almonds, gums,
"wax, silver and gold; in addition to which may be mentioned,
"oranges and lemons, of which a greater quantity might be pro-
"cured from two ports (Tetuan and Rabat) in the empire, than is
"afforded both by Spain and Portugal. The oranges of Tetuan
"(he says) are the finest in the world, and are sold for eight
"drahims, or about 3s. 6d. per thousand. In short, nothing is
"wanting to secure a most extensive and lucrative trade with
"Marocco, but an established friendship between the two nations,
"strengthened by a mutual return of good offices and attentions.
"Indeed (he adds) the present emperor, Muley Soliman, may be
"said to have made overtures of this nature."

The fact I find to be as follows.—Muley Soliman, the reigning monarch, who is better versed in the laws of the Koran, than any man in his empire, and in his nature more merciful than any of the antecedent sovereigns of Marocco, wrote a letter with his own hand to his Majesty our King, which after being sent to the universities for interpretation, was rendered into English by the author of this volume, and we presume has been answered. In this imperial letter, Muley

Soliman, addressing his Majesty by the sacred title of *Sultan*, pays him the highest respect that ever was offered by a Mooselman to a Christian king.

In the twenty-four first pages of this work, the author gives a geographical account of the four grand divisions of the empire of Marocco, viz. northern, central, southern and eastern.

In the northern division, we find the towns of Fez, Mequinas, Tetuan, Tangier, and many others, whose names are not so familiar to us. This province extends along the shores of the Mediterranean sea, and abounds in corn and cattle. The vicinity of Tetuan produces (as has been already observed) the most delicious oranges in the world; figs, grapes, melons, apricots, plums, strawberries, apples, pears, pomgranates, citrons, lemons, limes, and the refreshing fruit of the opuntia or prickly pear. It has forests of oak, cork and other valuable trees of large growth. Hemp, cotton of a superior quality, honey, wax, gum-arabic, and the tobacco called Mequinasi, so much esteemed for making snuff.

In the central division, are the towns of Marocco, Saffee, and the port of Mogodor. This fine province abounds in horses and horned cattle. The horses of Abda are of the most select breed in the country: the goats are innumerable, and their skins form a principal article of exportation from the port of Mogodor. The mountains of Haha produce the famous wood called Arar, new to this country, which is proof against rot or the worm.

In the southern district, Suse is considered as the most extensive, and, excepting in grain, the richest province of the empire. The olive, almond, date, orange, grape and all the other fruits of the northern provinces abound here, particularly about Terodant, the capital of Suse; and according to our author's account, there is not perhaps a finer climate in the world than that of Suse, in which province he resided at Agadeer or Santa Cruz. The sugar-cane grows spontaneously about Terodant; cotton, indigo, gum and various kinds of

medicinal herbs are produced, and the stick-liquorice in profusion. Wax in great quantity, the gums euphorbium, sandrac and amarad, wild thyme, worm-seed, orriss root, orchilla weed, and coloquinth; antimony, salt-petre of a superior quality, copper and silver are here found; the two latter in abundance about Elala and in Shtuka.

The eastern district so overflows in dates, that a camel load, or three quintal, is sold for two dollars. The people, who live beyond the Atlas mountains in the district of Tafilelt, are described of such inviolable honesty, that a robbery has scarcely been known in the memory of man, though they use no locks: gold dust is here the circulating medium in all transactions of magnitude. There are mines of antimony and lead ore, and they carry on a considerable trade to Timbuctoo, Housa and Jinnie, south of Sahara.

To these geographical observations, there is attached a map of West Barbary, including Suse and Tafilelt; also one other, shewing the tract across the desart as followed by the caravans from Fez to Timbuctoo. In these maps Mr. Jackson professes to have corrected the abuses and mistakes with respect to names, which in others will be found. He also vouches for their accuracy, and expresses his belief that in a short time they will be considered the most correct of any hitherto published.

In his Zoology, chapter the seventh, Mr. Jackson expatiates in an interesting manner on the beauty of the Gazel or Antelope, and quotes an Arabian sonnet to shew how the poets in that language have made it the vehicle to convey compliments to their mistresses—*You have the eyes of an Antelope, O lady—you possess the beauty of a Gazel.* "These," he says, "are irresistible compliments with the Arabs: in "short, perfect beauty and gazel beauty are synonymous "terms."

The animal called El Horreh, an inhabitant of Sahara, and never found to the northward of the river Suse, is held in

sovereign estimation by the Arabs, as the emblem of cleanliness; and if we may believe the tradition of its never lying down, lest it should defile the purity of its skin, we may suppose it conscious of its beauty. It is described as somewhat similar to the gazel in its form and size, coloured with a light tint of red on its back and head, but so intensely white in the under parts, as to give pain to the eyes by its dazzling brilliancy. The stone called bizoar, is a concretion produced by this animal, but whether formed in the stomach or elsewhere, Mr. Jackson does not undertake to say, and thinks it is not accurately ascertained. This stone is scraped and taken as an antidote against poison.

The Avadad is a singular animal, who throws himself from the steepest cliffs and precipices of the Atlas mountains with impunity, and lights on his horns and shoulders in the plains below, when thirst compels him to the stream: These curious tumblers hitherto undescribed are so very wild, as not to be approached without great danger, and my author believes he is correct in affirming, that the only two skins of this animal, which ever found their way to Europe, and then with considerable difficulty and expence, were by him presented to Sir Joseph Banks.

Mr. Jackson, speaking of the Rhinoceros, says,

"With regard to the animal called by our heralds the Unicorn, "and represented in armorial bearings, I doubt if ever such an "animal existed—for I have frequently conversed with men, who "had been twenty years in the different countries of the interior "of Africa, but never could learn that a beast with one horn "existed, in figure resembling a horse."

In the like cautious unassuming style, which marks so strongly the enquirer after truth, he says that

"The Jumars, the reputed offspring of the ass and the bull or "cow, are animals whose existence is still doubted: I have never in "any of my travels seen such an one; but I was once informed by "the best authority, that such a beast was sometimes seen in Bled-"el-Jerrede; my informer had not however seen it himself. Dr.

"Shaw has described one, that he saw in Barbary; notwithstand-
"ing which, the Count de Buffon disputes its existence."

I come now to speak of that wonderful animal the Heirie, or desart camel, which by the providence of the Creator, seems exclusively bestowed upon those, whose lot it is to traverse that inhospitable and trackless waste, those burning and intolerable sands, which, if no such animal were in being, would form a chasm and impassable barrier between nation and nation, inhabitants of the same continent, and forever separate those who are reciprocally dependant on each other for an interchange of produce necessary to the comforts, and in many cases to the immediate wants of each. That this creature should be endowed with powers and properties, that enable it to journey day after day without food or water over those dreadful tracts, where neither water nor food can be had, decidedly evinces a Divine interposition: But for a more particular description of the astonishing performances of this extraordinary animal, I must refer my reader to the very words of Mr. Jackson:

"Mounted on the heirie or desart camel, (which is in figure
"similar to the camel of burden, but more elegantly formed) the
"Arab, with his loins, breast and ears bound round, to pre-
"vent the percussion of air proceeding from a quick motion,
"rapidly traverses, upon the back of this abstemious animal,
"the scorching desart, the fiery atmosphere of which parches and
"impedes respiration so as almost to produce suffocation. The
"motion of the heirie is violent, and can be endured only by those
"patient abstemious and hardy Arabs, who are accustomed to it.
"The most inferior kind of heirie are called Talatayee, a term
"expressive of their going three days journey in one; the next
"kind is called Sebayee, a term appropriated to that, which goes
"seven days journey in one, and this is the general character;
"there is also one called Tasayee, or the heirie of nine days; these
"are extremely rare."

Mr. Jackson says, (p. 41)—"A journey of thirty-five days
"caravan-travelling will be performed by a sebayee in five
"days: they go from Timbuctoo to Tafilelt in seven days.
"One of these animals once came from Fort St. Joseph on

"the Senegal river to the house of Messrs. Cabane and "Depras, at Mogodor, in seven days." These astonishing trajects (each performed in the space of seven days) cannot by my author's computation be less than one thousand miles respectively. The witnesses to the truth of the latter fact are of the highest respectability, and the time passed by the way was ascertained by the date of the dispatch; which the rider of the heirie brought. There is also an authentic anecdote of a sebayee, that went from Mogodor to Marocco, and returned to Mogodor between sunrise and eleven o'clock at night; a journey of two hundred miles. This is a performance, that challenges all the annals of Newmarket to equal, and perhaps exceeds what their philosophy can expound, or their candour give perfect credit to. Yet it is no wonder in the country where the animal is known, and might be backed by the attestations of thousands. "The swiftness of the heirie is thus "described by the Arabs in their figurative style—When "thou shalt meet a heirie, and say to the rider, *Salem Alick!* "ere he shall have answered thee, *Alick Salem!* he shall be "afar off, and nearly out of sight; for his swiftness is like "the wind."

When my author computes by the term of a day's journey, he is to be understood as speaking of a journey of seven hours, at the rate of three miles and a half an hour, which is the rate of the camel of burden; so that a day's journey is on an average about twenty-four miles. As for the animal called a dromedary, (if any such be in existence) it is absolutely unknown and unheard of in Western Africa, and remains a question for the naturalists to decide.

As the Arabs of the desart have this superior breed of camels, in like manner they have the desart horse, *Sh'rubah Er'rech*, which literally signifies *Wind-sucker;* the animal is so called, from his hanging out his tongue at one side of his mouth, when in speed, and, as it were, sucking in the air: in height about fourteen hands, and gaunt as a greyhound, his

extraordinary powers seem to be seated in the breadth and strength of his chest, which is two spans between his fore-legs; these, though extremely fine in bone, are uncommonly strong in sinew, and his swiftness and durability exceed those of the common barb almost in the same degree, as the sebayee exceeds the common camel. The Arab employs him chiefly in hunting the ostrich, a sport in which he is particularly expert. The motion of this little speedy animal is uneasy to an unpractised rider; he is very low in the crest, and carries his head straight out, and so *tucked up*, (as the jockey phrase is) that he must be girted round the breast. The Scheik Abyd Allah, a familiar friend of Mr. Jackson, rode one of these horses from Mogodor to Santa Cruz, which is not less than a hundred English miles, between the dawn of day and four o'clock in the afternoon: my author also informs me, that upon meeting this Scheik on the sands of Mogodor, so mounted, and being challenged to try the speed of his Barbary horse, which was one of the finest in that country, fifteen hands and a half high, the Scheik upon his desart galloway gave him a start of one hundred yards in the distance of about one mile, and soon passed him with a velocity, that put all competition of speed instantly out of question.

The Arabs, who inhabit the cultivated spots, called Oasis, in the desart, where this horse is bred, feed him upon camel's milk, to which he becomes so attached as to reject all other sustenance, even water; and when brought to Marocco, which sometimes happens, he falls away—"and if obliged "ultimately from hunger to eat barley and straw, the Moorish "provender, he recovers, gradually fills up, and becomes "handsome to the sight, but loses entirely his usual speed." Nay, he does more than this, for Mr. Jackson quotes an instance within his own knowledge, of Alkaid Omar ben Daudy, an Arab of Rahammenah, and Governor of Mogodor, "who had two Saharawan horses in his stables (horses of the "desart), and finding it inconvenient to feed them constantly

"on camel's milk, he resolved to try them on the usual food "given to Barbary horses; he accordingly had their food "gradually changed, and in a short time fed them altogether "with barley, and occasionally wheat and straw. They "grew fat, and looked better than before; but they lost their "speed, and soon afterwards died, as if nature had designed "them to be appropriated solely to that district, whose arid "and extensive plains render their use essentially necessary."

If Mr. Jackson's famous barb was as speedy as one of our profest running horses, the experiment of his match with the Scheik Abyd Allah might tempt our gentlemen of the turf to speculate upon an importation of one of these Sh'rabah Er'-rechs, or wind-suckers, accompanied with a nursery of camels, and an Arab for his training groom and rider. His breed however might be attainable, and an object perhaps, which some may think worthy of the experiment.

"Gold and silver mines are found in several parts of the "empire of Marocco, particularly about Messa in the pro-"vince of Suse." Of these the Emperor had caused some to be destroyed from reasons of policy, and others, particularly one very rich in silver, which being situated between two clans, who were continually fighting for it, was rendered of no use to either. Iron, copper and lead ore, salt-petre, sulphur and antimony of the finest quality are in great abundance, and "vast quantities of salt are conveyed by the Akkabas to "Soudan, where none is produced, and on that account is so "valuable at Timbuctoo, that a pound weight is frequently "bartered for an ounce of gold dust." To that city, the great emporium of central Africa, where immense treasures of gold are amassed, and which is as yet unvisited by any European adventurer, the curiosity of the reader will naturally be directed.

The caravans of Marocco, Fez, Tunis, Algier, Tripoli, Egypt, &c. have from time immemorial carried on a very extensive and lucrative trade with Timbuctoo, across the great desart

Sahara, between the months of September and April inclusive From Fez, the distance may be reckoned at fifteen hundred miles, S. S. E.

"The articles transported by the company of merchants trading "from Fez to Timbuctoo, are principally as follows: Various "kinds of German linens, viz. plattilias, rouans, brettanias, muslins "of different qualities, particularly muls, Irish linens, cambricks, "fine cloths of particular colours, coral beads, amber beads, pearls, "Bengal raw silk, brass nails (in great request), coffee, fine "hyson teas, refined sugar, and various manufactures of Fez and "Tafilelt, viz. shawls and sashes of silk and gold, hayks of silk, "of cotton and silk mixed, of cotton and of wool; also an im- "mense quantity of (hayk filelly) Tafilelt hayks, a particularly "light and fine manufacture of that place, and admirably adapted "to the climate of Soudan; to these may be added red woollen "caps, the general covering of the head, turbans, Italian silks, "nutmegs, cloves, ginger, and pepper, Venetian beads, cowries, "and a considerable quantity of tobacco and salt, the produce of "Barbary and Bled-el-jerrêde."

The returns made for these articles by the traders at Timbuctoo, consist in gold dust, twisted rings of Wangara of pure gold, gold rings wrought at Jinnie, where they make various trinkets of such workmanship as would be difficult to imitate either in England or France, bars of gold, elephants' teeth, gum of Soudan, grains of Sahara, (called by us grains of paradise) odoriferous gums of exquisite perfume for the purposes of fumigation, *slaves in great number*, brought from the regions, which border on the Jibbel Kumra, or Mountains of the Moon, (so called from their white or lunar colour) a chain, which, with little or no intermission, runs through the continent of Africa from west to east, viz. from Assentee in the west to Abyssinia in the east—whilst the finest ostrich feathers and ambergris are collected by the caravans in their passage on the confines of the Desart.

As the caravans perform their stated daily journies over this trackless waste, they direct their course to certain well-known hospitable spots, interspersed like islands in the ocean, called Oasi's, or Wahsi's, which are inhabited, cultivated,

and of amazing fertility and luxuriance; in these the caravans halt about seven days, for the purpose of feeding, refreshing their camels, and recruiting their water-skins.

There is no reason why any European traveller might not safely attach himself to one of these *accumulated caravans*, and visit Timbuctoo, provided only that he had made himself a master of the Western Arabic; an indispensable accomplishment, which I understand Mungo Parke to have been deficient in, and of course unqualified for the task he undertook.

The caravans perform the traverse of the Desart, including their sojournments at the watering places, in about one hundred and thirty days, going at the rate of three miles and an half an hour, and travelling seven hours a day: out of these one hundred and thirty, they rest seventy-five days, which leaves fifty-five days for actual travelling, and from these data the reader may easily make a loose computation of the distance. It is practicable however for caravans to perform this journey in much less time, and there is a note (p. 241) in which Mr. Jackson says, "That when he had a commercial esta-"blishment at Agadeer, he himself received a caravan of gum "Soudan from Timbuctoo in eighty-two days."

As the slaves of Wangara and Houssa, purchased by the caravans at Timbuctoo, are sold on their return to the Moors and Arabs of Barbary, it is clear that there is a traffick for the human species carried on between inhabitants of the same continent, in which no European nation, or even individual, is concerned. This traffick is of high antiquity, long antecedent to any European practice of that reproachful nature: so far therefore as it may have contaminated the character of the Christian trader, he has to plead in extenuation of his error, that he was the last to begin, and the first to leave it off.

The territory of Timbuctoo, as described by Mr. Jackson,

"May be said to extend northward to the confines of Sahara, "or the Desart, a tract of country about ninety miles in breadth;

"the western boundary is one hundred and thirty miles west of the "city, and the eastern extends to the Bahar Soudan, or the Sea of "Soudan, which is a lake formed by the Nile El Abeede, whose "opposite shore is not discernible. On its opposite or eastern "shore, begins the territory of the white people, denominated by "the Arabs (N'sarrath) Christians, or followers of Jesus of Naza-"reth: south of the river is another territory of immense extent, the "boundary of which extends to Lamlem, or Melli, which latter is re-"ported to be inhabited by one of the lost or missing tribes of Israel."

The city of Timbuctoo would furnish to the traveller a most interesting spectacle, forasmuch as it is resorted to by traders from all the neighbouring nations, who enjoy perfect security of property and person, with unlimited toleration as to their religious worship, of whatever description that may chance to be. The city is about twelve miles in circumference, and without walls; the houses are on one floor, spacious and the apartments lighted by doors, that open into an interior square; the inhabitant not requiring the accommodation of a window, whilst the climate never reminds him of the inconvenience of an open door. The women are extremely handsome, and the men proportionably jealous: in every other respect they are hospitable, splendid and particularly pride themselves in their attention to strangers. What then has a European to fear in such a community, and where can he be so entirely to his heart's content as in a country, whose mines of gold are inexhaustible, and where every thing he sees, and touches and can take away with him, is that precious metal, the very object he adores, the crown of all his wishes, the reward of all his travel, the first and last great ruling passion of his heart?

The name of the rich and potent monarch, who governed Timbuctoo, in the year 1800, and was sovereign of Bambarra, was Woolo: he is native of the country, and, like his people, black. His usual residence is in the neighbouring city of Jinnia, though he has three palaces at Timbuctoo, which are said to contain an immense quantity of gold; and fortunate it is for Woolo, that his surrounding desarts are such an im-

passable barrier, else his black army of five hundred thousand negroes would hardly serve to keep certain marauding white men from unfurnishing those palaces, whose shores are so much more tempting to the plunderer than the statues and pictures of Italy and Spain. Still there are avenues, by which commerce may approach and reach him, and as he will weigh gold even against salt, when there is a dearth of that necessary in his country, we have only to find those avenues, and his hoards at Timbuctoo will gradually melt away into general circulation. The climate of this yet unvisited city is salubrious in the extreme, which is more than men bargain for, when they go to a country, that abounds in gold: the sexes marry early, for they are in the latitude of 16° 40′; and the natives, as well as those who have resided there any considerable time, have a suavity of manners, not to be observed on the northern side of the Desart. There are several large caravanseras or houses of accommodation for travellers in Timbuctoo, where they will find lodging for themselves and their cattle, till better provision can be made for their establishment.

I particularly recommend the following extract to the attention of my readers:

"It has been said, that there is an extensive library at Timbuctoo, "consisting of manuscripts in a character differing from the Arabic: "this I am inclined to think has originated in the fertile imagina- "tion of some poet, or perhaps some Arab or Moor, who willing to "indulge at the expense of European curiosity, has fabricated such "a story. In all my enquiries during many years, I never heard "of any such library at Timbuctoo. *The state library, which is "composed for the most part of manuscripts in the Arabic, con- "tains a few Hebrew, and perhaps Chaldaic books; amongst "the Arabic it is probable there are many translations from "Greek and Latin authors at present unknown to Europeans.*" (P. 257.)

It seems by this account that there is a state library, and probably many Arabic translations of Greek and Latin authors hitherto unknown. How much therefore is it to be

regretted that Mr. Jackson, qualified as he is by his perfect knowledge of Arabic, had not found leisure and ambition to visit and examine this library, which perhaps contains a treasure richer and more valuable to the enlightened world, than all the golden palaces, which the negro monarch of Bambarra has in his possession!

The path seems open to adventure, and the time may come, when those who send forth missionaries to explore those interesting regions, will recollect, that when a traveller cannot speak the language of the country he is in, he will gain very little information from the people that inhabit it.

It is asserted that the mines belonging to the Sultan Woolo are so pure, that lumps of virgin gold are constantly found of several ounces in weight. These mines are worked by the negroes of Bambarra, who are thereby made extremely rich, "for all "pieces of ore, which they take from the mines, not weigh- "ing twelve mizans, or about two ounces, become a perquisite "to themselves, as a remuneration for their labour, and all "pieces of a greater weight belong to the Sultan, and are de- "posited in his before-mentioned palaces."

I shall now conclude by giving the substance of certain passages, extremely curious, which relate to the river near Timbuctoo, which is called the Nile el Abeede, or Nile of the Negroes.—In the interior of Africa, and amongst the rich traders, who engage in this traffick across the continent, there is but one opinion with regard to the Nile of Egypt and the Nile of Timbuctoo, and that opinion is, that they are one and the same river, or rather that the latter is the western branch of the former. The source of the Nile of Timbuctoo is at the foot of the western branch of the chain of mountains called Jibbel Kumra, where it forms a *merja*, or swamp The copious springs, which throw the water up with great force, are very numerous, and are found on both sides of the mountain, that is on the eastern as well as on the western side. That these streams communicate with each other is an opinion

so general, that the Africans express their astonishment, whenever the Europeans dispute the fact, and assert that it is a folly to doubt what the experience of succeeding ages has demonstrated to be true. That the Nile of Timbuctoo communicates with Cairo, has been ascertained to a certainty by a party of seventeen negroes of Jinnie, who proceeded thither in a canoe, on a commercial speculation, and reached Cairo, after a trafficking voyage of fourteen months, who reported that there are twelve hundred cities and towns, with mosques or towers in them, between Timbuctoo and Cairo, built on or near the banks of the Nile el Abeede and the Nile Massar, or in other words the Nile of Soudan and the Nile of Egypt. Precisely where they join is not ascertained, or, more properly speaking, has not come to the knowledge of my author. The Nile el Abeede being the greater, and running through a larger tract of country than the Nile Cham, or Nile Massar, is called Nile el Kabeer, the greater Nile; the Nile of Egypt, however, is not called the lesser Nile, but always, as above, the Nile Cham, or Nile Massar; Cham being the Arabic name for Egypt, when united to Syria and other countries. The Nile el Abeede overflows in the same manner as the Nile of Egypt, when the sun enters Cancer: at Kabra near Timbuctoo, it becomes a very large stream. River-horses and crocodiles are found in it, and the country contiguous to its southern banks is covered with forests of primæval growth, in which are many trees of great size and beauty: these forests abound with elephants of an enormous size.

I now close my imperfect review of this very interesting work, which I earnestly recommend to my readers, not doubting but they will find it altogether as worthy of their study and attention, as the Swedish literati have of theirs, who, as I am well informed, are preparing a translation in the Swedish language at the University of Upsala near Stockholm.

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THE

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No. IV.

NOVEMBER 1, 1809.

ON THE SPANISH REVOLUTION.

I. CONCERNING THE RELATIONS OF GREAT BRITAIN, SPAIN, AND PORTUGAL, TO EACH OTHER, AND TO THE COMMON ENEMY, AT THIS CRISIS; AND SPECIFICALLY AS AFFECTED BY THE CONVENTION OF CINTRA: THE WHOLE BROUGHT TO THE TEST OF THOSE PRINCIPLES, BY WHICH ALONE THE INDEPENDENCE AND FREEDOM OF NATIONS CAN BE PRESERVED OR RECOVERED. BY WILLIAM WORDSWORTH. —*8vo. pp.* 216. *5s. Longman, London.* 1809.

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IV. LETTERS FROM PORTUGAL AND SPAIN; WRITTEN DURING THE MARCH OF THE BRITISH TROOPS UNDER SIR JOHN MOORE: WITH A MAP OF THE ROUTE, AND APPROPRIATE ENGRAVINGS. BY AN OFFICER.—*London. Longman.* 1809.

TWENTY years have now passed since the first stirrings of that mighty convulsion, which we have hitherto been accustomed to name after the country where it took its rise; but to which future ages will probably affix a title more expressive of the extent to which it will have been spread. Already have the ravages of foreign war and domestic dissension been so undiscriminating and unsparing, that, with the solitary and enviable exception of Great Britain, not one of the independent states, which in the year 1792 constituted the great European republic, now remains, which has not beheld, either its sovereign perish by a violent death, or its capital occupied by an hostile power. And if we revert to the fate of the mighty masters of those countries, (for at all times the history of sovereigns has unhappily occupied more of the attention of mankind than that of nations,) we shall find instances of sweeping desolation, which remind us of the tragic tales of antiquity, in which whole families of proscribed monarchs are exhibited as sustaining every calamity incident to human nature, from the dire curse of some malignant deity. To take, for illustration, the royal houses of Europe; we find that there is not a single continental king, the inheritor of a crown, who is at this hour seated on his throne in his capital. The descendants of the most illustrious of these dynasties, are

now literally fugitives and mendicants; the legal heirs of a second kingdom, trepanned from their dominions, have been transferred to obscure prisons; another royal family has been driven to the new world; two Italian kings have taken refuge in islands of the Mediterranean; one northern sovereign has been deposed by his own subjects, and another, after sustaining the loss of one half of his territory, still fears to return to his ordinary residence. In short, it is only the kings of Great Britain and Denmark, each reigning over islands, who continue to dwell in the palaces of their forefathers. The fate of the European emperors seems yet at issue; for only one of them, and he the first in rank, is in a state of present suffering, tottering on the brink of extermination: while the other two are in possession of their full authority. But of these, it is to be remarked, that both owe their crowns to the murder of their predecessors, their near kinsmen, which they have not avenged, and by which they have profited: the fate of one of them, however, may be distinctly foreseen; whilst the other is pursuing a system of policy so contrary to his real interests, that its consequences cannot well be otherwise than ultimately fatal to himself. The lot of the minor states of Europe, its electorates, dutchies, earldoms, its republics federal and independent, &c. is not less remarkable; and in the history of each, we find traces of that revolutionary spirit, which will give a character and name to the present age.

Many and extraordinary must have been the events which have led to such tremendous and awful conclusions, yet among all these there is not one which will attract more of the attention of posterity, or which at this moment presents so much interesting matter for contemplation, as the *Spanish revolution*, to which it is our wish now to invite the attention of the reader.

In one most interesting particular, and in one only, the revolution in Spain resembles that of France. In both, the political body has been dissolved, and the nation resolved into

its first elements: in both, we beheld that most interesting and fearful spectacle, a whole people called as it were into existence, and a great mass of life infused into machines hitherto inert, and, as it afterwards appeared, but imperfectly organiz'd and fitted to receive the diviner principle: but here the parallel closes. The external incidents which led to the French and Spanish revolutions are so diverse, that they do not obviously furnish either counterparts or contrasts; though it would be no difficult matter to oppose the leading facts which led to the two revolutions, antithetically to each other; as, for instance, it might be said: in the Spanish revolution, the immediate occasion lay in the artfully excited dissensions in the royal family; the nearer members of which, in France, have ever been cordially united: the government of Spain had long continued in the hands of a favourite, who retained his post in defiance of the public hatred, and who was the instrument of foreign intrigue; while the French administration had perpetually changed, and the ministers, though feeble and corrupt in their domestic government, never incurred the imputation of treasonable attachment to foreign powers: the Bourbons of France gave the first impulse to a domestic revolution, by an appeal to an ancient national tribunal, which furnished an organ to the popular sentiment: the Bourbons of Spain invited foreign subjugation by an infatuated confidence in a perfidious ally, to whom, after concurring in allowing him to occupy the bulwarks of their country, they surrendered their very persons, &c. But the bringing together accidental circumstances like these, does not instruct us in the real quality and character of events.

There is, however, one respect in which it will be instructive to compare the rise and result of the popular spirit in the two countries. In France, the zeal and energies of the people had a twofold direction, the repelling of foreign invaders and the effecting of domestic reform. With respect to the former, it would be unjust to deny them their merit;

but when it is considered how easily and rapidly their defensive war was carried to a successful issue; and when the extent of their own resources is estimated, it is surely an overweening partiality only which can ascribe great praise to them: that impelled by the laws of the conscription, they should have since been the conquerors of Europe, and succeeded in reducing independent nations to their own bondage, proves only their fitness as a people to become the instruments of a military tyrant. It is in the love of liberty, in enlightened notions of civil polity, in the voluntary and patient endurance of evil for the sake of humanity, in the brave resistance to domestic tyranny, that, if any where, the merits of the French people are to be found; that people which, mute and trembling, have continued to obey the mandates of the committee of public safety, the directory, and Buonaparte! Unhappily the issue has shewn, that all that was fair and promising on the part of the French nation, was a something foreign to them, a something given and accepted for a season, like a fashion, not springing from their own native character, but imputed to them, and inscribed with their name; that that light, vain, and ingenious race, were utterly incapable of maintaining political liberty, or making any great sacrifices, in behalf either of justice, considered independently of its beneficial results, or of their own felicity, as founded on the triumph of their own exertions.

The truth of this description has long been perceived in this country; but until the event proclaimed what was so unexpected, no one anticipated that any nation in Europe (unless, perhaps, Switzerland) would have displayed in reality those virtues of which France, and the admirers of France, made so loud and arrogant a boast. Who of us can say that he foretold the Spanish revolution, though the designs of France against that country have been long perceived? If with our preconceptions of national character, a prophecy had been laid before us as a problem, and we had been told:—

There is a nation which has long ceased to be warlike; whose military force will be withdrawn from the country; all of whose frontier fortresses, as well as the capital, will be occupied by a foreign power, with a numerous hostile army in the heart of its remote provinces; its princes, attended by almost all the members of the government, the principal nobility, clergy, &c., will leave the land occupied by that power, and concur in abdicating the government in favour of a foreign prince: and then the several provinces of the country, without co-operation, without a head, without an army, a revenue, a foreign ally (though one might be expected), and with the certainty of having to encounter the military force of more than half of Europe, will with one voice declare against the usurpation, and dare all the vengeance of an unprincipled and remorseless enemy—I say, there is no man who would have dared to point out the *Spaniards* as the people capable of such exalted virtue. Yet all this we have witnessed, and we still behold with admiration the continued display of this same spirit.

The surprise which the intelligence of the first burst of Spanish enthusiasm excited in this country, was occasioned, in a great degree, by the utter oblivion into which the Spanish nation and character had fallen among us. The ages of Spanish glory belong as much, at least, to romance as to history; and confounding in our notions the people with the government, we have long been habituated to look upon them as a feeble and decrepid race, with their bodies and their minds alike debilitated by indolence and superstition. If we consult the books written on Spain by English travellers, we shall find this opinion justified, since the greater part of observers see only the large organized bodies which are palpable to sense, while the elements of which they are composed escape observation. Such, however, has not been the opinion entertained by writers of other countries; and as the late astonishing revolution, or rather regeneration of Spain, must

of necessity have taken its origin in the leading features of the Spanish character, it has been thought not unadviseable to incorporate with these strictures, a very original and striking dissertation upon that character, with which few English readers are probably acquainted, and which, both from its own internal merits, as well as from the period of its publication, is eminently deserving our attention. As a great portion of the interest which is attached to the political fragment which follows, arises from the time of its appearance, it is necessary to be explicit as to this circumstance.

Since the year 1806, the writer of the present article has had in his possession a German volume, bearing this title: GEIST DER ZEIT, *von Ernst Moritz Arndt*, 1806, i. e. *Spirit of the Age*, by Ernst Moritz Arndt. This book is a metaphysico-political disquisition on the ancient and modern history of the world, in which the great facts of history are contemplated under points of view, suggested by certain philosophical speculations, which it would not be easy to convey to the English reader, and for which he would not be thankful if they were offered him. There is much obscurity, and a tendency to mysticism, in the dissertations on ancient times, which are strongly contrasted with the popular energy and clearness of the portraiture of our own days. No German has ever mourned over the fall of his native country with greater eloquence and pathos; no foreigner has ever done higher justice to the British name; nor was the character of Napoleon ever drawn with more energy and expression than in this work. This book appears to have been composed in the autumn of 1805. Any thing written at so remote a period, implying the resistance of the Spaniards to the designs of Buonaparte, may surely be entitled to the character of prophecy—the prophecy of discernment and sagacity. The extract which is here annexed is long, but it is *unique*. Some passages may partake of the faults more frequent in other parts of the book, and one of them may require an

exercise of *good-nature* on the part of the *English* reader; but the whole, it is presumed, will excite his attention and interest in an unusual degree.

"SPAIN AND PORTUGAL.—I come now to a nation which I esteem and love. When a boy, Spain and her history had a surprising hold on my affections, so that my sentiments were fixed before my judgment could be formed; and there is always much of truth in such impressions. Later in life, her annals became so dear to me, that I have often anxiously longed to cross the Pyrenees, those mountains behind which, in all ages, even the most remote, were the seats of magnanimity and beauty. Iberia, on the river Pyrenæa, was the golden land of fables among the earlier Greeks; Iberia was the rich secret which the avaricious Phœnicians enviously concealed from the East; Iberia was the prize of victory for which the Romans and Carthaginians maintained such sanguinary conflicts. And what a country and people! In all parts inhabited, blooming in freedom and affluence, crowded with cities and fortresses. The Romans came with the pretence to deliver this country from Carthage. Scipio was, through moderation and wisdom, the man best calculated to secure access to such plausible pretences: with Roman magnanimity he united a still deeper Roman cunning. When Carthage had fallen, the Romans more openly avowed their designs; and a war began which lasted one hundred and seventy years, and was always sanguinary. Victory often declared in favour of the Iberians, who, for a time, inspired the haughty conquerors with such awe, that none of the leaders would take the command of the armies in Spain. No people ever defended themselves more nobly, none were ever more basely subdued by fraud, and cunningly-excited dissensions, and assassination: and, after all, the heroes who refused to survive their liberty were not subdued; they still live as the freest of mankind in the eternity of history! The Romans availed themselves of their ancient art, *division;* preaching to one state freedom, and actually living with it in fraternity and equality, while they were burying other states under their ruins. This served to appease their insatiable rapacity; but was still insufficient for the conquest of so brave and free a people as the ancient Iberians. Spain was too rich, too populous, too firm, and when seemingly prostrate, started up again more resolutely and manfully, and long held the balance of fortune and victory in suspence. Single towns and petty provinces of the extensive country annihilated whole Roman legions, and made the Tiber resound with lamentations. Fifty years after the first Scipio, the Lusitanian Viriathus sprang up, a chivalrous huntsman; unsubdued he fought six years for freedom, whose banners were continually waved over a wider field of the Roman dead. At length, they who might have been proud of victory, basely used the dagger of the

coward against the brave. So fell Numantia gloriously: the vanquished gave themselves the death of freemen, and left the Romans bloody stones, and the flames which issued from the funeral pile of liberty.

"Spain was never wholly conquered by the Romans: even the despot Augustus celebrated Cantabrian triumphs, a proof that the mountains of the north and north-west coast were still unsubdued. Such triumphs were like our Te-Deums. In like manner, the same Augustus suffered himself to be nick-named the Indian, because a mercantile embassy was sent him: Lewis XIV. in like manner, announced to the European courts that he was become emperor of Ava, because a French adventurer had made himself grand vizier of the despot of the sun and moon, and the twelve white elephants. It was thus that formerly the emperor Caius, like Buonaparte in our days, repaired to the coast of Boulogne, threatened the Britons with his sword, and caused his soldiers to fill their helmets with cockle-shells, and pour them forth, at the feet of Capitolian Jupiter on the Tiber: he had earned the name Britanicus. Old and new things look often alike.

"The whole race of the earlier Spaniards was noble: the northern mountaineers maintained their freedom and independence the longest. There, the conqueror could earn little besides blows: cupidity was more weak, fear more strong: the people had their mountains, their poverty, and their defiance. For this reason it was, that through all the revolutions of later periods among the Germans and Moors, much of the Roman and Spanish spirit was preserved here. It is here that still survive, distinct from the Spaniards, the remains of the Vaski*: a bold, free, and active race, with manners, language, and a character of their own.

"Under the Roman monarchy, from the first to the fifth century, the province of Spain belonged to the happiest among the unhappy Even in that horrid age, the splendour of her cities, and the affluence and valour of her people, are celebrated. Learning and culture here made rapid progress, and many of the most celebrated and illustrious men were Spaniards. The great and amiable Trajan too was a Spaniard, and Rome little deserved of this country that she should present her with so worthy a regent. The calamities and ravages which afflicted the frontier provinces of the north and east, did not reach this land, till, about the middle of the dismal third century, the plunderers of Gaul, the Franks, crossed the Pyrenees. That here, and in Africa, learning and a certain affluence preserved themselves longest, is proved by the learned African and Spanish bishops at the commencement of modern history.

"At length the German barbarians entered the country, first the Suevi, the Vandals, and the Alans. The greater part of the two latter tribes crossed the Streights in the year 429, and took

* The Biscayans.

possession of Africa. Spain remained in the hands of the Suevi, who gradually spread further towards the west. But the valiant Visigoths were already masters of the Ebro. After Clovis's victory at Vougle, they were thrust upon the Suevi. Their valour was decisive, and the Suevi yielded, and were lost in the name of their brethren, the Visigoths. These every where appear to have been milder and more cultivated than the Suevi; and when Arianism was no longer a wall of separation between them, they gradually coalesced with the ancient inhabitants, whose language also conquered, as was the case among the great part of the German race which formed establishments in the Roman empire; a proof of greater culture as well as population.

"In none of the conquered countries does there appear to have remained so much of antiquity which was adopted by the victors, as in Spain. The countries below the Danube had been, from the third century, gradually converted into deserts, through wars and ravages. Afterwards, for six centuries, the rudest barbarians were engaged in conflicts there, till antiquity and the Roman language vanished, even to the very last traces. Italy and Gaul were more exposed to the shock received from the Rhine and the Alps; they were often laid waste, and many conflicts were sustained before it could be settled who were to be the masters. Spain remained in peace till the last impulse from the northern spoilers: she heard only of the wretchedness of other provinces, and herself endured only the minor evil of a weak administration. Even her savage conquerors had cooled their first rage in the beautiful fields of Gaul; nor were they numerous enough at once to subdue the extensive country. The mountaineers of the north and west, and the great and rich cities on the coast of the Mediterranean, long lived in independence. When the Visigoths became at length universal masters, they had already acquired much of the Roman character in the south of Gaul and the north of Spain, and exercised dominion without exciting much opposition. Thus antiquity was never altogether destroyed; much remained of the old Spanish character: and thus, from the mixture of the ancient national and the barbarian character, the consolidation of the valour of the Visigoths with the patriotic integrity of the ancient Spaniards, room was afforded for the rise of a modern and most excellent race. Hence it happened, that a more speedy developement of the principles of modern society took place in Spain, than in the other German empires; a proud domineering hierarchy, powerful nobles and barons by the side of the king, in short, an earlier declension of national power through the multiform authority of feudalism. But agriculture and industry appear to have been much greater in this country, during the sixth and seventh centuries, than in the rest of Europe; and I believe it is an error to ascribe so much to the labours and establishment of the Moors. These, it is true, were a brave and restless people; but being always involved in bloody

warfare with the Spaniards, they must have wanted time to originate such improvements.

"The Moors came in the eighth century, invited by internal dissentions. They subdued by courage and enthusiasm the divided Spaniards, and menaced from Spain the freedom of Europe, till they sustained a severe blow from Charles the Hammer *(Martel)*. When the first powerful shocks of this frightful people had passed aside, Europe began to recover from her terror, and Spain from her subjugation. Yet the beginnings of the vigorous renovation of the state, are matters rather of obscure tradition than clear information. Nearly two centuries of Spanish history are vanished. The Moors, because they attempted too much, had neglected the most material operation, the conquest of the mountains at the north of the peninsula, in the first moment of terror. They also divided themselves into a number of small states: these, it is true, were all to obey one Sultan; but obedience is weak when the sovereign is not strong, and where many take the lead, many follow ill. This the Moors very soon learnt to their cost; and had not Africa repeatedly sent reinforcements of fresh and more warlike tribes, the thirteenth century would probably have seen the end of their government. The Christians gradually descended from their mountains under the guidance of their leaders; and with the tenth century began the Moorish conflict, carried on by the Christians for a long time feebly, and always with divided power. The age of Spanish heroism, of the Cid, *Don Roderigo de Vivar*, and the glorious orders of chivalry came. Out of many small states, through intermarriages and conquests, two large and one moderate state were formed, Arragon, Castile, and Portugal. In the thirteenth century, the Visigoths had lain aside all fear of the Moors, who dwelt only in their strong places behind the Sierra-Morena, and on the seacoast. The war lasted two centuries; but it was a war rather of exercise than of terror.

"Spain flourished again. Heroism, chivalry, the imperishable charms of Nature called poetry and song into existence through enthusiasm and love. It is true, the conflicts of the barons still continued, but Iberia had her eternal sky, and her natural treasures, and could not perish through slight evils. Elevation of character, attachment to liberty, deep enthusiasm in love, religion, and the arts, ennobled the nation, which was honoured in foreign lands. The most glorious period was under Ferdinand and Isabella and the first Habsburgers. We find all that is heroic and ideal, collected together in that delightful age. Castile and Arragon became one, and their regents, by address and power, become masters of the whole kingdom, could command all the energies of a glorious people. Now the last Moors in Spain were subdued, and those in Africa learned to obey; America was discovered, Italy conquered by Spanish legions; Spanish chivalry was spread wider; and more widely still, their fame in feats and achievements. But their kings

became despots, annihilated the freedom of their own people, and menaced that of others. Here resistance, there debility became greater, and after a century of most extraordinary deeds, the nation began to sink. Great kings, illustrious tyrants, were succeeded by enervated rulers and devotees. The Habsburg race was debilitated by frequent intermarriages among themselves: Nature produces strength by change, no great man was born again among them. Weakness and the dominion of priests were inherited; yet the admired courage of the legions, which Cordova, Pescara, and Alba, had formed, still remained *the invincible*, even to the middle of the seventeenth century.

"But the glory of the land and people fell irretrievably; Portugal, which united to Spain, could give it no strength, when torn from it, added to its weakness. Both Indies, and the senseless expulsion of the Moors, had cost Spain millions of men; in the everlasting Italian and Burgundian wars, the noblest of the youth were consumed. Encroaching despots and priests, by encouraging laziness and the Inquisition, impeded the springing up of a free race. The lofty spirit of the nation sunk into indifference and apathy: the former culture and the former splendour of the Spanish name, gradually dwindled away. With the treasures of Peru, Spain became poor in gold, industry, men, and strength; and is so still. All Europe was obliged repeatedly to unite, in order to secure to his descendants the great inheritance of Charles the Fifth,—of that Charles under whom Europe had trembled at the name of Spaniard.

"The Bourbons ascended the throne, and many beautiful provinces were torn away. This was no loss; Spain can only become young again through herself, and in the possession of foreign provinces, becomes only more aged. But the moderns have ruled like their predecessors; the lazy voluptuous emasculated race of an Eastern seraglio. For this reason Spain, during the whole of the last century, had no ministers but adventurers from Alberoni to the Prince of Peace, who rise and fall like grand-viziers. Thus has this brave people, within two centuries and an half, sunk into itself, like a cloud-capt mountain which falls into the crater of the volcano itself had formed; its actions are much weaker than itself: a proof that the government is good for nothing.

"We have seen the latest occurrences. At present, a nation of 11,000,000 men suffer the French to levy contribution and tribute upon them, and join in carrying on a war which does not concern them. Yet Nature has raised her eternal mountains between the two people. If at this time the courage of the ancient Cantabrians and Celtiberians survived, Frenchmen would perhaps have crossed the mountains, but not one would return. But the time of deliverance approaches; it is not far off. The Americans are becoming all free, and Spain must be able to live within herself, and more gloriously. Portugal will become subject as it ought; it is the excrescence of a healthy body, if not a part of Spain. The

priests will lose their nimbus, the kings their throne, if they are not willing themselves to labour and reign: then will Spain become, what it once was, one of the most glorious and powerful nations of Europe.

"The great peninsula which, with the islands, is occupied by 14,000,000 men, and once contained from twenty to thirty million, is the most fertile country in Europe. It was once a paradise, and may still become one again, through industry and valour. What has not Nature given? What has not a debilitated and priest-ridden government destroyed? This was the land which produced the gold and iron of the ancient world; there is still enough in the mountains, but the government possesses Peru, and Chili. Once, wheat and rice grew on heights, and in valleys, which are now deserts. The vine, the sugar-cane, the palm, the olive, and the fig, the almond, and the orange, are all here indigenous; the flocks of Spain are her's exclusively, and with these she can make all Europe pay tribute; excellent horses for the plough, and for military service, the finest oxen in the valleys, and on the mountains; silk for clothes, spartum for sails, cords, and nets; salt, which the sun extracts from the sea, fisheries, and the chace. Of all European countries she enjoys the most favourable situation for commerce and dominion: what affluence and what advantages which many countries have not at all, and few in so great abundance!

"Nature assumes here a luxuriant and joyous mien; and half of the spirit of the East hovers over this land: a sensual exuberance of power, restrained by earnestness of character, which gently preserves in repose the flame of life. The Spaniards are the most southern of Europeans, and their country might give them what the Moors have not given them, though it is generally thought otherwise. Let us go back a few thousand years, we shall find the same character in the race; where they are not degenerated, we behold lofty, slender, and sinewy bodies, flexible, yet at the same time firm: their frank and earnest physiognomy displays a broad proud forehead, large black sparkling eyes, a beautiful nose, a manly full mouth, with a lion chin; their colour is brown as the sun is hot, but the women of the cultivated classes are in some districts charmingly beautiful. The character of the people, I mean the general Spanish character, is formed by a variety of provincial feature, for there are some districts and regions in which the language and customs greatly differ. Poor, rough, brave, industrious, and free, the Gallician, the Asturian, and Biscayan, dwell in their mountains, and even now often speak in the tone of the ancient Vaski: the Catalans and Navarrese retain much of the Provençale and Italian character, with whom in the middle ages they were closely connected; the Arragonese are fiery and magnanimous; the Castilian is proud and chivalrous; the Andalusian and Valencian, light, gay, and romantic. The character of the

people thus formed cannot but be beautiful, and notwithstanding the varieties of distinct provinces, the following are its leading features.

"The Spaniards possess that happy medium between levity and dullness which denotes the noblest men, and can only arise in such happy climates: a delightful mixture of animation and gravity, the elevated and the amiable; hence the noblest products of modern cultivation are to be met with here. Read the ancient annals of the people; hearken to the ancient Spanish and Moorish ballads and romances, when sung to the guitar; enter profoundly into the heroic spirit of their chivalrous orders.—Is there a people in Europe who can exhibit in acts and exploits such splendid examples of valour, devotion, and love; who have so intimately and intellectually blended the romantic and religious enthusiasm of love and christianity; and who by such union have wrought more deeds of magnanimity and heroism? This spirit breathes still freshly in their ancient songs, and in them alone the proud character of the Spaniards may be found. Such were the vanquishers of the Moors, such the great captains in Italy, and the adventurers in India. Our petty age flies to such a life as to a beautiful dream, as to a long elapsed and primitive period; to us, alas! it is become so. The Spanish knight, as he appears there, an earnest character, and an object of dread, is swayed by the thirst of power, but it is for the sake of greatness; the love of gold is a secondary object: other conquerors seek gold or still lower things. The profound genius of a people cannot be more clearly shewn than in such character: contemplate Cortez, Pizarro, Guasco, Albuquerque, adventurers and conquerors; oppose to them the sea-knights of England and Holland. Do you feel no difference? You will then never feel any. The former were knights of the golden fleece, the others, Phœnician navigators. The Spaniards sought for gold and incense; the others, potatoes and tobacco. Hearken to the tones of their language; has the tenderest love, the proudest majesty, ever invented loftier sounds? And during the glorious age of Charles the Fifth, and Philip the Second, how far were they in language, poetry, in every art, science, and grace of life, beyond most Europeans! Give me only the Don Quixote of Cervantes, in which Nature has poured forth all that is most lovely, sweet, and fresh in humanity, all the tenderest sensibilities, all the serene and significant understanding of life, like a gay spring full of songs and blossoms—give me this single book and the divine man who could make it; give me the sublime enthusiasm, the holy spirit of eternal love, in Ponce di Leon.—And I reverence the people that could produce from its body, any thing so noble and great.

"The nation could be ruined, but could never become vile and vulgar. The fidelity and honesty of Spaniards in the petty incidents of life, and in the more extensive concerns of politics, all Europe must honour even without understanding it. It is still the ancient land, they are still the ancient Iberians, and the ancient

Goths. Chivalry and its enthusiasm are gone, but integrity and moral worth have remained. An elevated piety has degenerated into a priest-ridden superstition; without enthusiasm, political honour, and liberty, the basis of all that is beautiful and good remain. Priesthood and oppression have generated laziness and poverty, but could not produce a people of banditti. The ancient spirit of gravity and love is there, the deep enthusiasm still survives; and sweet notes still accompany the guitar under a serene heaven. Let the people be but shaken from the sleep of death, let a king be born who *is* a king, who knows how to command and counsel, and break the cowardly bondage under foreigners; and we shall then see——.

"And shall this noble people perish, and be obedient to Gauls, and hop and skip, and crow like them, as many hope, because they think that the culture of the next age must spring from the Seine? These are the genuine champions of Europe; the French only say they are. Europe cannot dispense with her champions, we cannot forego the hope that from the chaos in which we are, there may still arise a world of order and joy; till this hope be renounced, Europe cannot dispense with her champions. From the North came her redeemers and deliverers, from the South her cultivators. Northern greatness borders on Spanish elevation. May the loveliness and tenderness of the South form an invisible bond between them, and draw them together; and may the scales of justice, beauty, and humanity, be raised by them; and may Europe, which has so foolishly stained herself with blood, cultivate in common, the virtues and energies of humanity!"

The majority of men, belonging to the class of those

"Who think that nothing is but what is seen,"

would certainly before the spring of last year have considered this eloquent and beautiful eulogy of the Spaniards, as the rhapsody of a man who had formed his notions of their national character from tales of the Moorish wars, and the ballads of the Cid, the *Campeador;* the reader into whose hands it might subsequently have fallen, without a testimony of its existence before that period, would have believed it to be designedly adapted to known events, rather than an anticipation of them. Certainly none of our political philosophers can be brought forward, as exhibiting so distinct and clear a view of the peculiarities of the Spanish character, which alone could have led to the unlooked-for occurrences of the last

year. It is only in the works of the great statesman of our age, the political prophet to whom posterity will assign a rank much higher than that of a parliamentary orator, that we can look for anticipations of future events arising from recondite, or moral causes. In BURKE's works we do find a few cursory strictures on Spain, every sentence of which merits our notice.

In the "*Thoughts on French Affairs*," published in the year 1791, Mr. Burke took a mournful and foreboding survey of the different states of Europe, of which it was the specific object to ascertain to what degree each country was replete with the pabulum, which might nourish the revolutionary flame recently kindled in Europe. Jacobinism was the endemic he dreaded; and the object of his anxious investigation was the circumstances which in every state would facilitate its introduction and dispersion. Mr. Burke also discerned, at the very commencement of the revolution, the spirit of foreign conquest in the counsels of the French revolutionary government. He was persuaded that the jacobin empire in France would, if it triumphed in that country, lead to the subjugation of all the European states, in the carrying of which into effect, jacobinism, or in other words, the rendering the populace, parties, or allies, in the war against the government, would be the grand expedient. The illustration of which prediction, we find in the history of the invasions of Holland and Italy. But not all the conquests of the French, and none of the latter, least of all the invasion of Spain, has had this character of jacobinism. Mr. Burke did not anticipate, for instance, an attack upon that kingdom in the least resembling what we have witnessed; and therefore some of his remarks, as far as they indicate a correct opinion of the character of the people, are vindicated, even though as anticipations of specific events they are contradicted. Mr. Burke commences his remarks by one of his pithy and comprehensive sentences, "*As to Spain it is a nerveless country.*" A

statesman might well assert this, who was accustomed to consider rather political bodies, than the characters of nations, as arising from climate and other physical causes, operating upon the great mass of individuals; and who having studied the political establishments formed by the government of the country, had witnessed the decline both of its navy and army, the neglect of salutary institutions for the promotion of the useful and liberal arts, the removal of the hereditary nobility from public affairs, and their base servility toward the worthless favourite and minion of the court, and the utter want of common faith and honesty on the part of the government towards the public creditor. "It does not possess the use, it only suffers the abuse of a nobility." The pseudo-cortes at Bayonne is a sufficient commentary on this sentence. "That body has been systematically lowered and rendered incapable by exclusion, and for incapacity excluded from affairs." Some of the recent calamitous military occurrences of the peninsula, are a corollary from this fact. Of the clergy he says, "In that body remains the only life which exists in Spain, and is not a fever." And certainly of the higher and more cultivated orders in Spain, the clergy only have displayed those popular and patriotic virtues, to which vulgar prejudice and common-place declamation, may, if it please, give the title of fanaticism, and superstition, and bigotry. The provincial character of the Spanish people, was correctly understood by Burke;—"The Castilians have still remaining, a good deal of their old character, their *gravidad*, *lealdad*, and *il temor de Dios*; but that character neither is, nor ever was exactly true, except of the Castilians only." "The Catalans and the Arragonians too, in a good measure, have the spirit of the Miquelets, and much more of republicanism than of an attachment to royalty.—They are more in the way of trade and intercourse with France; and upon the least internal movement, will disclose, and probably let loose, a spirit that may throw the whole Spanish monarchy into convulsions." Yet

we recollect that it is in Arragon and Catalonia, at Saragosas and Gerona, that the most splendid feats of heroism have been wrought. While on the other hand, it is precisely in Castile that the fewest displays of valour and resolution have been made. This may have arisen in part, from the defenceless nature of the country, but something is to be ascribed to the character Mr. Burke eulogizes. *Gravity*, *loyalty*, and the *fear of God*, may indeed be stimulated to high exploits, but they favour rather passive, than active courage, and are too sedative in their tendency to be fit agents in resisting the furious and precipitous assaults of a French army.

The diversities which may be found between the predictions of Mr. Burke, and the subsequent events, are no discredit to his sagacity. The wise man will be honoured, who forewarns the inhabitants of a populous town, of the earthquake which is to shake it into ruins; though he do not exactly point out in what direction the shock will come, nor attempts to portray the ruins and vestiges which will be left when the convulsion has subsided.

It is likewise to be added, that had the invasion of Spain been a Jacobin invasion, the result would probably, in all respects, have been such as Mr. Burke anticipated. The most intelligent persons whom the writer of the present article met with in Spain, agreed in declaring, that the long and abhorred administration of the Prince of Peace, the contempt in which the king was universally held for his imbecility, and the detestation with which the queen was viewed for her vices, had so completely alienated the affections of the people from the house of Bourbon, that had Buonaparte found any slight pretext for making an ordinary ministerial war against the court, his entrance into the country would have been a triumph rather than a campaign. It was not till October 1807, that the prince of Asturias came forward and drew upon himself the notice and love of the people. He had been before merely an object of public compassion; he was considered as the

victim of the Prince of Peace, and queen, of whose strange and unnatural cruelties towards him, the absurdest tales were then, and still are credited in the country: according to which, after the most infamous expedients had failed to preclude him from the possibility of being a father, his wife was dispatched by poison. These monstrous imputations are not referred to as believed in, but as shewing the state of public feeling in Spain. The strange occurrences of October 1807, roused the people from their long lethargy; all classes of men began to take an interest in public events, and from that hour the prince of the Asturias became the idol of the nation: a circumstance which has given great offence to an enlightened party in this country, who thinking that the prince had few claims to that love, consider its being lavished upon him, as a proof that the nation were unworthy to enjoy freedom; and in spite of the notorious fact, that all the reformers of Spain, the Duke del Infantado, Cevallos, Jovellanos, the enemies of the Inquisition, &c. attached themselves to the prince, while only the corrupt and profligate courtiers, the placemen and pensioners of the minister, adhered to the side of the father, and since transferred their allegiance to Joseph Buonaparte: this same party have not ceased to misrepresent the present war, as a war in defence of the Inquisition, and all the corruptions of the old government; to which it has been shamelessly added, that the declarations in favour of Ferdinand the VIIth: have been insisted on by the British government, as conditions of the assistance they were disposed to afford the patriots:—falsehoods these, as malignant as they have been mischievous. It was after the prince of Asturias had publicly appeared as the consolation and hope of the country, that Buonaparte conceived and carried on that exquisitely contrived system of delusion and fraud, by means of which, he succeeded in persuading both father and son of his attachment to *his* cause, and under pretence of retaining them in *his* service, obtained possession of the bulwarks of the country. It

is some indemnity to the world which suffers from these iniquities, and will prove to a future age (if endued with a power of deriving instruction from the events of history, which the present age has not evinced,) an inestimable blessing, that an authentic record of the artifices practised by Buonaparte, exists in the memoir of the minister Cevallos: a memoir, the absolute and unimpeachable truth of which is proved by every concurrent testimony; by internal evidence, by the assent of all men of honour in Spain, and by the silence of all the partisans of the Usurper. The unqualified arraignment of this *exposé*, with no better support than a shallow commonplace remark, has brought merited reproach upon a distinguished literary institution, and while unrecanted and unproved, reduces that establishment to the level which is occupied by those who do not join the pretensions of integrity, to the admitted claim of talent. "If we allow them only their merit, what will be their praise?"

The anti-jacobin character of Buonaparte's invasion of Spain, is the most remarkable feature of that most outrageous and profligate transaction, which bears no resemblance to any of his preceding aggressions against the rights of independent nations. The *moral* qualities of this unparalleled act; the *moral* character of that resistance which so unexpectedly sprang up in the peninsula, notwithstanding the state of unexampled abandonment and disorganization, in which, through the arts of the oppressor, the people of Spain were sunk; and the *moral* relations which thence arose between that people and the British government, which with laudable promptitude came forward to their succour, form the *theme* of Mr. Wordsworth's very striking and original performance.

It is necessary to assign the specific character of this work, that the reader may not be disappointed; it is not a political pamphlet, but an ethic essay on a political subject, in which the philosophy of human nature, and the principles of an high-toned and pure morality, are applied to the conduct and

fate of nations: it depends so little upon temporary and local feelings, though the subject embraces the occurrences of the day, that the reader would do well to forget the last gazette, the fate of Sir John Moore, and the dispatches of Sir Arthur Wellesley. But he who does sit down to the perusal of this pamphlet, with the feelings with which we all read, for instance, those of Burke, less for the political matter they treat of, than the great philosophical truths with which they abound, and the splendid eloquence with which they have adorned and elevated our language, will not fail to enjoy a kindred satisfaction from it. It is to be feared however that there will be few such readers. Mr. Burke's spirit-stirring publications provoked the discussion of first principles, both moral and psychological, by which the opinions of every man in this country have been since more or less affected; but in the mean while, the lamentable issue of the political revolutions of the Continent have laughed all speculations to scorn, and the fatal result of the terrible conflict abroad, with the apprehension of its consequences coming at length feelingly home to ourselves, have filled us with so great solicitude concerning the issue of events, that we no longer trouble ourselves concerning their principle. Reviewer apprehends that the strong emotions which were raised in this country, by the unparalleled invasion of Spain, proceeded principally from the proof it afforded of the absolute and frightful power of France; and that it operated more upon our selfish than our moral feelings. He suspects that our disinterested sympathy with the sufferers under this last monstrous violation of justice, was weaker than that which was excited by the far less atrocious, but still, in those days, pre-eminently villainous combination against Poland. Such is the mournful effect upon a whole nation of a long continued and constant exhibition of the gigantic and successful crimes of statesmen and rulers, by which an apathy and indifference to the moral character of public events have been produced, resembling the baneful effects of repeated

strokes of adversity, and extreme poverty, upon the integrity and honesty of private men.

The substitution of a confessed tyranny in France, in the place of a specious but spurious freedom, has led, it is true, to this good effect, that there is no longer in this country a body of men who have an interest in opinions, apparently at war with the interest of their country; and Jacobinism, from being a party, has become a historic denomination. But still it cannot be denied that the survivors and successors of the original advocates of French liberty, are among the least zealous enemies of French tyranny; and that they betray a patient acquiescence in what they dare not and cannot actually assent to. This state of mind appears to REVIEWER so pernicious, that he is anxious to draw the attention of the reader to one or two important, but disregarded topics, and he rejoices that Mr. Wordsworth's publication furnishes him with resources which he knows not where he could elsewhere have found; for in this work the author displays a warm, or as some will say, a romantic attachment to the cause of liberty, a strength of patriotic feeling, a love of Britain, and of what is truly British, a depth of contempt towards France, and a vehemence of hatred and indignation against Buonaparte, which have never yet been publicly displayed together. It will however be right previously to point out the general scope and direct tendency of the book as laid down by Mr. W. himself. These are *involved* rather than *explained* in the uncouth title-page, which, if Mr. W. had preferred a plain and unostentatious, to antique phraseology, might have been somewhat of the following kind. 'An enquiry into the principle of the Spanish revolution, into the mode by which the British government may most successfully give aid to the Spanish patriots; and into the influence of the convention of Cintra upon the war.'

The first striking and original point of view in which Mr W. considers these topics, is this, that he regards the French aggression rather as an *insult* than an *injury*. And, sup-

ported by the public documents, which issued from every province, he represents the Spaniards as acting under the impulse of wounded honour for the outrage committed, rather han from the fear of future suffering, and portrays them under the influence of the noblest enthusiasm.

"Was there ever—since the earliest actions of men which have "been transmitted by affectionate tradition or recorded by faithful "history, or sung to the impassioned harp of poetry—was there "ever a people who presented themselves to the reason and the "imagination, as under more holy influences than the dwellers upon "the Southern Peninsula; as roused more instantaneously from "a deadly sleep to a more hopeful wakefulness; as a mass fluctu- "ating with one motion under the breath of a mightier wind; as "breaking themselves up, and settling into several bodies, in more "harmonious order; as re-united and embattled under a standard "which was reared to the sun with more authentic assurance of "final victory?" P. 113, 114.

In this divine fervour and holy spirit alone lay all hopes of redemption, and the great concern of the British government should have been to nourish and maintain them; but unhappily they wanted less the will than the knowledge requisite to render them the allies of the Spanish people. The English ministry had a sincere desire to assist in the deliverance of the peninsula from the enemy; but they were able only to add an auxiliary force of a few thousand men, and did not consider whether the physical aid they brought might not be more than outweighed by the moral energy they took away. Their generals too were utterly regardless of all that was characteristic and peculiar in the state of Portugal and Spain.* Of this, the convention of Cintra was the first lamentable proof.

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* This complaint is too well founded. A flagrant instance of this error took place on the capture of Vigo in Galicia, subsequent to the departure of the English army from Corunna, which was not once the object of public animadversion. The French garrison being surrounded by the armed peasantry, capitulated to the captain of an English frigate as prisoners of war. The governor had

"Spain had risen not merely to be delivered and saved;—de-
" liverance and safety were but intermediate objects. She had
" risen—not merely to be free; but, in the act and process of
" acquiring that freedom, to recompense herself, as it were in a
" moment, for all which she had suffered through ages; to *levy,*
" *upon the false fame of a cruel Tyrant, large contributions*
" *of true glory;* to lift herself, by the conflict, as high in honour
" —as the disgrace was deep to which her own weakness and
" vices, and the violence and perfidy of her enemies, had sub-
" jected her.

" *If an angel from heaven had come with power to take the*
" *enemy from their grasp* (I do not fear to say this, in spite of
" the dominion which is now re-extended over so large a portion
" of their land), *they would have been sad; they would have*
" *looked round them; their souls would have turned inward;*
" *and they would have stood like men defrauded and be-*
" *trayed.*" P. 109, 110.

Altogether opposed to such feelings were the notions entertained by the British officers in Portugal.

"The British generals acted as if they had no purpose but that
" the enemy should be removed from the country in which they
" were, upon *any* terms. Now the evacuation of Portugal was
" not the prime object, but the manner in which that event was to
" be brought about; this ought to have been deemed first both in
" order and importance;—the French were to be subdued, their
" ferocious warfare and heinous policy to be confounded; and in
" this way, and no other, was the deliverance of that country to
" be accomplished. It was not for the soil, or for the cities and
" forts, that Portugal was valued, but for the human feeling which
" was there; for the rights of human nature which might be there
" conspicuously asserted; for a triumph over injustice and op-
" pression there to be atchieved, which could neither be con-
" cealed nor disguised, and which should penetrate the darkest
" corner of the dark Continent of Europe by its splendour. We
" combated for victory in the empire of reason, for strong-holds
" in the imagination. Lisbon and Portugal, as city and soil, were

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the impudence to introduce an article, in the usual terms, in favour of the inhabitants, that they shou'd not be molested, &c.; and the British officer inadvertently *granted* the article. He ought to have erased it with indignation, and observed in the margin, "This is an *impertinent* proposal: the English are come to deliver the inhabitants, and cannot injure them." But as the capitulation was worded, the Frenchman could say to the people of Vigo, "I have forced the enemy to grant you favourable terms."

"chiefly prized by us as a *language; but our generals mistook* "*the counters of the game for the stake played for.*" P. 63, 64.

In the spirit of this remark, strong and eloquent strictures are added on the circumstances which attended the convention; the recognition by Sir Arthur Wellesley of the title of Duke of Abrantes, the contemptuous disregard of the Portuguese people, &c.

"We ought to have endeavoured to raise the Portuguese in their "own estimation, by concealing our power in comparison with "their's; dealing with them in the spirit of those mild and humane "delusions, which spread such a genial grace over the intercourse, "and add so much to the influence of love in the concerns of pri- "vate life."

The courtesy which took place between the French and English generals is severely reprobated; and it is intimated that such a conflict should not have been "exalted by those "triumphs of the courteous affections, and purified by those "refinements of civility, which do more than any thing re- "concile a man of thoughtful mind and humane dispositions "to the horrors of ordinary war."

Such sentiments eloquently enforced by a great variety of illustrations, united to an impressive display of the power of enthusiasm and moral causes in the conduct of war, an exposure of the uncertainty and fragility of Buonaparte's monstrous power, and an exhortation to faith in the final triumph of liberty and virtue, and to the unsparing use of all the means calculated to secure triumph, constitute that part of the pamphlet which affects those who wield the public force of the country; but what respects the public opinion in the country, concerning the Spanish cause, and the character of Buonaparte's government, appears to the REVIEWER of more importance, not indeed in itself, but in reference to the probability that admonition will not be lost upon those for whom it is intended.

To recur again to what has been already remarked: the friends of liberty, as they call themselves, are those whom we

at this day see most ready to abandon the cause of the Spaniards, and to counsel our assenting at last to a tyranny we cannot successfully oppose, and trying the experiment of peace since that of war has failed. When this degrading suggestion is replied to, as it fairly may be, by a reference to Buonaparte's character, more especially as developed in this last and most flagrant of his misdeeds, something like the following language is heard—"It is true, no man can pretend "to justify Buonaparte's conduct. He is a conqueror, and "all conquerors are very bad men; but he is not worse than "others: he is a friend to religious liberty, and improves the "condition of the people wherever he goes. He has behaved "scandalously to the royal family of Spain; but it is not "certain that he has done any injury to the people of Spain. "It is strange that we, who have been bred up to think cer-"tain things very abominable, such as the papal power, the "Inquisition, despotic government, &c. should now raise "such an outcry when they are destroyed. At all events, "great evils are removed, and there is no knowing what "turn things may take: the future calamities we fear, may "never happen; the good is certain, and the evil only pos-"sible." These are the phrases we hear every day, and they include a precious variety of sophisms. Buonaparte is a conqueror, and all conquerors are very bad. This is very true; and it is true, likewise, that the great mass of mankind, who cannot discern or appretiate any individual object as it is in itself, are delighted when, by the aid of some general word, they can class it with some species, by which all further trouble is spared, and the operation of judging is at an end. To designate Buonaparte by the terms conqueror, usurper, &c. is doing little towards forming an estimate of his character. This must be done by considering all who surround him, and the degrees of instruction and culture that belongs to the nations which have been the instruments or objects of his achievements. As a conqueror, he may have

had predecessors, whose ambition may have been as insatiable as his; but do we know of any who has acted so like a swindler? Others may have slaughtered as many men, but who has told so many lies? The character of profligacy, impudence, and meanness, which mark his actions, and in which he has compelled so polished a people as the French to take a share, must have the most destructive influence nearly on the whole of civilized Europe. What principles of justice can be laid down, or carried into effect, by the ministers of the code which bears his name? And what lessons of religion can be promulgated by an hierarchy of cardinals and bishops, who have prostituted themselves by blasphemously sanctioning his atrocities? By the triumph of such monstrous guilt, and chiefly by the assent of those to whom the world at large look up for instruction, all moral relations and ideas are destroyed; and the evil would still be irremediable, did those benefits really arise from the new order of things, which are boasted of so falsely, or with so great exaggeration. But it is this constant reference to contingent effects, and to the physical comfort or misery promoted or occasioned by the conduct of courts and governments, which is one of the most lamentable corollaries from a degrading philosophy. It is not by an enumeration of the murders perpetrated, or the cities sacked in Spain, that the most painful and disgusting impressions are raised, but the desolation of all moral principle which we witness. The sieges of Gerona, Valencia, and Saragossa, &c. are the consolatory incidents of the revolution; for they shew how great crimes have produced great virtues. By far the most frightful feature of the horrid act is the prostitution of the whole French nation, so clearly exhibited in their assent to every act of their master. To those who dwell with complacency on the promises of good made by Buonaparte, these profound reflections are earnestly recommended.

"The true point of comparison does not lie between what the "Spaniards have been under a government of their own, and what

"they may become under French domination; but between what "the Spaniards may do (and, in all likelihood, will do) for them- "selves, and what Frenchmen would do for them. But,—waving "this,—the sweeping away of the most splendid monuments of art, "and rifling of the public treasuries in the conquered countries, "are an apt prologue to the tragedy which is to ensue. Strange "that there are men who can be so besotted as to see, in the de- "crees of the Usurper concerning feudal tenures and a worn-out "inquisition, any other evidence than that of insidiousness and "of a constrained acknowledgement of the strength which he felt "he had to overcome. What avail the lessons of history, if men "can be duped thus? Boons and promises of this kind rank, in "trust-worthiness, many degrees lower than amnesties after ex- "pelled kings have recovered their thrones. The fate of subju- "gated Spain may be expressed in these words, —pillage—depres- "sion—and helotism—for the supposed aggrandizement of the "imaginary freeman its master. There would indeed be attempts "at encouragement, that there might be a supply of something to "pillage: studied depression there would be, that there might "arise no power of resistance: and, lastly, helotism;—but of "what kind? that a vain and impious nation might have slaves, "worthier than itself, for work which its own hands would reject "with scorn.

"What good can the present arbitrary power confer upon "France itself? Let that point be first settled by those who are "inclined to look farther. The earlier proceedings of the French "Revolution no doubt infused health into the country; something "of which survives to this day: but let not the now-existing "tyranny have the credit of it. France neither owes, nor can "owe, to this any rational obligation. She has seen decrees with- "out end, for the increase of commerce and manufactures; pom- "pous stories without number, of harbours, canals, warehouses, "and bridges: but there is no worse sign in the management of "affairs, than when that, which ought to follow as an effect, goes "before, under a vain notion that it will be a cause. Let us "attend to the springs of action, and we shall not be deceived. "The works of peace cannot flourish in a country governed by "an intoxicated despot; the motions of whose distorted benevo- "lence must be still more pernicious than those of his cruelty. "'*I have bestowed; I have created; I have regenerated; I* "*have been pleased to organize;*'—this is the language perpe- "tually upon his lips, when his ill-fated activities turn that way. "Now commerce, manufactures, agriculture, and all the peaceful "arts, are of the nature of virtues or intellectual powers: they "cannot be given; they cannot be stuck in here and there; they "must spring up; they must grow of themselves: they may be "encouraged; they thrive better with encouragement, and delight "in it; but the obligation must have bounds nicely defined, for

" they are delicate, proud, and independent. But a tyrant has no " joy in any thing which is endued with such excellence: he sickens " at the sight of it: he turns away from it, as an insult to his own " attributes." P. 170, 171.

" It is immutably ordained that power, taken and exercised in " contempt of right, never can bring forth good. Wicked actions, " indeed, have oftentimes happy issues: the benevolent œconomy " of nature counter-working and diverting evil, and educing finally " benefits from injuries, and turning curses to blessings. But I " am speaking of good in a direct course. All good in this order " —all moral good—begins and ends in reverence of right. The " whole Spanish people are to be treated not as a mighty multi- " tude with feeling, will, and judgment; not as rational creatures; " —but as objects without reason; in the language of human law, " insuperably laid down, not as persons but as things. Look at " the past history of our sister island for the quality of foreign " oppression: turn where you will, it is miserable at best; but, in " the case of Spain!—it might be said, engraven upon the rocks of " her own Pyrenees,

" Per me si va nella città dolente;
" Per me si va nell' eterno dolore;
" Per me si va tra la perduta gente." P. 172.

The " fears of the brave and follies of the wise" have been condensed into an adage, and the narrowness of understanding evineed by the liberally-minded, might be associated with these, could it be hitched into rhyme. This applies to the zealots of both civil and religious liberty. Those who expatiate upon the inadequacy and defects of civil establishments, are in the habit of conceiving the condition of the lower classes of the people, under their ancient governments, as so bad, that it matters little by whom they are governed. A Joseph, they say, is as good as a Ferdinand: the people are slaves in either case, and it matters not whether the tyrant be a native or a stranger. This remark betrays a grievous want both of observation and reflection. Were the difference not practical as to its effects, which in fact it is, still the sense of *national* liberty as opposed to *national* freedom, which a whole people feels, is not a capricious unmeaning sentiment. The higher classes are not aware of the powerful influence upon the great mass of the people, of the mere sense of national peculiarities,

and the diversities of external form which distinguish one people from another? Well educated and literary persons, who can enjoy the poetry of a Spaniard, the fine arts of an Italian, the wit of a Frenchman, the metaphysics of a German, to whom the foreigner is no stranger, soon learn to govern their affections, and referring their esteem to personal qualities, the grosser and palpable diversities of language and national character lose their effect upon them: but it should be recollected that the great mass of men can never be thus affected. None of the uneducated, and not all of those who may, choose to lose the national sentiment. What are more universal than national hatreds? They may be irrational, but they are real; and these are excited every instant by innocent varieties of national physiognomy. At this hour, I am persuaded, that the nasal twang which is peculiar to the Frenchman, excites throughout two thirds of Europe as much secret disgust as the black skin, woolly locks, and snub noses of the negroes, which for ages reconciled good Christians to the slave-trade. The Jews would not have been persecuted for ages, could they have laid aside their characteristic features, or spoken well the vernacular idioms of the modern tongue. This is the prime source of the general horror of foreign subjugation; hence throughout history we find that the contests for the independence of nations, have been far more numerous and bloody than those for civil liberty, and the latter has always, except with speculative men, been a subordinate concern. The presence of a foreign soldiery guarding the gates of a city, and foreign magistrates exercising justice, at least nominally, produces a soreness in the minds of the people, which is hardly conceivable by those who have never witnessed its effects. The following petty occurrence took place almost under the writer's eye: it is very trifling in itself, but most momentous as a symptom of a general state of things. Some people were quarrelling in a German town. A French general passed by, and asked the matter. "Only a Frenchman and

" a German disputing," said one. " Go," said he to one of his aids-de-camp, " and see who is to blame: if it is the French-" man, try to pacify him; if the German, let him be caned." This is the spirit of all foreign governments. The instinct of every people tells them this truth; and patriotism and the love of independence are *one* feeling. However grievously the higher may press on the lower classes of a people, they are still *one* people: they have common sympathies and attachments; and the term so generally applied to absolute monarchies, of father of his people, is not always an idle word, but frequently proceeds from and produces the kind relations it expresses. Let us not wonder, therefore, that the Spaniards, in the pursuit of political liberty, have devoted little of their attention to the attainment of a good civil constitution. Yet, for this reason principally, they are now discarded by some zealous reformers in this country. They have published no declaration of the rights of man, nor summoned the Cortes, an institution, by the bye, far less democratic than they suppose, who speak so much about it, and which could not possibly satisfy the English friends of parliamentary reform.

Those who are principally attached to religious liberty, are not on the present occasion less unreasonable than the zealots of popular influence in the state. Buonaparte, they tell us, is the enemy of superstition; he has abolished the monasteries, &c. he is carrying on the reformation:—unjust and scandalous comparison! The reformation, in its origin at least, was the conflict between the spirit of devotion, and the corruption of religious institutions. Beneficial beyond calculation were its consequences. Can we promise ourselves a similar effect from a struggle of infidelity against superstition? As well might we rank in the same class the eloquent declamations of Luther, and the *persiflage* of Voltaire against catholic mummeries. The Central Junta, it has been repeatedly said, has done nothing so wise or beneficial, as what king

Joseph did in abolishing the Inquisition. Those persons who say this, are not aware that it is for *their* sakes, and such as them in the North of Germany, Russia, &c. that this was done. In Spain the Inquisition had long become a mere political machine, or a cover to avoid scandal. REVIEWER has heard from the most intelligent men he saw in Spain, that that odious institution would have been long abolished, but for its salutary effects in repressing excesses committed by the monks, who abuse the power they possess over women at the confessional. Be this as it may, shall we rejoice to find a despotism so strong and absolute, that it can afford to give up the instruments which weaker tyrants are compelled to resort to? The acute remark made by Hume, that corruption is a proof of the liberty of the people, (he should have said, of their power,) may be applied to all these acts apparently friendly to liberty, which Buonaparte orders or permits to be done.

It is here proper to advert to an outcry which has been industriously raised, and which is so absurd that it would not merit refutation, if unblushing audacity were not a passport for any folly. It has been said, that the Spanish people, in their insurrection against the French power, aimed at the establishment of civil liberty; that the English ministry compelled them to declare for Ferdinand; and that the supposed decline of the general enthusiasm, has arisen from the refusal of the Central Junta to give liberty to the people. Now, the declarations in favour of Ferdinand, preceded the interference of the British government, and every man who has been in Spain, will bear testimony to the popular feeling in his favour; but it is said, Ferdinand does not merit this attachment of the people—therefore they cannot love him: it is enough to refer the candid observer to the history of all successions, and to observe that Ferdinand was persecuted by an odious minister when a boy, and has been the victim of an atrocious perfidy since. The people of Spain recognize his right, they pity his

sufferings;—if this sentiment be not *love*, it produces the same effects. Further, these reasoners attribute to the Spanish people a maturity and extent of political reflection they do not possess. All nations feel the difference between a good and bad government; but only a cultivated people reflect on the advantages of a good constitution. But finally, after a long and close attention to all the acts of the central Junta since its formation, the REVIEWER sees no reason whatever to impute to them illiberal ideas concerning government, or practices unfavourable to liberty; and he refers confidently to the *Semanario Politico*, an excellent periodical work published under its auspices. Great and fatal have been the errors of the Spanish government, but this is not one of them.

After all, however, were the observation justified by the fact, the REVIEWER would not on that account less powerfully feel, that, could the people of Spain sympathize with these *soi-disant* friends of liberty; could they sit down coolly to calculate the profit and loss of submitting to Ferdinand or Joseph; could they suffer their strong sense of the *absolute evil* of consenting for a moment to the iniquity of the usurpation, to be weakened by any reference to the demerits of the royal family of Spain, or the uncertainty of a good constitution hereafter; they would merit all that even a Buonaparte could inflict upon them. One cannot avoid appealing to these philosophers, and asking them whether if (what it requires some stretch of imagination to conceive) there were two competitors for the British crown; the one possessing no better title than that, which, whatever its imperfections may be, is the foundation in fact, if not in idea, both of property and government, viz. inheritance and the acquiescence of by-standers, —and the other advancing a claim like that of Joseph Napoleon:—I say would these gentlemen be induced by the promise of all the Millennium blessings they daily sigh after, —annual parliaments, universal suffrage, abolition of the act of uniformity, &c. &c. to accede to and share in the monstrous

iniquity? They might affect to resent the question as an affront, and assert that the cases are not parallel: they are in truth identical. The faults of the Spanish government are home-concerns: and to apologize for the usurpation of Buonaparte from the vices of the old Spanish government, would resemble a man who, having dispossessed his neighbour of his tenement, should maintain a right of keeping it, by the plea that the former possessor did not keep the doors bolted, and never cleaned the rooms.

These topics require to be discussed at length. The reader who delights in moral disquisition, is with confidence referred to Mr. Wordsworth's pamphlet, in which there is a combination of the philosophic and poetic spirit, unlike any thing which has appeared before the public since the death of the great orator and statesman so often mentioned. This encomium and comparison require however to be qualified and explained, if not for the sake of the Author, at least of his Reviewer. Three qualities have contributed to raise *Burke* beyond all popular political writers. 1. A depth of psychological penetration, and a simplicity of moral remark, delivered sometimes with the familiarity of the tea-table, and sometimes with axiomatic energy and brevity, by which many recondite truths have been added to the stock of popular and national wisdom. 2. A strong and poetic imagination, by which he could throw a glory round any object which it was his purpose to exalt and adorn. And, 3. A power of playfully and gracefully combining the high and the low in nature and in life; by which he could call forth the inferior sensibilities of men, the sense of ridicule, for instance, to co-operate with the higher, the sense of moral truth and beauty: hence his bitter sarcasms, his fine and delicate irony, and that humour which he mixed with grave discussions, from which his sincerity and earnestness might be doubted by those who do not know that a man is never more hearty in a cause, than when he calls forth all his faculties to promote it.

Of the latter of these three powers, as a writer, Mr. W. possesses comparatively little; he seldom relieves his subject by familiar and colloquial illustrations; he is never ironical without being indignant, and he never relaxes into a playful humour.

In what may be considered as the tragic or serious poetry of their several works, Wordsworth may bear a comparison with Burke, but their eloquence is of different character: the imagery of Burke is more varied and dramatic, that of Wordsworth more intense and lyric: the one receives a coloured glare from his objects; the other reflects the pure light of his own mind. Only one short illustration can be given here. It is thus that W. deplores the convention of Cintra, and the reproach cast upon the country by it.

"O sorrow! O misery for England, the land of liberty and "courage and peace; the land trustworthy and long approved; "the home of lofty example and benign precept; the central orb to "which, as to a fountain, the nations of the earth 'ought to repair, "and in their golden urns draw light!'—O sorrow and shame "for our country;—for the grass which is upon her fields, and the "dust which is in her graves;—for her good men who now look "upon the day;—and her long train of deliverers and defenders, "her Alfred, her Sidneys, and her Milton; whose voice yet "speaketh for our reproach; and whose actions survive in memory "to confound us, or to redeem!" P. 107.

It is however in reference to the spirit of philosophy which pervades this book, that the comparison may be most safely hazarded. A few sentences only are extracted from the very eloquent remarks on the influence of religion on the Spaniards, and as purified by suffering, which from page 109 to 118, are singularly striking and beautiful.

"Whatever mixture of superstition there might be in the re-"ligious faith or devotional practices of the Spaniards; this must "have necessarily been transmuted by that triumphant power, "wherever that power was felt, which grows out of intense moral "suffering—from the moment in which it coalesces with fervent "hope. The chains of bigotry, which enthralled the mind, must "have been turned into armour to defend and weapons to annoy. "Wherever the heaving and effort of freedom was spread, purifi-"cation must have followed it." P. 114.

" Even the very faith in present miraculous interpositions, which " is so dire a weakness and cause of weakness in tranquil times " when the listless Being turns to it as a cheap and ready substi- " tute upon every occasion, where the man sleeps, and the Saint, " or the image of the Saint, is to perform his work, and to give " effect to his wishes;—even this infirm faith, in a state of incite- " ment from extreme passion sanctioned by a paramount sense of " moral justice; having for its object a power which is no longer " sole nor principal, but secondary and ministerial; a power added " to a power; a breeze which springs up unthought-of to assist the " strenuous oarsman;—even this faith is subjugated in order to be " exalted; and—instead of operating as a temptation to relax or to " be remiss, as an encouragement to indolence or cowardice; in- " stead of being a false stay, a necessary and definite dependence " which may fail—it passes into a habit of obscure and infinite con- " fidence of the mind in its own energies, in the cause from its own " sanctity, and in the ever-present invisible aid or momentary " conspicuous approbation of the supreme Disposer of things."
(P. 115, 116.)

Yet W. will not possess, or merit to possess, the popularity of Burke, who, being schooled in the House of Commons, always laboured to make himself intelligible to the lowest capacity. W. writes from the woods and lakes, and seems content to be understood and relished by a few like himself: his thoughts are great, but sometimes obscure; his genius is original, and therefore unaccommodating; his style is involved and uncouth, when not impassioned; and he resembles a man who limps till he has walked himself warm: hence the latter half of the pamphlet is better than the former, and he repeats, at the close, the thoughts of the beginning, with great improvement. The reader who grudges his time, may first begin at page 106; but when he has read the latter half, he will hardly choose to leave the former unread. The passages on the colossal but fragile power of Buonaparte, (p. 177); on the Spanish, as opposed to the French character, (p. 175); on the nature of enthusiasm, (p. 184); on the feeling of national independence, as opposed to civil liberty, (p. 165); on the unfitness of statesmen to sympathise with the people, from 133 to 138; and an abundance of

others, are singularly deserving attention.—In most instances the reader will think the sentiment correct, but in some he may deem it carried to excess: and at p. 134, where the author speaks of the consecration of passions, which, if not bad in themselves, are "in the calm of ordinary life rightly deemed "so;" and of their being corrected and embodied, till a "sublime moment of deliverance is to be originated;" he may be reminded, as the REVIEWER was, though the author probably did not intend it, of the Sicilian vespers.*

It is now necessary to recur to the last branch of this most interesting subject,—the probabilities of the success of the Spaniards, as afforded by the actual condition of their armies, and the events of the last and present campaign: here some reference at least must be made to the campaign of Sir John Moore, and the several works whose titles form a text to the present observations. It may here be asked, why the title of Mr. Moore's narrative of that campaign, as well as some controversial pamphlets, have been omitted above. The reason is, that the REVIEWER does not altogether approve of the modern practice of reviewing a book *per antiphrasin*, that is, by taking no notice of it. Mr. Moore's work is avowedly a vindication of the late commander-in-chief, whose military conduct in that character has been arraigned; and nothing else. And it would be arrogance in an unprofessional man to pretend to appreciate what depends in so great a measure on technical knowledge: an incidental reference will still be made to that work.

The REVIEWER is well aware that a large proportion of the public are, at this moment of calamity (September), prepared to consider all that has been hitherto said in this article, either as absurd, or not to the purpose. Late events they may think

* It is remarkable that this horrid transaction is the subject of an ancient Spanish tragedy, in which the patriots, or Sicilians, are the heroes. The play has been revived and acted with effect in the peninsula, since the late troubles.

have given the lye both to professor Arndt's characteristic, and Mr. Wordsworth's assumptions. The latter gentleman, they may say, is both a poet and a philosopher, and such characters have in all ages been exposed to error, from their expecting in life what is true only in idea; they may add that his conceptions of the Spanish character are avowedly founded on the Spanish proclamations, and public manifestoes. These are indeed precious morsels of eloquence, displaying high moral principle, clear and enlightened notions of right and wrong, and a just sense of the atrocity of their infamous adversary, and of the sanctity of their cause; but we err in estimating the average degree of popular feeling from the master-pieces of eloquence, which proceed from superior minds. At all events, the enthusiasm on which Mr. W. has dwelt so long, has shewn itself to be transient and partial: for though some facts seem to prove the genuineness of the virtues ascribed to the Spaniards, other facts as decidedly disprove their universal extent, as for instance, subserviency of some of the higher classes to Buonaparte; the neglect shewn even by the patriots to the English; the quick surrender of Madrid; the frequent defeats of the Spanish armies, &c. &c.—A reflection or two will serve to correct and explain all that is true in this statement, in perfect harmony with the sentiments already maintained.

The old government of Spain, it is universally allowed, was one of the very worst in Europe. Now a government consists not merely in the king and his courtiers: it has a vast tribe of ministerial dependants, military, ecclesiastical, fiscal, judicial, and municipal: all these will therefore partake more of the character of the court, than of the nation. Thus considered, it is perhaps rather to be wondered at, that so large a portion of the ministry, nobility, and prelacy, should have remained faithful to their country, rather than to their apparent personal interests. But why has the patriotic spirit produced effects so little correspondent with its character?

For a very simple reason ; virtue is spirit, and requires its material organ. This organ, or instrument by which it becomes subservient to practical purposes, consists (in reference to the present subject,) in a great mass and variety of acquired talents, of which military skill is one of the most momentous. Now the Spanish people, being abandoned by their government, and destitute of education, are far behind other nations in the mechanic arts, in acquired dexterity, and the œconomical arrangements of business. Besides the shiftlessness and inertness consequent on this situation, there are traits of national character which have accidentally had a fatal influence in the war. Thus the riddle is resolved: whatever pure and unorganized courage and virtue could effect, that the Spaniards have done ; but where, in addition to the noble and heroic sentiment, an accession of talent and skill was requisite; there they have been lamentably deficient. While we deplore the effect, let us not misrepresent the cause. The defence of a city is the easiest of all operations, to a people who have little military skill, but strong patriotism ; who can heroically see their houses undermined one by one, and with inflexible fortitude resolve to perish in their ruins, rather than yield: but the same thing would be utterly impossible to the cultivated, polite, luxurious inhabitants of a city, the seat of all the arts. The heroes of Saragossa would not perhaps have been able to form the line in the ranks of an army, and might have been among the first to flee from Rio-Seco, Medellin, or Belchite. What then ? Shall we raise the vile mercenary, or savage Cossack or Tartar above the citizens of Gerona ? The disasters therefore which have occurred to the Spanish armies ; the panic which, in repeated instances, appears to have diffused itself over the Spaniards when arrayed in the field, do not in the least arraign the correctness of those statements, which have represented the whole Spanish people as animated by one spirit of resistance against the enemy. There is a *passive*, as well as an *active* courage and heroism: and a nation which is

overwhelmed by an irresistible force, which deprives it of all powers of methodized resistance, may still display an unsubdued and invincible mind: and this has been exhibited in every part of Spain. Connected with this observation, there is one interesting and undoubted fact; That in all the districts in which the French have actually been present, and displayed the terrors of their power, and from which they have been subsequently driven; there the people have evinced a more fixed and zealous determination to withstand their reassuming their authority among them, than they manifested in order to oppose their first entrance. The terror and dread of an unknown enemy has sometimes driven the affrighted people to a pusillanimous flight; but when they had seen and felt him, the misery he had already spread, and the influence of his threats, have not been found so powerful as the contempt and abhorrence which his presence had inspired. Possibly with the detestation and horror which all Spaniards felt towards their merciless invaders, was mixed a certain obscure respect or reverence, which great power inspires, even when malignant. All this however was lost when the enemy was known and appreciated. A sufficient instance of this is to be found in the unresisted subjugation of all Galicia by the enemy, even while occupied by the British army, and the subsequent heroic re-conquest of that province, by a tumultuous rabble of half-armed peasants. The strength of moral sentiment on the part of the Spanish people is to be judged by the pertinacity with which they have resisted the attempts of the enemy to allure them into his service. There is one fact which is sufficient to outweigh all the cases of indifference, or pusillanimity, which it is now so common to hear cited against a brave people, with very little or no authority. It is this, that Buonaparte has not once dared to form a Spanish legion, or even a Spanish company, to be incorporated with his other slaves. It has been his uniform pride to see himself surrounded by the select troops of every nation, which he ranks among his vas-

sals. He has an Italian and a Polish guard, to honour him on occasions of state and ceremony; and throughout all Germany, as well as Holland, the troops of the subject princes have always shewn him reverence as the *suzeraine*. After the Marquis Romana had by an act of splendid enterprise, worthy the ancient days of Spanish glory, emancipated nearly 10,000 men in Denmark, there still remained above 14,000 men, whose position in the interior did not allow them to join in the same glorious act of heroic devotion to their country. But they have still borne a silent and unmarked testimony of loyalty and patriotism, no less intelligible and decisive than that of their brethren at home. Of these men not a whisper has been heard during the last twelvemonth; not a regiment or company has been persuaded to declare in favour of the usurper: they have therefore been removed to solitude and imprisonment. Had they been forced into the ranks during the Austrian campaign, we should have heard either through the enemy, of the services they had rendered him; or they would have announced their presence by some act of glorious revenge.

Buonaparte has recently collected the Polish prisoners which belonged to Austria, and formed an army of them, though their late sovereign is still at war with him; but Joseph Buonaparte at Madrid dares not put a musquet into the hands of the meanest of the rabble. While Germans are now arrayed against Germans, and Italians against Italians, not a Spaniard is in arms against Spaniards. His mind must surely be impenetrable, who can resist the impression of such a fact.

On a reference to the publications which originated in the late campaign, there will be found nothing to justify the clamour which is beginning to be raised against the Spaniards. The amiable and lamented commander-in-chief never fails to do justice to the people; though it is to be regretted that even *he* should not have been fully sensible of the peculiar charac-

ter of the war. Of this we have a striking instance, in the displeasure he expressed at the acceptance of Spanish rank by British officers. He considers this as dangerous "to the "interest of the service;" and contemplates the possibility of an opposition of interest, which might well exist in the ordinary wars, but could not occur in the present. The appointment of British officers in the Spanish army was a circumstance which should have been encouraged; corrupt influence was not to be feared, and to hesitate at compliance would have evinced an hard-heartedness and want of feeling, certainly not in the character of Sir John. There is, besides, an error into which he falls, in common with others; he speaks of the "apathy of the Spanish people." Now here the General has evidently confounded two opposite sentiments; he may be said to have apathy, who knows the evil and does not feel it: very different is the case with him who cannot conceive that there is any danger. This may proceed from overweening conceit or wrongheadedness; but it is not apathy. Lord William Bentinck observed justly, "A blind confidence in their own strength, and natural slowness, are the rocks on which this good ship runs the risk of being wrecked." Only one observation more, in reference to Sir John: he is in danger of suffering unjustly, from the unwarrantable publicity given to his letters. It was indiscreet in him to repeat on paper a hasty word which dropped from the Marquis Romana; but it has been an act of *treachery* to print it, even while that General is still in the field. Certainly, Sir John would rather have cut off his hand than pen it, could he have foreseen the use which was to be made of his writings.

Of the several gentlemen, an officer, a military chaplain, and a staff-physician, who have written on the campaign, the Reviewer has now no room to speak at length; nor is there much occasion for discrimination. They have all written books which will be amusing to the class of persons

for whom they were intended, viz. those who will be pleased in tracing on the map with a pin the routes taken by their friends, the captain and the lieutenant; who will eagerly run over anecdotes of selfish popish priests who refuse house-room, and of more kind hostesses who are charmed with a red coat; who will sympathise with the sufferings, really severe, which the British soldier endured, and of which it must be very gratifying to read a minute and heart-rending description; and who will be absolutely delighted to see in a picture, the very houses, bridges, mountains, and dirty roads, which were the actual scenes of this "travel's history." Beyond this, the REVIEWER would not willingly trust his judgement to the guidance of either gentleman: viz.

Dr. Neale having witnessed what, beyond a doubt, was an afflicting sight, the death of a trooper who perished on the road (in a country, by the bye, from which the wretched inhabitants had fled, because they had heard of the excesses committed by the English), is filled with anger, and supposing what the poor man might think, puts into his mouth the following, among other similar lines—

> "'Now harsh be your lot, ye false patriots of Spain!
> "Long and much may ye suffer beneath the French chain.
> "May your children, as conscripts from home torn away,
> "Starve, and perish like us, to misfortunes a prey;
> "Then some pangs of regret your stern bosoms may smite,
> "And the tears of remorse be your portion by night.'"

To heighten the effect of the descriptions, we have a doleful picture of the march of the English along dirty roads, men, women, and children, up to the knees in snow, (one little boy is up to his waistband,) exhibiting them like so many Witheringtons of ballad celebrity,

> "Who, when his legs were both cut off,
> Did fight upon his stumps."

The "officer" cannot do better than tell his readers the tales which he had probably found amusing at the mess, over

the last bottle; and relates the amours of the British officers with the Portuguese nuns!

The Rev. Mr. Ormsby evinces a more liberal and humane spirit, and, as becomes his profession, reprobates unsparingly the conduct of the British. Yet even he, on occasion, appears to regret, that the whole conversation of the ladies, as well as the attention of the people, should be exclusively turned to "politics," that is, we presume, the war!

One more serious word by way of close: Will Buonaparte effect the conquest of Spain? This question is inseparably connected with another; Will he triumph in his scheme of universal dominion? The REVIEWER laments that he cannot share the confidence Mr. Wordsworth expresses, that he will not. The power of Buonaparte, it is true, is built on crime; but must it, therefore, be transient, in relation to the lives of living men? It will not be *ever*-lasting, so much is certain; and it will be the reproach of ourselves, if it be *lasting*. But have we not for years been incurring reproach, and do we see signs of amendment? We observe in the animal world, feeble and deformed bodies, which yet maintain a protracted existence. In life, we daily behold virtue and genius oppressed and crushed by the lower qualities of worldly prudence and crafty skill. Look at the long reign of unworthy dynasties; is it certain that governments must perish because they ought to perish?

Will Buonaparte effect the conquest of Spain? If by conquest be meant the overrunning of all the provinces successively, and occupying all the great cities, it is difficult to repress the painful thought that he may. But an extensive country, which is occupied like a garrison town, is not vanquished. The conqueror who now fills the world with terror and dismay, in spite of his splendid successes, must often sympathise with the tyrant of the poet; he must be sensible that he does not catch, with his "success, surcease," and that the conquest of Spain is not "done when it is done."

" If that but this blow
" Might be the be-all and the end-all here,"

then indeed we should despair. For no one who surveys the states of Europe, can doubt the power of Buonaparte to strike that blow. But it is not so that the " inconquerable mind " and freedom's holy flame" are to be extinguished. That the Spaniards have done *any thing* against a foreign tyrant, situated as they were, is their glory; that they have been unable to do more, is the chastisement they suffer for having so long willingly submitted to subjugation under their own princes; and the advocates of liberty, if they were dexterous, instead of urging domestic tyranny to diminish our horror of foreign subjugation, should rather extol civil liberty as the best security for national independence; and they might add to that reflection, this, that to suppose that a people subjugated for centuries, would, at the very first summons of liberty, understand and answer her call, is to undervalue the worth of education and culture. It is not in the order of nature, though it may be of grace, to reward equally, those who come in at the eleventh hour, and those who had toiled through the heat of the day.

Spain, therefore, both in her actual physical powers, and in her moral fitness to resist the tyranny of France, certainly stands far below this country; yet, at this hour, there is no country in Europe which approaches Spain so nearly as Spain approaches Great Britain. Two nations still survive, the one in deep adversity, and the other in high prosperity, though in imminent peril, to bid defiance to the most frightful tyranny that ever menaced mankind. Their cause is one; and if the more prosperous ally could willingly abandon her unhappier associate, she would merit to sink under equal calamities, and her fall would not be dignified by an equal portion of glory.

AN ORTHÖEPICAL ANALYSIS OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE; OR AN ESSAY ON THE NATURE OF ITS SIMPLE AND COMBINED SOUNDS, AND THE INADEQUACY OF ATTEMPTING TO EXPLAIN THEM BY MEANS OF THE ENGLISH ALPHABET. THE WHOLE ILLUSTRATED AND EXEMPLIFIED BY THE USE OF A NEW ORTHÖEPICAL ALPHABET, OR UNIVERSAL CHARACTER. TO WHICH IS ADDED, A MINUTE AND COPIOUS ANALYSIS OF THE DIALECT OF BEDFORDSHIRE. BY T. BATCHELOR.—*pp.* 164. *Didier and Tebbert. London.* 1809.

" *Turpe est difficiles habere nugas,*
" *Et stultus labor est ineptiarum,—*"

may be strictly applied to this volume. The common English alphabet is quite sufficient to portray the sounds of the English language to every person's eye, who has learned to speak before he has learned to read and write; and if it be necessary to correct a provincial pronunciation, the only effectual way of doing it is *vivâ voce*. The invention of an alphabet to give the true sound of every consonant and vowel, to those who have never heard the language spoken, is impossible, as those sounds can only be given by referring to other sounds equally unknown to the learner. The only attempt of this kind that had any prospect of being really efficient, is that of Dionysius of Halicarnassus, to express the sounds of some of the Greek letters by the cries of different animals; yet even this plan, though satisfactory as far as it goes, must be very limited in its operation. It is true, that Mr. Batchelor has tried to establish some general criterion, by giving plates of the different organs of speech, and the different configurations of them in utterance; but it is totally impossible for any one to avail himself of these, unless the professor was by to assist in the operation.

We are at a loss to comprehend what Mr. Batchelor can

mean by saying, "that if this plan was adopted by all the "literati of Europe, there is no written language to overturn, "nor old books to render useless," when he has just before given *Dyudyiz* as the proper way of spelling *Judges*, and *Tyurty* as the orthography of *Church*.

If it were really necessary to establish a correct pronunciation of every letter with the least possible inconvenience, the vowel points of the Hebrew, which mark fifteen different vowel sounds, would be most eligible for the vowels; and the Dagesh of the Hebrew, or the diacritical points of the Arabic, for the consonants; but how would even this avail, without reference to other known alphabetical combinations for the proper pronunciation?

Thus much for the general plan. We shall now proceed to notice some of the particular observations; in which it will appear, that among other causes of error, Mr. B. is often led astray by his own adoption of a vicious pronunciation.

In page 9, we are told that the *o* in *rŏgue* and *brŏke*, &c. is different from that heard in the words, *tōne*, *mōan*. This, we confess, is a piece of information entirely new to us, and reminds us of a ridiculous circumstance that happened at Southampton a few years since. A gentleman from the North went thither, with an intent to canvass the town, and desired a person to get him an account of the number of *vŏtes*: now it happens, that as Southampton has a great trade in port wine, almost every house has large *vaults* under it, many of which are let to the wine-merchants; and the agent, deceived by his northern pronunciation, took him for a person who meant to speculate in wine, and instead of a list of the *votes*, got him a list of the *vaults* in the town.

What sort of company must our author have kept, when he thinks it necessary to say, that the longer sound of *a*, as in *had*, sometimes receives a tinge of the *o*, as in the word *order*, and in the following examples, *order* for *ardor*, *hord* for *hard*, *gorden* for *garden*, *cords* for *cards*. We have never

been fortunate enough to hear such sounds from any persons, except London carmen and coalheavers.

The following remark, experience has shown to be perfectly unfounded.

"A foreigner residing in England has constantly as good an "opportunity of learning to speak English as any of the natives "had in their infancy; and an equal degree of attention to the "subject would insure success without any written instructions."

That written instructions would not facilitate the acquirement, we readily admit; but that it ever was acquired by an adult foreigner, we cannot admit. A perfect knowledge of the minutiæ of a language, whether in meaning or enunciation, can never be attained but in very early youth. To use the words of the learned and accurate author of the Essay on the Harmony of Language, though I am almost ashamed to introduce him in such company; "There is a feeling and perception of meaning, independent of reasoning, and often incommunicable by direct instruction, through which, for example, English children of five years old never mistake the difference between *shall* and *will*, which learned doctors of Paris, and even of Edinborough and Dublin, cannot be taught to comprehend."

The following passage is curious: "Some people believe "the trouble of crossing a *t* and dotting an *i* may well be "spared in common writing, as a neglect of it is seldom "attended with any obscurity." These people must be as great economists of their trouble as a certain miser was of his ink, who calculated how much ink he had saved in his lifetime by the same omission.

As a proof that Mr. Batchelor gives a vicious pronunciation of his own, for the proper pronunciation of the English language, we produce two detached quotations from pp. 47 and 91. "The English *ch* or *tch* sounds *ty;* for *orchard*, "*riches*, &c. sound *ort-yard*, *ril-yes*, &c." "I conceive it "has been clearly proved that the English *j* is *dy*, *ch* is *ty*,

" and *sh* is *sy*; consequently if the long *u* is accurately ar-
" ticulated after *d*, *t*, and *s*, the word *duel* is similar to *jewel*,
" *tune* is *choon*, and *suit* is the same as *shoot*."

As a farther proof, if any were necessary, of Mr. B.'s abilities as an orthoëpist, take the following extract:

" When (y) ends one word and begins the next, it affords an
" opportunity of giving an additional proof of its nature, as in the
" following sentences. *I wis you would. Are the fis your own?*
" In these instances it will be perceived that the omission of *h* in
" *wish* and *fish* is so far supplied by the following initial *y*, that the
" defect would not be perceived in common conversation."

What *aures irreligiosæ* these conversers must have! But to proceed with the quotation:—

" In the following instances it will be obvious, that the contact of
" contiguous words presents instantly the idea of *usher*, *glazier*,
" *notcher*, *badger*, and *ledger*; especially if the accent be laid
" on the words that precede your: *Tell us your will. Glaze*
" *your windows. 'Tis not your horse. So bad yourself. He*
" *led your nag*."

Of such incomparable absurdity we can only say, *Risum teneatis, amici?*

Mr. B. concludes his work by a list of provincial words and phrases, of which he gives the proper explanation; but, like some of the commentators on Shakspeare, he cites many words and phrases as provincial, that are now in general use. For instance; *Close* for a small inclosed field: this is even a forensic term: to break a person's *close*, *claustrum frangere*, is the legal definition of a trespass. *Copse* is used every where for small wood, originally spelled *coppice*; though a fanciful etymologist might perhaps derive it from the Greek word κοπτω, as copse usually means underwood that is cut periodically for poles or fire-wood. And surely that ear must be very fastidious, that rejects as provincial such very general phrases as —*It rains hard*, for *it rains fast*. *It will soon clear up*, for *The shower will soon be over*; cum multis aliis.

Nothing can shew Mr. B.'s complete incapacity both as an orthoëpist and an orthographist, *i. e.* that he can neither speak nor spell, more strongly than putting *causey* as the provincial pronunciation of *causeway;* since the word *causey* ought to be so spelled and so pronounced, being derived from the French word *chaussée:* but we suppose the sagacious gentleman supposed it a compound of *cause* and *way*.

As Mr. Batchelor professes to pay particular attention to the dialect of the North of Bedfordshire, it is rather surprising that he did not mention one application of a phrase, we believe, peculiar to that part of the country, the using 'I dare say,' as the strongest degree of asseveration; whereas, in general use, it always implies doubt. 'I dare say you are welcome,' is the expression a Bedfordshire farmer would use when pressing his friend to partake of his dinner. There can be no doubt of the Bedfordshire clown's being in the right here; though if one of them should say to any person of another county, speaking of a ford that he knew was not knee-deep, 'you may go over in safety, *I dare say;*' the stranger would hesitate before he ventured, on such an assurance.

Mr. B. is right when he says he believes the word *ay*, signifying *yes*, is the only diphthong of the kind in the English language, when spoken correctly: but in such a work as this, it might have been noticed, that in the dialect of Berkshire, Oxfordshire, and Glocester, the diphthong *ai* or *ay* has always this sound; and wherever a Quaker is introduced on the stage, the actor (it does not seem obvious why) always adopts this pronunciation.

We have, on the whole, seldom met with a work in which there is so little to applaud, as in this. We will however conclude our review of it with two positions that do merit our approbation: one is the deprecating the foolish adoption of such words as *wheats*, *barleys*, &c. by coxcomical agriculturists; the other, the affected use of *sang*, *sprang*, *spat*, and *sank*, in the preterite, by coxcomical grammarians.

AN ADDRESS TO THE PUBLIC, UPON THE DANGEROUS TENDENCY OF THE LONDON FEMALE PENITENTIARY. BY WILLIAM HALE.—8*vo. pp.* 68. *London.* 1809.

"At no period of our History (says Mr. Hale) has the "philanthropy of the British nation shone with that splendour "which characterizes the present day:—the metropolis "abounds with many noble instances of charitable munifi- "cence, which, while they reflect the greatest honour upon the "wisdom of the founders, are a refuge for the destitute, and "a happy means of increasing the knowledge, and improving "the morals of the rising generation." We are truly concerned to differ from so redoubted a champion in the very first paragraph of his pamphlet; but as we shall state our reasons at length for so doing, we trust we shall meet with some pardon for our boldness.

If indeed we were philosophically to examine the different institutions of charity and benevolence, that so highly distinguish modern Europe, we should find them perhaps, in no slight degree, illustrative of the progress of knowledge, and of the moral history of man. The Greeks and Romans, who viewed their situation on the Globe as formed only for conquest and aggrandizement, seem little to have aimed at lessening the sum of human evils, by alleviating the miseries of individuals who groaned beneath them. Whilst they feasted their eyes with the brutality of the Gymnasium, or the cruelty of the Amphitheatre, they dreamt not of institutions that might relieve the indigent, heal the infirm, and succour the distressed. The grand errors of those noble states of antiquity consisted, in their childish admiration of all that is dazzling or theatrical in public character—and in their sordid contempt for those duties of private life, which, extending themselves the most widely in their effects, create so large a proportion of hu-

man happiness. It was Christianity alone which gave private morals to nations; it was this only, that, inspiring the social duties of life, gave birth to those nobler sentiments and feelings, which unite all mankind as an individual nation, in the common bonds of harmony and peace.—It must be confessed however, that the first Christians occasionally attempted to exceed the power of effecting good allotted to mortals, and in the mistaken zeal of their piety, even occasioned much mischief to society.

A view of the tendency of several of our most popular institutions in England, might perhaps excite some doubts in the mind of Mr. Hale, whether the "*charitable munificence bestowed on them*," be really beneficial in "*increasing the knowledge and improving the morals of the rising generation.*"—Of what use are the hospitals we see established for the reception of foundlings? To save, say their advocates, the lives of many infants, who, but for the humanity of these institutions, had been sacrificed by the poverty of their parents! To save then the offspring of a few monsters of the human race, who deserve our execration rather than our bounty, we erect an institution professing to receive the children of the indigent, in which hundreds perish who had never seen the light, but for the certainty their parents possessed, of by this means providing for them. We say perish, for even in Russia, where the cares of an empress watched over an institution of this kind, many died through want of the fostering anxiety of a mother to nourish and rear them. The licentiousness of manners among the lower orders in St. Petersburg, in consequence of the provision afforded to natural children by the foundling-hospital, is remarked by Mr. Malthus and is known to all travellers.

Of what use are the numerous institutions we every where observe for the relief of the poor, but to countenance idleness, and to *produce* poverty? It is to the interest of men to labour, in order to avoid the miseries of indigence, and if left to the natural bent of their minds, uncontrouled and unmolested,

they would exert themselves to better their condition in the world. Alms-houses and poor-houses not only then disturb the natural order of society by giving bounties to indigence, but they violate the established laws of the human mind.—Not that all the evils of life should be neglected or despised by the legislature, or the body of the people. The maladies of the body, the helplessness of extreme age, the losses of unsuccessful industry, and the general mischances of life, it is expedient to alleviate, as far as by pecuniary contributions we can alleviate, misfortune. Human laws indeed are in their designation intended to guard against human misery:—but surely the worst mode of providing for the poor, is to confine the infecting and the infected by moral turpitude within the walls of a poor-house—to add misery to old age, and guilt to disease—to separate those the most tenderly allied to each other, and break the ties of nature—and to draw down the curses of these ill-fated victims of charity, on themselves, and on society.

Of what use are the institutions that seek learning for their end? Intellectual improvement, if it be beneficial to the interests, or necessary to the happiness of individuals, needs no encouragement by means of institutions. It will of itself be pursued, be cherished, be cultivated. In most European countries indeed, the public gives ample encouragement to men of genius and learning: if these countries desire to increase their number, do but let them leave open to such only, the places of honour and emolument in the state, and they will have raised up the most lasting institutions for their production.

On these subjects if we differ from Mr. Hale, much more do we differ from him in his reprobation of the principles on which* Penitentiary Houses, for the reception of prostitutes

* Mr. Hale only argues against the London Penitentiary: but for the sake of the argument, we have thought it best to generalize

are founded. Not that we believe, any more than our author, that these houses have any tendency to *diminish* the sum of prostitution in society, for by what means could they effectuate this blessing? It must be obvious that they are intended only as a refuge for those who have already *resigned* themselves to prostitution, and could therefore never be designed to *prevent* their so doing. The numbers of females too that they save, are far too inconsiderable (even suppose the demand for them *in the market* were by this means to be diminished) to give rise to any well-founded hopes on this head. We admit too, that Penitentiary Houses are an evil: they afford at best but a reception for profligacy. But we shall endeavour to shew that they are less evils than would be endured by any attempt of the vain visionaries of perfection to suppress them, and that they keep a mean course between an open encouragement of prostitution, and what is as bad,—a malignant intolerance of it. We must premise however, that we are not quite so certain as our author, that Magdalen-hospitals, "in the *result of their operations*, will never lessen but increase" the number of prostitutes. We can by no means bring ourselves to believe that they altogether produce the effect for which he stigmatizes them, and hold out inducements "*to vain curiosity, and vain presumption*," that when tired of a life of guilt, they may resort to the *comforts* of a Magdalen. The moral purgations to which they have recourse in these institutions—the meanness of dress—the austerity of manners—and the constant labour—render them institutions, which the generality of women, from the temperament of their minds, would rather fly from than enter. The

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his doctrines, by which of course they will suffer nothing.—Whilst on this note, we might as well remark, that most of the charitable institutions in London have funds of their own, and are not altogether dependent on voluntary subscription for their support. The precarious nature of the latter mode of subscription, is the strongest argument against it.

contempt with which they are usually treated, even by such pious men as Mr. Hale, is not likely to correct this aversion. Still less is it likely to be effaced, by the exquisite pleasure of hearing perpetually of flames and darkness, and of being regularly sentenced to them twice a day! But even if we suppose an institution to be founded, which gives no violent shock to the habits and feelings of those about to enter it—which, on the contrary, treats them not as its victims, but its children—we do not conceive that any ill effects would result to society from its establishment. The end such foundations propose to themselves, is either to restore those who enter them to their friends, or to fit them for lives of active industry; and the means by which this end is produced, are moral and religious discipline. The objects held out by Penitentiaries, then, are not boons which are desirable: they are at best evils, which *rarely* operate as motives to man in the contemplation of action. One of the usual motives indeed that instigates the human breast to activity, arises from pleasures we seek: but to suppose a being, endowed with reason, and capable of reflection, quitting with deliberation, character, society, and happiness, through the low desire of sheltering itself with the victims of disgrace, in the walls of a hospital—to suppose this being possessed of a heart so callous and brutified too, as to leave all that renders us respectable to others, or dear to ourselves, for the purpose of being degraded in its own family, or driven into servitude with strangers—is to alter the usual motives of human actions, and the nature of man. Mr. Hale however, after Mr. Colquhoun, asserts, that most of the abandoned females in this city *(whatever may be their outward appearances)* were once in servitude. To them then a restoration to labour can be no hardship, and a Penitentiary no evil, whilst "the vain curiosity of a life yet untried," and the "vain presumption" in their own prospects of success, might have prompted them, as they will prompt others, to embrace prostitution, from which, if unprosperous, they can so easily

escape. But we will ask, would this "vain curiosity," or this "vain presumption," in the youthful mind, be the less, although there was no Penitentiary? Do we not find these, in every trade, and in every profession, forcing men into chances, from which it is as one to one thousand, if they obtain success; and yet in which, want of success might prove their ruin? Let us not conceal the truth through the fear of censure. It is because the wages of prostitution are, *in some* instances, higher than the wages of servitude, that many pass from the one state to the other, relying as they do, in their good fortune, and desirous as they are of mending their condition. They are human beings, and are subject to the fallacies and failings of our nature. But is it on this account, that if they become wiser and repent their errors, they are at that very time, to be forced for a settlement (7) from parish to parish, and finally imprisoned in a poor-house for life? Or are they, with guilt on their minds, and with consciences awakened to the horrors of their situation, to be driven to madness (61) in the solitary cell of a prison? That heart must indeed be callous, and that mind dead to sensibility, which would persecute and torture fifty-thousand * women, whose condition is the most wretched and helpless in society! But besides these considerations, the argument of the author proves too much, and refutes itself. Thousands, who earn the wages of infamy by prostitution, would never submit to the multiplied evils of their condition, were it greatly alleviated by the blessings of a Penitentiary. There would no longer be prostitutes to croud our streets, and infest our public places of resort, did the good held out by a hospital for Magdalens, much more than compensate for the wretchedness they endure in their first situation.

It seems however, that in one of the hospitals for penitent prostitutes in this metropolis, they bestow donatives on the

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* Colq. on Police.

females, who, restored to servitude, conduct themselves prudently and virtuously in their situation. We agree with Mr. Hale, that this policy is foolish in the extreme! If these females be really sincere in their professions of penitence, they will spurn at a bounty which seems to suppose them actuated by avaricious motives; or at any rate, supposing them incapable of heroic conduct, a donative to these is useless, at the same time that it diminishes the society's funds for active good. But if on the contrary, they be insincere, then does the donative act as a bounty on hypocrisy, and a reward for vice.

But even if we suppose the establishment of Penitentiaries to act indirectly as an incentive to prostitution—still are there no reasons that would incline us to adopt them, and to relieve the wretched females who wander in our streets? Is there no instance in which we might adopt a less evil to avoid a greater? And in so doing, should we not be sanctioned by the principles of an enlightened prudence? The laws that spurn from them the unhappy race of women who live by prostitution—which will not permit them a house to dwell in at home, and yet whip them for vagrants if they wander abroad —those laws which would thus compel them to quit an existence that is odious, and rest (where alone they may) in the grave, call forth in those who obey them, such savage principles, as it is in the power of Christianity only, and its institutions, to soften. The Penitentiary Hospitals tend then to counteract the ill effects of a bad system of legislation, and restore the feelings of nature to our bosoms. And is it nothing in an institution, to promote benevolence, even although it be extended to the most degraded of human beings? Is it nothing, to hold out the principle to society, that even the most vile of its members are yet endowed with feeling, with sentiment, and with reason—are, in short, human—and are entitled to our compassion? Were the doctrines of benevolence universally inculcated, in every law, and in every institution in

states, how many crimes would be prevented---how much happiness be promoted in the world! In the grand principles of benevolence, indeed, the law of God and man coincides. It can never be said then, that Penitentiaries are not to be supported " by precept or example " from the word of God—from those sacred writings that were hymned to the earth with strains of peace and good-will to our kind, and which announced to us the tidings, that angels round the throne of glory rejoice when one sinner is converted to repentance. It was Heaven itself that said to the penitent, " *Sin no more:*" but it accompanied not its reproof with maledictions: it hurled not its bolt against the trembling convict. Well would it be for many, if, in decrying vice, they remembered the lesson it inculcates; if, in censuring the failings of their fellow-creatures, they forgot not that themselves are but men. The wretches whom the pamphleteer would pursue with the vengeance of the law, are, we suppose, endowed with feeling, and if persecuted by the laws—proscribed by opinion—deserted by good men—and detested by bad; would they, does he believe, be inclined to virtue, to which they have no inducement, or be hardened in vice and iniquity? Is there nothing to fear from confirmed wickedness, nothing to be dreaded from outcast malice? The policy is always bad, which places any class of human beings without the pale of mercy. It takes from them all retrospect of the melancholy past, and all hopes of the future. It goads them on to the insensibility of vice, or to the madness of desperation. Fortunately for the species, expediency and humanity are always co-ordinate with each other. It is only in a code, ruthless and vengeful, that they are separated, and that the sad example of persecution, often so fatal to the instituters of laws, is held out to the people.

But even supposing we were to follow the advice of Mr. Hale, and to awaken " the sleeping lions of the law" against the prostitutes of London, does he really think, that by these

means we shall be able to exterminate them? Or will not this crusade be attended with as much folly as the pious ones that preceded it? Over and above the particular stimulus we have ventured to point out, as actuating those in servitude, prostitution proceeds from poverty, inexperience, or the vices of parents in neglecting the moral education of their children—evils which will ever exist so long as the world continues, and the effects of which, in this instance, it is absurd to punish, for the obvious reason, that such punishment is productive of more mischief than good. The Queen of Hungary, with a laudable zeal, worthy (says a profound writer) of a better cause, endeavoured to repress the evil which is the subject of the present discussion. What was the consequence? "La "corruption se répandit dans la vie publique et privée: le "lit conjugal fut violé; le siége de la justice fut corrompu. "L'adultère acquit tout ce que perdoit le libertinage. Les "magistrats firent un trafic de leur connivence. La fraude, "la prévarication, l'oppression, l'extorsion, se répandirent "dans le pays; et le mal qu'on vouloit abolir, reduit à se "cacher, n'en devint que plus dangereux."

All crimes should indeed be only punished in proportion as they tend to violate the public peace and security. To follow any other rule of punishment, is not only to destroy an established mode of justice, but, by producing unnecessary evil, to violate the sacred rights of mankind. Without entering into any discussion on the tendency of prostitution to the destruction of human happiness, we may, by observing the leniency with which it was treated by the states of antiquity, and which is still practised towards it in Holland and China, assure ourselves that it does not offer any violent shock to the public repose.

The intolerance of prostitution, therefore, may be so far considered an evil, as it leads to the persecution of thousands of women, who are already sufficiently wretched, without producing any adequate advantage to society: and, on the

other hand, all that induces to the toleration of it, is, to the contrary extent, a good. On this principle alone, Penitentiary Houses deserve our praise, as they tend to diminish various pains (if we may say so) of supererogation, inflicted by the legislator on a class of human beings, without any motive that is prudent, or any end that is attainable. It is impossible, indeed, by laws to prevent prostitution; and if punishment is for the prevention of crimes, and not for the purposes of vengeance, it is absurd to punish it. But if we tolerate this evil as proceeding from necessary and overruling causes in the moral constitution of man, it surely becomes us to extend our compassion to those who fall beneath it. This is the language both of reason and of nature. There appears to be no medium between toleration and humanity to those whom we tolerate; our suffering wretches to exist in society, and our relieving the miseries to which, partly by our act, they have been exposed. Or if the calculating mind can discover a line of difference, it is such as charity must shudder at drawing. But in reality, the alms we extend to the beggar, and to which we believe there is no one that will object, proceed on the belief, that as he exists by the fated condition of our nature, and by our countenance, we ought not to deny him the means of subsistence.

If, indeed, we consider prostitution as, in a great degree, proceeding from the very weakness which, by promoting the exertions of individuals, embraces and amplifies the circle of public interest, we might perhaps be tempted to think, that as the motives that lead to the practice of it are not the most pernicious, so compassion to those misled by them is not an offence the most fatal to society. Few, very few of those, we are tempted to believe, from a survey of Mr. Colquhoun's computation, who have at present abandoned themselves to the town, have done so through any other motives than those of ambition. The desire of bettering our condition in the world, is the grand key-stone on which the fabric of huma

happiness is raised; and he surely knows little of men and of morals, who, declaiming against this principle, would openly or indirectly punish it. If it occasionally produces partial evil to individuals, it is certainly just and fair that they should suffer from the injuries they have brought on themselves, and they ever will suffer from the effects that imprudence sooner or later induces. More than this would be unjust; more than this would be inhuman! If from the misfortunes they have suffered, any are led to a sense of the errors that caused them, it surely would be illogical (to say nothing of its cruelty) to tell them, "Because you *have been imprudent*, we will drive you from the bosom of society; we will punish you with the utmost rigour of our power." On the contrary, what consequences could, in the instance before us, possibly result from the opposite conduct, but the lesson to the world, that the crime of prostitution is attended with such calamitous effects, that those who are guilty of it, rejoice at being restored, even by the charity of strangers, to their former situation? Such Magdalens are surely the best able to point out to others the pains they have suffered, and the miseries they have endured; and of demonstrating to them the folly of quitting the paths of virtue and of quiet, for the precipices of vice and sorrow!

Nor need we fear that, in giving the reins to our benevolence in this instance, we shall injure society; as a life of prostitution is so contrary to the apparent interests of individuals, that no prudent female who has the power of avoiding it, will submit to it; no prudent mother will hold it out as a source of emolument to her children. If the vain among the lower classes are tempted to embrace it, through the hope of ameliorating their condition, the very same principle will teach those in higher stations to avoid it. Passion may, indeed, rule a few; but prudence will constantly sway the multitude.

The contamination, however, that is suffered from the in-

tercourse with a penitent sinner, it is to be hoped, is not so great as is dreaded by Mr. Hale; or Christianity is useless, and the Gospel a dead letter. But we are much inclined to think that, great as it might be, the patience that endures is more to be praised, than the pride that forbids it. The morality of the present day, however, appears to be of a gloomy aspect: the religion is somewhat more terrific. "Oh! the *dignity* of that Being, who has an everlasting hell to be the representation of his grandeur; there he rides in magnificent though gloomy state, and marches over a *world of damned heads*, with most uncommiserating disregard and disdain." Reynold's Enquiry, ques. 39, p. 303, quoted in Mr. Evans's pamphlet.

But it is to be wished that philosophers, however they may delight themselves with *diabolizing* the pure and incomprehensible nature of Omnipotence, would abstain from introducing in their tenets the spirit of malice against his creatures. They may be eloquent in the pulpit; they may even be orthodox to the generality of their hearers; but beyond the magic of their circle they had best be silent. Not that we blame the darkness or the mystery of their learning, for of these they are the best judges; but we wonder that they should think themselves qualified by these alone, "to shed day" on subjects that require other habits of thought and other faculties. "No man," says the great Berkeley, "in virtue of being conversant with such obscure analytics, should imagine his rational faculties to be more improved than those of other men, which have been exercised in a different manner, and on different subjects; much less erect himself into a judge, and an oracle, concerning matters that have no sort of connexion with, or dependence on, those symbols or signs, in the management whereof he is conversant and expert."

It is curious, and, we will add, instructive, to listen to these philosophers when they become legislators, and desire to

reform and to better the people. Mr. Hale (whom we by no means accuse of belonging to this sect) sets out in his plan of reform by assuring us, that were parish-officers less negligent in the duties of their station, we might expect to see fewer women abandoned to the town: thus, in effecting a reform, he supposes that a reform has already taken place, and mathematically demonstrates to us, the grand and important truth, that some members of society would be better, if others were not worse. But the Θεος απο μεχανης—the personage who is to untie every doubt and overcome every difficulty, is, with him, and with all reformists of his school, a justice of the peace. This great officer in all plans of reformation, is always to perform a difficult but important office in the animal œconomy of society—no less than that of supplying the hot water that cures all ills. We mention this as highly to the honour of the reformists, as it proves them to possess that which is always a characteristic of genius, we mean, simplicity of invention; it shews them likewise to be great admirers of our present laws, and consequently great patriots. But it is worth their while, seriously, solemnly, and deliberately, to consider, whether, on the whole, after an accurate and minute view of the subject in all its bearings, it would be beneficial to the public to add to the natural abstruseness of Burn's Justice. By reason, indeed, according to Hooker, man attaineth to the knowledge of things that are and are not sensible; so that probably, in time, these addenda to Burn might be perfectly intelligible: but then, according to the same author, had Adam continued in his first estate, this had been the way of life unto him, and all his posterity.

We conclude these observations, which we fear have been tedious to the reader, with the observation of a good man and great divine, with whose works we wish that all dissenters, of every class and denomination, would make themselves conversant.

"Yea, I am persuaded, that of them, with whom in this

cause we strive, there are whose betters amongst men would be hardly found, if they did not live amongst men, but in some wilderness by themselves." Hooker, b. 1.

THE COLUMBIAD, A POEM. BY JOEL BARLOW.—*1 vol. royal 8vo. 342 pages of verse, 74 of notes, 33 of introduction, and an index. Phillips, London.* 1809.

THERE is more injury to be dreaded from overlooking the errors of a bad book, than from depreciating the merits of a good one. The undeserved success of a feeble or affected writer, continues to have a baneful influence on the world of literature, long after the temporary tumult of popular applause has subsided into silence. It may be doubted, therefore, whether the critic, who should treat the spurious offspring of a perverted taste, or a prurient imagination, with a weak and mistaken tenderness, would not be guilty of greater injustice to the interests of literature, than he whose veneration for established excellence should lead him to receive the first attempts of a meritorious writer with a degree of sceptical frigidity, that his friends and admirers might hastily ascribe to the influence of dishonourable passions.

Whatever the phalanx of unsuccessful writers may be willing to assert, of the malignity and injustice of modern criticism, a very slight review of the literary history of the last century must convince the disinterested part of our readers, that the majority of the periodical journals are rather to be condemned for undeserved indulgence than for undue severity. Of the innumerable productions which have received the rapturous plaudits of contemporary critics, how few have descended to posterity; or passed from the last generation to the present, with a character in any degree elevated above that

of unoffending mediocrity? Yet it has still more rarely happened, that a book, which, at its first appearance, was received with coldness or reprehension, has afterwards commanded, by the resistless power of intrinsic excellence, the tribute of a late and unwilling admiration.

When, however, we are compelled by a conscientious regard to the responsibility of our situations, to discountenance the unfounded pretensions of assuming mediocrity, or to dissipate the delusions of vanity, and the dreams of inexperience, it is a painful sacrifice of inclination to integrity. Our feelings would persuade us to be lenient; but our duty commands us to be just. A feeble versifier may be in himself too insignificant to excite our anger, and too inoffensive to deserve our castigation; but when he is elevated by the indiscretion of his admirers, to a temporary rivalry with the acknowledged standards of poetical perfection, his admirers alone are answerable for the prominence of his deformities, and the severity of his punishment.

When the production that now presents itself to our consideration was first announced to the world, arrayed in all the adventitious splendour that mediocrity can receive from the hand of national partiality, the judicious and the candid were inclined to regard it as a phænomenon in the world of literature; as an unexpected and preternatural realization of the wishes of our transatlantic imitators, rather than as a poem of which the appearance could have been reasonably anticipated from a dispassionate estimation of the moral and political causes which were likely to bias the attempts, and influence the exertions of American genius. It was scarcely to be expected, that a people, of whom the local institutions were so little calculated to cherish, or excite the fervour of poetical enthusiasm; whose manners were not only inimical to every feeling of sentimental association, but apparently unsusceptible of future cultivation; inhabiting a country which, while

it displayed every charm of the unanimated landscape, was deficient in all the requisites that give interest or animation to poetical description; should be the favoured brethren of a poet who delineated with equal felicity the magnificent and the beautiful: of whom the pathos was unvitiated by affectation, and the sublimity undegraded by bombast; superior to Pope in the lighter graces of humourous composition, and the softer delineation of the tender passions, and little inferior to Milton in the loftier flights of an excursive imagination; uniting to every quality of original and unfettered genius, the ornaments, and the elegancies of a versification at once unrestrained, energetic, and harmonious!

If such were the sensations of surprise and satisfaction with which an English critic received the first annunciation of the VISION OF COLUMBUS, they were succeeded on its actual appearance, by feelings of a very opposite description. The rapidity of its local circulation, and the extent of its local fame were soon discovered, to afford only a melancholy proof of the barrenness of contemporary genius, and the conscious hopelessness with which the Americans themselves looked forward to the appearance of a national Homer. We have not selected it, therefore, as a subject of review on account of its intrinsic merits; but because it is in some degree elucidative of the progress of criticism and poetry in the United States, and of those restraints, and inconveniences to which every transatlantic writer must be partially subjected. We are likewise afraid, that unless the faults and imperfections of Mr. Barlow become the object of impartial exposition, his singularities may become fashionable, and that his poem, instead of being judged by those rules which criticism has been able to deduce from a philosophical examination of the ancient productions of poetic art, will itself become the model of a new school of transatlantic imitation, of which the unnatural proportions, and the frantic gesture, display as little resemblance

to the acknowledged standards of legitimate excellence, as the wild monstrosity of the mishapen idols of the Western-peninsula, to the grace and symmetry of the Apollo Belvidere.

Though we are by no means inclined to ascribe to Mr. Barlow the possession of very uncommon abilities; yet we willingly allow, that many of his defects are to be imputed to the disadvantages of his situation, rather than to the mediocrity of his talents; and as a candid examination of the causes of his failure may tend to discourage his literary countrymen from an attempt which reason and experience have taught us to regard as hopeless; we shall gladly incur the risk of exciting their present displeasure, in the expectation of being able to deserve their future gratitude.

How much the poetry of Europe has been indebted, for its most pleasing ornaments, and its most interesting subjects, to the fables of classical mythology, and the legends of popish superstition, it would be useless to explain. The delusions of ignorance and idolatry, however they may be regretted by the philanthropist, or despised by the philosopher, have always been a fertile source of materials to the poet. Even the most sacred offspring of human genius, the poems which commemorate the triumph of our Saviour over the idols of ancient adoration, are indebted for their most beautiful allusions, and their happiest illustrations, to those very fables, of which the absurdity and profaneness are the first great foundations of their argument. Nor have the local superstitions of our own country been less adapted to the purposes of poetical amplification. The dramas of Macbeth and of the Midsummer Night's Dream, are in themselves sufficient to demonstrate how much assistance the real poet can derive from the grossest absurdities of vulgar superstition. It is better for every purpose of the poet, that our groves should have been consecrated to Wodla, and our rivers to Sabrina; than that they should still be remembered as the favourite haunts of cannibalism, or designated by

appellations that convey no other impressions to the mind than horror and aversion.

There is no duty more congenial to the feelings, or more worthy the genius of a poet, than to describe the manners, and celebrate the virtues of the early inhabitants of our native country. We love to trace in the untutored wildness of the aboriginal Britons, the leading features of that manly and independent character which is at once the pride and security of their civilized descendants.

The prowess of Boadicea, and the fortitude of Caractacus, will always excite emotions of pathetic enthusiasm in a people, of which bravery and intrepidity are the characteristic virtues. Even in the earliest period of European civilization, and the darkest ages of monastic ignorance, Britain has been the native soil of patriots and heroes. We may still look back with pride and pleasure to the days of Alfred, and of Edward, and may still recall to our remembrance with feelings of patriotic exultation, the plain of Runnymede, and the field of Agincourt. The feudal subjection of our ancestors was favourable to the display of the nobler feelings and the severer virtues. The austere intrepidity, the untutored eloquence, and the unpolished hospitality of the chief, contrasted by the patient attachment, the proud fidelity, and the submissive courage of his retainers, are well adapted for the purposes of poetical delineation, and still supply the materials of a picture which the inheritors of their virtues, and the improvers of their political institutions may contemplate with gratitude and wonder.

But to what period in the history of his country, can the American look back with other feelings than humiliation, and disgust? Those favoured spots which are now the seats of legislation, and the emporia of commerce, were once the refuge of uncivilized Barbarians; cruel in prosperity, and servile in misfortune; unsusceptible of intellectual improve-

ment, and degraded by every propensity that can render the human character an object of abhorrence and contempt; allied by colour and disposition to the domestic slaves of their European conquerors; and the object of popular alarm, and legislative jealousy. It is obvious, that every feeling of personal pride, or patriotic attachment, will lead the successors of such a race to draw an impenetrable veil over the early history of their country, and to turn aside from the scenery that has witnessed their warlike exploits, and their religious ceremonies, with feelings of indifference to its natural beauties, and of aversion for the people by whose crimes and abominations it has been polluted.

Deriving their origin from a country which political events have taught them to regard with feelings of habitual hostility; the Americans have no ancestorial achievements to record, no founder whom their patriotism will permit them to commemorate. To retrace the wanderings, and to celebrate the virtues of a Raleigh, or a Penn, would be to emblazon the biographical annals of a nation to which they are indebted not only for their political existence, but for all the refinements of civilized society. Their knowledge of science, and of letters, and even that spirit of liberty which first taught them the value of independence, are borrowed from a people whose proficiency in the arts of government, and the *literæ humaniores*, they no longer regard but with envious rivalry. The most transient allusion to the past is calculated to repress that fervour of patriotism uninspired, by which the productions of every writer, however gifted by nature, or improved by study, must be vapid and inanimate. An American poet can take no pleasure in the recollection of a period when his native soil was dependent for its existence on the mother country; and, if he confine the excursions of his fancy within the limits of the narrow circle of events that has rolled its course since the declaration of American independence; what is there to be found that can ennoble his efforts, or animate his enthusiasm? His native scenery we have already shewn to be unadapted to

the purposes of poetry, and the artificial institutions which form the bulwarks of American society, have neither the beauty of youth, the stability of manhood, nor the dignity of age. Nothing that surrounds him, or that can present itself to his imagination, displays a single feature of the awful, or the venerable. There are no national reliques of antiquity over which the pensive may lament the uncertainty of life, and the instability of sublunary grandeur; no productions of the chisel or the pencil, which may recall to the lovers of virtue, and the admirers of genius, the remembrance of departed greatness; no princely institutions for the furtherance of piety and learning, or the relief of disease and indigence: there are no hospitals to commemorate the liberality of her merchants; no cathedrals to attest the piety of her clergy; nor any university to celebrate the munificence of her princes, and her statesmen. The numerous sources of poetical association that arise from the contemplation of the inanimate memorials of genius, piety, and valour, will for many ages be unopened to our American descendants.

Such, therefore, are the local disadvantages to which a transatlantic poet is subjected, that he neither possesses any natural subject of great beauty or elevation; nor, if he were able to select from the history of mankind a theme not unworthy of his genius, would he be able to elevate and adorn it by that association of sentiment and imagery, which alone distinguishes the poet from the rhymester. But it should not be forgotten, that from all the *foreign* sources to which a European poet can refer for a subject of epic celebration, when the events of his own country are apparently exhausted, he is equally excluded. With what pleasure or propriety could Mr. Barlow record the exploits of princes, or celebrate the virtues of an hereditary episcopacy? The pomp of courts, and the "pride and circumstance" of war, must be contemplated by an American poet through the spectacles of books, and he, therefore, views them with apathy, and sees them indistinctly. There still

remains so much of regal splendour, and knightly courtesy among the different nations of Europe; that the magnificence of the feudal and chivalrous ages, are neither uncongenial to the feelings, nor beyond the powers of an attentive observer of modern manners. But the pride of aristocratic superiority, and the ostentation of romantic valour, are equally inimical to the prepossessions, and uncongenial to the imagination of a republican merchant and agriculturist; and should it happen by some strange caprice of fortune, that an American endowed with the qualifications of a poet, should be a secret admirer of monarchical government, it is easy to discover that cold correctness of description, and the loftiness of laboured declamation, must be received as a substitute for the flow of lyric impetuosity, and the fire of poetical inspiration. The citizens of Greece and Rome still retained the romantic character of predatory warriors, and possessed the grandeur of royalty without its name; but the republic of America displays the same avarice of possession, without the same spirit of generous bravery; and, with the name of royalty, has relinquished the most useful, and the least offensive of its attributes.

That "great and glorious struggle" which terminated in the independence of America, appears to us totally unsusceptible of all the blandishments of poetry. There was nothing generous in the motives of the people, or romantic in the character of their chief. We are afraid that however well the moral virtues, and the constitutional intrepidity of Washington might be adapted to a regular eulogy; he would bear but a poor comparison as the hero of an epic poem, with the bullies and barbarians of ancient Greece. It may be as praise-worthy for a people to resist the payment of a stamp-duty, as to fight in defence of their wives, and their religion; but it is not equally poetical—a nation of warriors struggling against the overbearing power of cruelty and lust, will always be a more interesting spectacle than a commercial populace; whose first emotions of patriotic enthusiasm terminate in the seizure of a cargo of tea, and the demolition of a custom-

house. It was not the hope of saving five per cent. on the value of their morning beverage, that fired the breasts of the heroes of Thermopylæ!

Nor will the American votaries of the muse be able to atone for their inevitable deficiencies in the higher qualities of poetry, by their superiority in the humbler requisites of style and versification. It would be trifling with the patience of our readers, to prove that the further a colony recedes from its mother country in policy and manners, the more will the purity of its original diction be violated, and the delicacies of its idiom be forgotten. Whatever be his ambition, or assiduity, a writer will not long be able to preserve his language and phraseology uncontaminated by the barbarisms and irregularities of colloquial intercourse. His style will display all the stiffness and embarrassment that characterize the composition of a modern latinist, without his purity of diction, or correctness of construction; the lighter shades of synonomic difference will glide into indistinctness, and all flexibility of expression be therefore unattainable. To the justice of these remarks, every verse of the Columbiad affords an unsuspicious testimony, and a conviction of their truth inclines us to regret that exertions so unremitted, and talents so respectable, as Mr. Barlow's should have been so unprofitably wasted.

To causes such as these, rather than to the influence of climate, may be ascribed the apparent sterility of American genius. It is not the existence of poetical power in the inhabitants of the New Continent, that we are disposed to deny, but the possibility of its developement: and there is too much reason to conclude, that the same obstacles will produce the same effects, for a period that would exhaust even the patience of Mr. Jefferson. Though the positions of Montesquieu be absurd, and the censures of the Abbé Raynal unjust, the hopes of the American president are equally fallacious.

As we are not of opinion that the progress of genius is bounded by the accidental peculiarities of geographic situation; that one country shall excel in the arts of life, and

in every liberal pursuit; because it has been favoured by the hand of nature with every charm of native scenery, or that another shall be condemned to intellectual sterility, because its soil is barren, and its sky inclement; as we cannot persuade ourselves to believe that wit and imagination are influenced by every change of climate, and every variation of the needle, or that the mental faculties partake so much of the grossness of "material things," as to be sublimed to volatility by the heats of Barca, or frozen to inertness amidst the snows of Lapland, we shall not so far imitate the writers we have mentioned, as to deny the Americans the praise of literary capability; because their view is limited on one side by a vast and boundless ocean, and on the other, by interminable forests. It is from the peculiar character of their political and religious establishments (if they be worthy of the name) that we are inclined to deduce the improbability of their arrival at any extraordinary height of poetical excellence; and that we would exhort them to seek for eminence, where only it can be attained, in the less splendid, but more useful pursuits of the mechanical arts, and the abstract sciences. We see no reason why they might not rival the inhabitants of the Old World in the branches of experimental philosophy; though there is little hope that they should ever be able to emulate the loftier flights of her poets and her orators. They have already produced a Franklin, and a Mitchell; but many ages must yet elapse before even a Glover, or a Lawrence shall arise to adorn their verse, and direct their councils.

It is obvious that many of the causes we have enumerated, as having hitherto retarded the expansion of American genius, will retain their force amidst all the storms of political convulsion, and that the greater number of them will produce their usual effect as long as their present form of worship and of goverument shall continue. A nation that possesses no established system of belief, and of which the religious ceremonies are as discordant and capricious, as its domestic habits, will never be able to derive any

accession of poetical imagery and allusion, from the duration of its political existence. In a country so distracted by schism, the poet must either espouse the sentiments of his own sect, and thus degrade his productions by the quibbles of controversial divinity, or he must wave the introduction of every Christian doctrine, and thus confine himself to those general topics of natural theology, which being simple in themselves, and obvious to the feeblest imagination, neither admit of, nor require the aid of poetical amplification. The effusions of pure theism, which human genius has been able to produce, are few in number, and depend for their excellence, not on sublimity of thought, for the attributes of the Almighty rather oppress than invigorate the flight of a poetical fancy, but on felicity of expression, and purity of language; qualities which we have before demonstrated to be beyond the reach of American emulation. When we consider how much the poets of modern Europe have been indebted to the union of church and state, and to the influence which that alliance produces on the manners of the people, and to the existence of an established form of religious ceremony, which every schismatic is, outwardly at least, compelled to respect, and of which the external solemnity must produce in the most inattentive observer, a feeling of involuntary reverence; when we contemplate the feelings of prescriptive veneration with which the monuments of ancient piety are regarded by the multitude, and how much the expression of those feelings animates the compositions of the poet, we shall be easily convinced that an established religion is the most important source of poetical association. Let those who estimate such advantages at a trifling rate, refer once more to the Elegies of Gray and Mason, to the Night Piece of Parnell; to the midnight scene in the Mourning Bride; and to almost every other serious production that delights us by its beauty, or melts us by its pathos.

The slightest enquiry into the constitution of the *united* states must convince us that their separate interests are too

distinct, and too independent of each other to admit of any general cordiality of sentiment. The spirit of transatlantic liberty has an irresistible tendency to evaporate in petty jealousies, and local quarrels; and the patriotism of a poet, instead of extending its views to the general interests of the empire, is circumscribed by the narrow boundaries of his native province. In England, the prosperity of counties, and corporations, is gladly sacrificed to the welfare of the community. In America, on the contrary, the great object of contention is not whether peace or war will conduce to the general interests of the empire, but whether Pensylvania shall suffer more from a rupture with Europe, than Connecticut; or Virginia derive greater advantages from a commercial treaty, than the Delaware. The laureate of a republic thus torn by intestine rivalry, will never have a subject more worthy of his muse than the procession of an electioneering rabble; nor feel any emotion of patriotism, more pure or exalted than the loyalty of a London alderman at a turtle feast.

To these observations it may be answered, that the American poet is content to resign the crimes of princes, and the miseries of war, to the congenial temper of his European predecessors; that the pride of hereditary rank, and the bigotry of an intolerant religion, are equally the objects of his derision, and abhorrence; and that he will gladly yield to the slaves of greatness, and the advocates of murder, in all the pretensions of a poet; if he can be distinguished by the noble, but less envied title of a CHAMPION OF PHILANTHROPY.

The boast of independence and philanthropy, is always in the mouth of an American; but on what foundation does he rest his claims to a possession so valuable, and a virtue so exalted? The squabbles of an American senate would disgrace a meeting of turnpike commissioners, and we may therefore conclude that the principles and interests of the people are sacrificed to the private animosities of their representatives: the retention of ten-thousand slaves in hopeless bondage, is

congenial to the wishes of the nation, and sanctioned by the edicts of the legislature, and we may therefore suppose without injustice, that their hearts are unsusceptible of honourable feelings, and that the principles of rational liberty are to them unknown.

Mr. Barlow informs us, in his preface, that he "will not "attempt to prove, by any latitude of reasoning, that he has "written an epic poem;" and that "circumstances of classical regularity are of little consideration, in estimating the "real merit of any work of this nature."

"Its merit (he says) must depend on the importance of the action; the disposition of the parts; the invention and application "of incidents; the propriety of the illustrations; the liveliness and "chastity of the images; the suitable intervention of machinery; "the moral tendency of the manners; the strength and sublimity "of the sentiments: the whole being clothed in language, whose "energy, harmony, and elegance, shall constitute a style every "where suited to the matter they have to treat."

By these criteria we shall therefore estimate the result of his exertions. Again—

"The *action* of the poem, in the technical sense of the word, "consists only of what takes place between Columbus and Hesper. "The object is to soothe and satisfy the desponding mind of Columbus; to shew him that his labours, though ill rewarded by "his contemporaries, had not been performed in vain; that he had "opened the way to the most extended career of civilization and "public happiness; and that he would one day be recognized as "the author of the greatest benefits to the human race."

Now as the professed object of the poem is

> "To sing the mariner who first unfurl'd
> "An eastern banner o'er the western world."
> Canto I. v. 1, 2.

And as the whole "technical action" is meant to soothe his disappointments, it might have been expected that his character should be so displayed, as to excite our sympathy in his sorrows, and our admiration of his virtues. That we should feel any interest in his fate, it was necessary that we should have accompanied him on his voyages of discovery;

that we should have witnessed his valour and his prudence, and have traced him through all his vicissitudes of fortune. The poem which was devoted to the celebration of his name, should have consisted of an independent whole; there should have been no necessity to refer to another source for a history of his life, and a delineation of his character. But as the action has been managed, he neither excites our affection nor our curiosity. We learn, from the opening soliloquy of 140 lines, that he had "explored a world in vain:" but whether he was a warrior or a statesman; whether he was distinguished by grace of body, or magnanimity of mind; or whether he was ennobled by a single quality that is usually expected in the hero of a poem, it is impossible to guess. After lamenting the severity of his fate, and accusing the fickleness of fortune, he is, in the 210th line of the first canto, dismissed from our view: Hesper appears in a vision, and Columbus only recurs to our remembrance, as often as she solicits his attention to a change of scenery.

But we are told, that "the real object of the poem has "a larger scope; it is to inculcate the love of rational liberty, "and discountenance the deleterious passion for violence and "war; to shew, that on the basis of the republican principles, "all good morals, as well as good governments, and hopes of "permanent peace, must be founded." But what are the means by which he has attempted to demonstrate positions so important? The Americans are represented as owing the attainment of their independence to the successful issue of their military contests; and a people (the Peruvians) whom Mr. Barlow has described as possessing an enviable degree of prosperity and innocence, are the subjects of an absolute monarch, and the slaves of an idolatrous worship. Whatever, therefore, may have been the intended moral of his work, the only natural conclusions that can be drawn from its perusal are these; that a spirit of warfare is necessary to the security and happiness of society; and that the blessings of a kingly

government will more than counterbalance the miseries of superstition.

Nor is it easy to conceive how the object of the technical action could be accomplished by the intervention of a dream, so horrible as that which disturbs the slumber of his hero. The scenery that glides before his view, exhibits only a varied picture of human misery: the peaceful and virtuous Peruvians fall unoffending victims to the lust and avarice of his countrymen; and the progress of civilization in the colonies of rival nations is only distinguished by the refinement of their cruelties, and the triumph of their wickedness. After listening to the dismal and extended story which Hesper relates, with so much vividness of colouring, and so much minuteness of detail, his grief and disappointment would scarcely be alleviated by a vague assurance, that "brighter "scenes of transatlantic bliss" shall "repay his labours and "remove his pain."

Before it can be admitted that the discoveries of Columbus are the fit subjects of poetic celebration, it must first be proved that they have been conducive to the felicity of mankind; a position which we are afraid that a review of the American annals will convince us to be false. The superstructure of a poem, which is intended to excite our sympathy in the sorrows of a real hero, must rest for its foundation on the basis of historical truth. We can derive no consolation for the devastation of the new world, and the depopulation of the old, from the gratuitous anticipation of a period, when the whole of the western continent shall live in an undisturbed community of peace and innocence. We have unfortunately had too little experience of the superior wisdom and virtue of the people who are to be the envied instruments of such a change, to feel any very sanguine hope that the prophecy will be fulfilled; and that writer must be guilty of a culpable indifference to the opinion of posterity, or possess more than a becoming portion of adventurous ambition, who thus commits his literary fame

to the revolutions of futurity. If his predictions should be verified, he will only deserve the reputation of lucky hardihood; and if the hopes of his disciples should vanish in disappointment, he will remain a deplorable and unpitied victim of patriotic frenzy.

As "the technical action" requires that no event of historical importance should be omitted, nor any character, whose valour or whose wisdom has influenced the destiny of his native country, be left uncelebrated, his poem is necessarily degraded from the dignity of an "heroic song," to the level of a political index of American history. There is the same difference between the catalogue of names, countries, and events, that occupies the pages of the Columbiad, and the legitimate models of poetical excellence, as between a phantasmagoric exhibition, and an historical picture. Event is crouded on event, and description on description, without subordination of arrangement, or gradation of colouring: the monarchs of Peru and the senators of Washington glide before our view in all the majesty of pasteboard insignificance; and we only recognize their persons by the explanatory labels of the showman, who inscribes beneath their effigies the pompous titles of *godlike* Capac, *intrepid* Washington, *multiloquious* Randolph, and *stedfast* Jefferson.

His delineations of the natural peculiarities of soil and climate, are not only irrelevant to his purpose, but indistinct, and sometimes unintelligible. Of one river we are informed, what might have been predicated of any other, "that it holds on for months "the same continuous course;" of a second, that it runs its course "o'er twelve degrees of earth;" and of a third, that it "folds whole countries in its *bends*." Indeed, the greater part of the passage from which these instances are selected, is sufficiently curious to be worthy of quotation.

> "Mound after mound impetuous Tigris rends;
> "Curv'd Istria folds whole countries in his bends;

" Vast Orinoco summon'd forth to bring,
" His far-fetch'd honours to the sateless king,
" Drives on his own strong course to gain the shore;
" But sends Catuba here with half his store;
" O'er twelve degrees of earth, Madera flows,
" And robs the south of half its treasur'd snows;
" Zingus, of equal length, and heavier force,
" Rolls on for months the same continuous course."
I. 380, &c.

Nothing can be conceived more lifeless and unpoetical than this miserable catalogue of names and boundaries; and his " tributes to the memories" of American worthies, though more extended, is equally uncharacteristic. The eulogies on Franklin, or Rittenhouse, might be applied to any electrician, or astronomer, who has existed since the creation of the world: and the following tribute to the memory of Godfrey, not to mention its want of philosophical precision, might be applied, with the alteration of the name, to a thousand opticians:

" To guide the sailor in his wandering way,
" See Godfrey's glass reverse the beams of day;
" His lifted quadrant to the eye displays,
" From adverse skies, the counteracting rays,
" And marks, as devious sails bewilder'd roll,
" Each small gradation from the stedfast pole."
V. 581.

That the poem has been laboured with the most anxious scrupulosity, Mr. Barlow candidly avows; and the innumerable blunders that confuse and disfigure the narration, are therefore equally inexcusable and unaccountable. He seems, by some strange fatality, to have forgotten that many things which are familiar to the present age, were totally unknown to a warrior of the 16th century. There is scarcely an art of which we are the masters, or an event which has occurred in the annals of the last two hundred years, with which he does not suppose Columbus to be acquainted. Hesper's allusion to modern philosophy and history, and her descriptions of

modern warfare, must have been quite unintelligible to his hero; and they do not atone for this defect by their intrinsic novelty or animation.

Judging, therefore, of Mr. Barlow's design and execution by the criteria which he has himself selected, we are by no means inclined to congratulate him on his success. In our opinion, "the action" is unimportant; the "disposition of "the parts" inartificial; "the application of incidents" unhappy; the "moral tendency of the manners" pernicious; and the "intervention of machinery" inappropriate. It is time, therefore, to enquire how far these defects are counterbalanced by the propriety of the illustrations, the liveliness of the images, or the purity and elegance of the language.

His comparisons have neither the beauty of a simile, nor the clearness of an illustration. As Achilles fought with Hector, so does an American hero with an English bully; as the sands of the Scamander glided beneath the steps of the nimble-footed Grecian, so do the sands of the western ocean beneath the march of the British infantry; and as the Nile descends from his parent heaven, so descends the roaring Napo from the misty sky. It is evident that these comparisons do not ennoble; and it is still more evident that they cannot illustrate. When we are told, that the Rhine "rolls "on its course majestic" like the Danube, the comparison is not intelligible to those who have seen neither of those rivers: and the language of poetry ought to be universal.

His personifications are generally incorrect, and his metaphors confused. In the first of the following lines, sire Ocean is a venerable personage, and in the second, he seeks in vain the shore; but when he is described as moving up his bed, and "surging strong with high and hoary tide," he loses at once his metaphorical identity.

"Sire Ocean hears his proud Maragnon roar,
"Moves up his bed, and seeks in vain the shore;

"Then surging strong with high and hoary tide,
"Whelms back the stream, and checks his rolling pride:
"The stream ungovernable foams with ire,
"Climbs, combs tempestuous, and attacks the sire."
I. 407.

His attempts at philosophy are not distinguished by precision or ingenuity; he enunciates the most hacknied truisms with all the pomposity of an original discoverer, and degrades the most simple and important truths by the redundant inflation of his diction: the correctness of his positions is not, however, always in proportion to their vulgarity. He is a perfect master of the jargon of democracy; and his most shining passages are mere versifications of the senseless rhapsodies of the early Jacobins. The following sentiments are familiar to those who have read the proceedings of the London Corresponding Societies; but we doubt whether they have before been honoured with the appendages of rhyme and metre.

"Equality of rights is nature's plan,
"And following nature is the march of man;
"Whene'er he deviates in the least degree,
"When free himself he would be more than free,
"The graceless column, rear'd to bear his bust,
"Falls as he mounts, and whelms him in the dust."

This no doubt is very satisfactory to those who understand it. How nature could sketch a plan, which she is obliged to call in the aid of reason to explain, it might puzzle a philosopher to inform us; but, in this instance, as in all others, philosophy and jacobinism are at variance, and it is not the duty of a reviewer to unite them.

But, it is not our wish to implicate Mr. Barlow in the ignominy that is due to many of his predecessors. His intentions we believe to be uniformly good; and his absurdities are rather to be ascribed to the warmth of his enthusiasm, than to the iniquity of his motives.

It now only remains for us to inquire how far he deserves the praise of having "cloathed his sentiments in language whose "energy, harmony, and elegance shall constitute a style every "where suited to the subject he had to treat;" and as this is a point on which he seems to be secure of critical approbation, we shall examine it with particular minuteness.

The chief fault of Mr. Barlow's style is a cloudy indistinctness of expression, through the medium of which the images that he endeavours to convey to the imagination, are dimly and inaccurately definable. We can only collect a few faint traces of his meaning, as the traveller recognizes the outlines of a well known landscape, through the haziness of a fog, by previous acquaintance with the scenery before him.

Of this fault we shall present the reader with a few examples:

"From North to South what long blue swells arise!
"Built through the clouds and lost in ambient skies,
"Approaching slow they heave expanding bounds,
"The heaving concave bends sublimer rounds."—I. 259.

Here it is evident that Mr. Barlow wishes to describe the gradual expansion of the landscape as it approaches closer to the eye, and that by the sky "bending sublimer rounds!" he means the amplification of the arch of heaven as it recedes from the horizon; but it is only from previous acquaintance with the appearances of nature, or from a remembrance of similar descriptions in other poets, that we are able to form even an indistinct idea of the picture he intended to delineate. The uninitiated reader might exercise his ingenuity till his patience was exhausted, before he would discover that *convolving* is synonymous to *bending*, and *rounds* to *concavities*.

He is totally deficient in that intuitive perception of the lighter shades of synonomic gradation, which enables a poet to embody the untangible emanations of thought, and to give force and distinctness to the evanescent graces of metaphysical association. From many words agreeing in one general proximity of meaning, but distinguished from each other by those minu-

ter shades of difference, on which depends all felicity of expression; he seems to have no other principle of selection, than such as was dictated by the cadence of his verse. For example, in the ensuing quotation, he wishes to describe the grief of Columbus at beholding the deplorable consequences that result from his discoveries—*compassionate* would probably have been the proper epithet; but, compassionate would not glide into verse, and Mr. Barlow remembering that the tender were generally compassionate; either concludes, or finds it convenient to conclude, that the converse must be true. He therefore applies to the brave, the noble, and the generous Columbus, an epithet which an English writer would only have conferred on the love-sick heroine of a novel;—

> "While sorrows thus his patriarch pride control,
> "Hesper reproving, soothes his *tender* soul."—I. 375.

Again—

> "Her locks loose rolling mantle deep her breast,
> "And wave luxuriant round her tender waist."

We have heard of the rolling of the billows, and the rolling of a stone,—but who that has not read the Columbiad, has heard of the rolling of a lady's locks? Mr. Barlow knew, that the waves *rolled*, and the waves *flowed*,—and therefore supposed, that if HAIR *flowed*, IT must likewise *roll*. Even those who have joined in the chorus of—"Let us fill the mantling-bowl,"—will probably be startled at the mantling of a female's hair; and there is surely some difference between the constricted embrace of the *mantling* ivy, and the "luxuriant waving" of dishevelled ringlets.

The next great characteristic of his style, is an eternal and invincible monotony. This defect is principally occasioned by a perverse propensity towards the balancing of his epithets. The noun that is governed, is always accommodated with an attendant adjective to proclaim its equality with the noun that governs. If the one be splendid, orient, and divine, the other

must be glorious, occidental, and sublime. If the first two feet of a verse be big with the roar of "sounding waves," the fourth and fifth must glitter with the brilliance of "resplendent zones." From the first half of the line we can easily anticipate its conclusion; and the reader who is once accustomed to the dull uniformity of sing-song modulation, occasioned by this peculiarity of structure, proceeds to the continuation of his task in hopeless listlessness: neither exhilarated by the variation, nor captivated by the sweetness of his harmony.

The reader who has no inclination to refer to the poem itself, will be content with the following casual examples:—

"Where *annual floods* from *melting snows* descend."
III. 552.

"And *highland drains* with *lowland drench* repairs."
I. 442.

"And *rising suns* salute *superior fires*."—I. 356.

"Where *human frames* with *brutal souls* combine."
II. 354.

&c. &c. &c.

This monotony is still further increased by the almost uniform preclusion of the definite article, which by generalizing the epithet, and sometimes the substantive, of which it designates the quality, contributes so essentially to the elevation and the beauty of poetical language. For instance; having described a combat between the Indians and Peruvians, he proceeds to detail the particulars of the onset, and informs us, that—

"From GRIM CHIEFS is lopt the grizly head."—III. 600.

An European poet would have said,—"From THE grim chiefs;" and the superior elegance, as well as propriety of the mode of expression, it is almost needless to elucidate.

The languid insipidity of his verse is considerably aggravated by the *uniformity and incorrectness* of his rhymes. It happens, indeed, that those which recur most frequently,

the most inaccurate. Nothing can be more discreditable to a poet, or more fatiguing to the reader, than the continual repetition of couplets, in which the second line may be guessed from the ending of the first. It shews at once frigidity of thought, and barrenness of language, and deprives a writer of all claim to the vigour of genius, or the grace of art.

Of this defect, the examples are too numerous to be quoted. The following list we believe to be unrivalled in the annals of criticism, and it may enable our readers to form some idea of their grossness, and their frequency :—

1. " Hesper my name, my seat the brightest THRONE,
" In nights whole heaven, my rise the living *sun*."—I. 167.
2. " No hope remains, far onward o'er the *zone*,
" The trade-wind bears them, with the circling *sun*."
II. 163.
3. " Down the long tracts of time their glory *shone*,
" Broad as the day, and lasting as the *sun*."—II. 361.
4. " O'er the dark world his mind superior *shone*,
" And seem'd the semblance of his parent *sun*."—II. 479.
5. " Then shall he feign a journey to the *sun*,
" To bring the partner of his well-earn'd *throne*."—II. 559.
6. " Build with assisting hands the golden *throne*,
" And hail, and bless the sceptre of the *sun*."—II. 645.
7. " Reflect the glories of the parent *sun*,
" And shine the Capac of his future *throne*."—II. line the last.
8. " In high behest, for his own legate *known*,
" Proclaim the bounties of our sire the *sun*."—III. 97.
9. " Be wise, be mindful of thy realm and *throne*,
" God-speed thy labours, and preserve my *son*."—III. 129.
10. " Thou seest through heaven the day-dispensing *sun*,
" In living radiance wheel his golden *throne*."—III. 215.
11. " By mystic rights he'll vindicate his *throne*,
" And own thy servant for his duteous *son*."—III. 257.
12. " Gaze on the miracle, full credence *own*,
" And vow obedience to the sacred *sun*."—III. 289.
13. " Dark *vault* of heaven that *greet* his daily *throne*,
" Where flee the glories of your absent *sun*?"—III. 483.
14. " Behold him rising from his shadowy *throne*,
" To veil this heaven, and drive the conquered *sun*."
III. 655.

15. "And does the god obscure his golden *throne*,
"In mournful darkness for my slaughtered *son*?"—III. 693.

16. "All bow obedient to the Incas *throne*,
"And blest Oella hails her living *sun*."—III. line the last.

It will be observed, that all these intances, except one, (and the catalogue might have been considerably augmented,) are extracted from the second and third books. In the same manner *driven* rhymes with equal uniformity to *heaven*, and the concluding lines of the sixth and seventh books end with train and *plain*.

Barbarous and unauthorized words, as well as obscure and vulgar expressions, occur with lamentable frequency.

"In misty radiance *loom* a thousand isles."—I. 208.

"Wide over earth his annual *freshet* strays."—I. 441.

"O'erturn the *vast gulph glade* with rending sweep,
"And crash the crust that bilg'd the boiling deep."—I. 593.

"Receive, dread powers, since I can slay no more,
"My last glad victim, this *devoved* gore."—III. 85.

Qu.—*What kind of a victim is devoved gore?*

"All *gride* the dying, all deface the dead."—VIII.

"Breathe deadly strife, and sigh for battles *blare*."—II. 22.

"Threw the pine———
"*Shag* the green zone that bounds the boreal skies."
I. 759.

A writer who undertook a task so arduous as Mr. Barlow's, should not have betrayed such total ignorance of quantity as to make the *i* in platina long:—

"The pale platīna and the burning gold."—I. 807.

Nothing detracts more from the poetical effect of his narration, than the uncouthness of the names that he finds it necessary to introduce; and as his personages flit before our eyes without leaving any distinct impression of their characters; or exciting any sympathetic interest in their fate; the defect remains unpalliated in all the prominence of deformity.

In the Iliad, the catalogue of ships, and the repeated introduction of personages, who conduce neither to the progress of the fable, nor to the dignity of the action; may be easily defended. The narration is that of the poet in person: and his allusion to every name, and circumstance that can gratify the pride, or the patriotism of his countrymen, is judicious, and appropriate; but in the Columbiad, the whole of the story is detailed by an ideal personage, and its *principal* object to which all others are consequently subservient, is to soothe his despondency: it should therefore have been remembered, that all which does not conduce to that effect, is, whatever may be its independent beauties, superfluous, and for that reason reprehensible. But the passages to which we allude, are not only irrelevant to the intention of the poem, but positively bad. To be informed that "Morgan and Smallwood every shock sustained," or that "Blount, Gregory, and Williamson from hill to hill retired," must have afforded but little consolation to the unfortunate hero, thus secluded from light and liberty; with no other prospect before him than that of lingering out the remainder of his days in captivity and sorrow. Still less can it be supposed that insipidity and barbarism such as this, would add to the information, or the pleasure of even an American reader. A warrior is seldom mentioned in the Iliad without some epithet that designates the quality for which he is renowned, or the city of which he is the champion; but Mr. Barlow's adjectives are common to all his heroes—he seems to have no conception that a soldier, or a statesman, can have any peculiarities of character—they are all noble, great, or generous, as best suits the purposes of metre: they all fight bravely and are nobly slain.

"*Hardicanutus*————
Circumspexit; et Exit."---

That there are some passages which prove Mr. Barlow not to be deficient in learning, or ability, we are willing to con-

fess: but his happiest efforts neither please by their felicity, nor astonish by their brilliance. The stream of his verse is always muddy, or interrupted; it never glides along in tranquil clearness; nor "rushes impetuous down" in a torrent of unpremeditated melody. His lighter productions are without the simplicity of nature, or the elegance of art; and his loftier flights rather resemble the tiptoe flutterings of the ostrich, than the towering and adventurous soarings of the Mæonian eagle. If a correct ear and an intimate acquaintance with English literature, animated by an anxious desire for literary fame, and an enthusiastic attachment to the political institutions of his country, could atone for the higher qualities of taste and genius; Mr. Barlow might claim preeminence over all the poets who have preceded him. But deficient in their higher, and necessary qualities, the talents that he really possesses have been warped, and degraded by political prejudices and the disadvantages of local situation. Instead of filling a nich by the side of those great masters of heroic poety, whose excellencies he has vainly essayed to emulate, he now only stands distinguished as a melancholy monument of talents misapplied; and as a friendly beacon to those whom vanity, or ignorance might seduce to enter the irremeable paths of poetical ambition.

There is still extant the first book of a poem, intitled Beacon Hill, the production of Mrs. Percy Morton; which appears, as far as a judgment can be formed from so short a specimen, to be much superior to the Columbiad in every excellence of descriptive, or heroic poetry. "As many (she observes) of the great events that form the subject of the piece, originated within the view of that interesting eminence; the mind, by the natural association of ideas, will be easily led to contemplate every succeeding occurrence of the revolution." This plan is far superior to that of Mr. Barlow's, without being deficient in simplicity, or comprehensiveness; itprecludes the necessity of detailing unim-

portant incidents with chronological minuteness; and by confining her attention to those circumstances alone, which forwarded or retarded the great object of the action, *(the restoration of American independence,)* it enables her to give to every event its relative situation, and to every character, its relative importance. Of the two most celebrated warriors who were engaged in the contest, we are only told by Mr. Barlow, that "Moultrie led his banded powers," (V. 625) and that Lee, with

"Jackson, Hampton, Pinckney, matcht in might,
"Roll'd on the storm, and hurried fast the flight."
VII. 377.

The following passages, on the contrary, at once excite our sympathy, and gratify our curiosity.

"From glebes, by nature rich, by culture fair,
"Crown'd with thy name, majestic *Delaware*,
"Lee, fiery champion of the people's right,
"Invites the war, and seeks the coming fight,
"Disdaining fear, impatient of control,
"Pride in his port, and passion in his soul.
"From *Albion's* clime he drew his earliest breath,
"And Prussia's field had felt his deeds of death:
"Now, in his wane of years, neglected fame
"Is all the boon his glorious actions claim;
"Stung by revenge, beneath Columbian skies,
"He seeks that hope his native realm denies;
"First of a valiant band, in war's array,
"To Freedom's Chief directs his furious way."

"Child of the sun, proud Carolina, rise!*
"And say, what chief thy haughty land supplies;
"Canst thou contend for freedom, while yon vale
"Pours its deep sorrows on the sultry gale!
"Thus rise, with patriot heart supremely brave,
"Nor heed the scourge that breaks thy shackled slave?
"What boots the fleecy field, and ricy mead,
"If, 'mid their bloom, the culturing captive bleed!

* Moultrie.

" Or what avails, that many a sumptuous dome
" To every traveller yields a generous home,
" If the rich banquet, and the costly cheer
" Are fann'd by sighs, and moisten'd with a tear!"

The conclusion of a poem is the best calculated for the display of a writer's powers; and the most likely to excite his emulation. We shall therefore extract the recapitulatory passages of both these poems, and shall leave the reader to decide on their relative excellence.

" Here then, said Hesper with a blissful smile,
" Behold the fruits of thy long years of toil,
" To yon bright borders of Atlantic day,
" Thy swelling pinions led the trackless way,
" And taught mankind such useful deeds to dare,
" To trace new seas, and happy nations rear;
" Till by fraternal hands their vales unfurl'd,
" Have wav'd at last in union o'er the world.
" Then let thy steadfast soul no more complain,
" Of dangers braved, and griefs endured in vain,
" Of courts insidious envy's poisoned stings,
" The loss of empire, and the frowns of kings;
" While these broad views thy better thoughts compose
" To shun the malice of insulting foes,
" And all the joys descending ages gain,
" Repay thy labours, and remove thy pain."

The conclusion of the Columbiad.

" Thus sung the minstrel, by the theme inspir'd,
With truth, with freedom, with ambition fir'd;
What though her brow no laurel wreath displays,
To lure attention by the power of praise;
Though the cold clime subdue the Muse's flame,
And colder bosoms blast the hope of fame,
Some bard, more blest, may the high strain prolong,
Till free Columbia feel the sway of song;
Till, as the streams of epic music roll,
Past scenes of glory fill the patriot's soul;
The torpid heart of dull indifference charm,
To pity waken, and to virtue warm;
Of deathless deeds the measured meed proclaim
And round the hero's twine the poet's name,
Who, with prophetic voice, and votive lyre,
Breathes what the muses, and the god inspire.

In this bright hour, when opening truth appears,
And o'er the mind her starry sceptre rears,
When warring empires own her powerful sway,
And rend the fetters of their youth away,
Thou, pure instructress of the searching thought,
Whose chastening ray the wanton nations caught,
Thou, blest Columbia, shalt, with cloudless fame,
Spread the mild lustre of thy temperate flame,
And still abhorrent from the blast retire,
That wraps the realms in extirpating fire;
While from its rage insulted freedom flies,
And on thy virtues rests her wearied eyes;
A patriot muse the mystic mandate bears,
That wills the triumph of her future years.
When, led by thee, she wings her rapid flight,
And through the dark earth sheds her mental light,
From the hard bosom of the ice-clad seas,
To the hot forehead of the austral breeze;
From where the morning wakes her infant beam,
And golden Ganges slopes his amber stream,
To where the West a crimson robe extends,
And o'er La Plata's spreading mirror bends;
Till the full ray of EQUAL FREEDOM shine,
And, like the sun, this genial globe entwine."

Conclusion of Beacon-Hill.

We think that none of our readers will hesitate to ascribe the superiority to the last of these extracts in delicacy of language, harmony of verse, and energy of thought. That want of synonomic precision however for which we have condemned Mr. Barlow, is observable in the concluding line. A globe may be *encircled*, but cannot be *entwined*.

Yet though we are willing to allow Mrs. Morton considerable praise: though she displays a *tournure* of expression, that would do credit to the compositions of an English lady; and an enthusiasm which proves at once her patriotism, and sensibility, we would not encourage her to persevere in her arduous undertaking. She is an eloquent versifier, and not a poetess. To say that she is the best manufacturer of heroic rhyme that America has produced, is a praise of which the insignificance can only be counterbalanced by the extent of its

probable duration; and her talents and acquirements appear to be such as, if they were directed to the humble walks of prosaic composition, would enable her to establish a reputation, of which the splendour would be equal to the permanence.

OBSERVATIONS ON THE HISTORICAL WORK OF THE LATE RIGHT HONOURABLE CHARLES JAMES FOX: BY THE RIGHT HONOURABLE GEORGE ROSE. WITH A NARRATIVE OF THE EVENTS WHICH OCCURRED IN THE ENTERPRIZE OF THE EARL OF ARGYLE IN 1685: BY SIR PATRICK HUME.

It has been frequently remarked, that while in the seventeenth century, the nobility of this country stood high in literary fame, and literature enrolled among her votaries, with many other illustrious names, a Shaftesbury, a Roscommon, and two dukes of Buckingham; since the accession of the house of Hanover, few persons of high rank have attained much eminence in science. In the work before us, however, we meet a compound of aristocratical literature; a right honourable critic on a right honourable historian. Yet it is not from this circumstance, that the Reviewer feels a peculiar delicacy in giving to the public his opinions of this work; but from the necessity he must be under, while he is examining the character of the observations, to advert frequently to that of the historical work on which they are made; a task peculiarly difficult from the high and acknowledged talents of the gentleman who has already reviewed the Historian in the former numbers of the London Review. This difficulty, however, will be obviated as much as possible, by strictly confining these remarks to those parts only of the history which have fallen under the animadversion of Mr. Rose.

It may perhaps be justly questioned, whether the historian of any period however remote, or any country however distant, ever has written with strict impartiality. The senate, the people, Cæsar and Pompey, have still their partisans among the modern historians of ancient Rome, and a gentleman equally excellent in profound learning, and accurate and impartial investigation, who is now employed in the history of ancient Greece, has stripped off the false honours in which Plutarch, and almost all subsequent writers, had dressed the characters of Dion, of Timoleon, and of Demosthenes. To advert to the early part of our own annals, some, (indeed the majority of writers,) represent William the First as a bloody and tyrannical invader, and Harold as a rightful sovereign, falling in the defence of his crown and his people; while others consider William as called upon by that people, and the dying voice of the last king of the Saxon dynasty, to deliver the country from a Danish usurper, who had waded to the throne through the blood of those who had a legal claim to the possession of it.

If such is the case with regard to events in which we are so little interested, how much stronger must our partiality be with regard to those which strongly influence the political opinions of the present day? In fact, every history of England from the accession of the house of Stuart, to the present day, has more the appearance of the pamphlet of a party, than the work of an impartial historian: and least of all, could impartiality be expected in the historical work of a person so deeply engaged in political contest as Mr. Fox, whose ardour of mind, which made him so formidable a champion in public debate, was adverse to a calm and unbiassed investigation of the real actions and principles of mankind.*

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* For, to use the words of Mr. Rose, "a man accustomed to debate, is too often apt to argue more for victory than conviction.—

A feeling of this fact, Mr. Rose tells us in the introduction to his observations, was his first inducement to write them.

"The particular interest (he says) which I feel in the story and "character of this illustrious ancestor of my early friend (Sir "Patrick Hume) led me first to examine attentively the narrative "of Mr. Fox, the authority by which it is supported, and the re- "flection with which he accompanied it; and on the attentive "perusal which from this motive I was induced to bestow on it, I "perceived, or thought I perceived, an [*a*] uniform leading cause "of partiality, both in the narrative and the reflections, a certain "political bias seemed to me to pervade the whole, a bias so strong "and so marked, that it might seem doubtful whether the history "was not written to support the system, rather than the system "adopted from the consideration of the history."

Of the truth of this remark, and especially of the concluding sentence, it is impossible for any one who reads the history without partiality, to have the smallest doubt; and indeed some of Mr. Fox's warmest friends among the Reviewers, make this identical circumstance a source of panegyric. In one instance however, which will be noticed as we proceed in our examination of the work, it is peculiarly striking.

Mr. Rose, immediately after these observations, quotes, as what he thinks an instance of this "bent of Mr. Fox's mind," a mistranslation of one of Barillon's letters.

The words of the letter are, speaking of the constitution to be given to the Anglo-American colonies, "Ils (the Tory "Ministers) soutinrent, que sa Majesté Britannique pouvoit "et devoit gouverner des pays si éloignés de l'Angleterre "en la manière qui lui paroîtroit le plus convenable pour "maintenir *le pays* en l'état auquel il est; et pour en aug- "menter encore la force & la richesse." This Mr. Fox translates, "They maintained that his Majesty could and ought "to govern countries so distant, in the manner that should

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He has been accustomed to contend and to dispute, rather than to discuss and to deliberate, and will much more easily form or refute arguments, than set up or weigh opinions."

"seem to him most suitable for preserving or augmenting the "strength and riches of the *mother country*." The substitution of *mother country*, for the repetition of *le pays*, is obviously a gross error in the translation; but as Mr. Rose has the candour to acknowledge, that it was "certainly without intention," it does not seems quite so obvious how this is an instance "of the bent of Mr. Fox's mind," or indeed that there is any great difference in effect, between the two passages, since the ultimate object of increasing the force and the riches of the colonies, must have been to increase those of the mother; for surely no minister, whether Whig or Tory, had it then in contemplation to establish an independent, and occasionally, an inimical empire.

The monstrous paradox of Mr. Fox, that "the execution "of Charles I. was a far less violent measure than that of "Lord Strafford," we should say is ably confuted by Mr. Rose, did it not confute itself. Indeed what Mr. Fox says in defence of that atrocious deed, is more like the silly rant of a seditious demagogue at the Crown and Anchor, than the serious opinion of a great statesman, analysing in his closet the constitutional history of his country. After asserting that the publicity of the death of the king, abates our horror at the atrocity of the act, Mr. Fox proceeds thus: "It is a doubt "whether this singular proceeding has not, as much as any "other circumstance, served to raise the character of the "English nation in Europe in general;" adding, that "he who "has read, and still more he who has heard in conversation, "discussions on this subject, by foreigners, must have per-"ceived that even in the minds of those who condemn the "act, the impression made by it, has been far more that "of respect and admiration, than that of horror and dis-"gust."

It is true the idea of a great and injured people, bringing their oppressor, however dignified his station, to a public trial, and after a solemn and impartial investigation, justly

condemning and punishing him, is "splendid and magnanimous:" but was it the case in this instance? That Mr. Fox himself did not think so, appears from another passage of his work, quoted by Mr. Rose:

> "The execution of the king, as well as [of] others, are not to be "considered as acts of the parliament, but of Cromwell; and great "and respectable as are the names of some who sat in the high "court, they must be regarded in this instance, rather as the minis-"ters of that usurper, than as acting from themselves."

Voltaire, a person by no means impressed with a strong veneration for kings, saw the transaction in very different light from those foreigners with whom Mr. Fox conversed. He compares this event, of which he says the English are so proud, to a set of banditti, who, before they robbed or murdered a traveller that had fallen into their hands, should outrage his feelings by the form of a mock trial. Mr. Rose convincingly proves that the trial of the unfortunate Lewis XVI. was in every respect a more solemn and national proceeding than that of his ancestor, Charles I. "And yet (he observes,) it will "hardly be said that Englishmen generally have considered "that act, as exalting the character of the French nation."

The gross abuse with which Mr. Fox has loaded the memory of General Monk, is entirely rebutted by Mr. Rose. For the Reviewer's opinion of such abuse, and of the motives from which it originates, the reader is referred to the review of Mr. Scott's edition of Dryden, in the first number of this journal.

Mr. Rose then proceeds to examine the position of Mr. Fox, that "the reign of Charles II. was the æra of good laws and bad government," and that "the year 1679 was the period at which our constitution had arrived at its greatest theoretical perfection;" producing as instances, "the abolition of the Court of Wards; the repeal of the writ *de hæretico comburendo;* the Triennial Parliament bill; the establishment of the right of the house of commons, in regard to Impeach-

" ment; the expuncture of the Licence Act; and above all, " the glorious statute of Habeas Corpus."

Of the benefit derived to the people from these acts, or of their originating in this reign, Mr. Rose expresses his doubts: surely they had not much reason to rejoice in the abolition of the Court of Wards, which could only affect the great landholders, when the Excise was established as an equivalent for it. The writ *de hæretico comburendo* had been a dead letter for more than a century. The Triennial Parliament bill was passed, 6 Will. & Mar. c. 2.; and what Mr. Fox has chosen to dignify here with that name, was merely to enact that a parliament should be held once in three years, but not to limit its duration. The right of the commons to impeachment had been frequently exercised previously to this time; and the right of the king to pardon in such cases, which rendered impeachment nugatory, was not taken away by an act of the legislature till after the Revolution. The Licensing Act was merely a temporary law, enacted, for the first time, in this reign, for two years only; and the foundation of the Habeas Corpus act was laid by the 16 Car. I. c. 10. §. 8.

This is the sum of Mr. Rose's objection to Mr. Fox's opinion of the perfection of our constitution during the reign of Charles II. But as to the writ *de hæretico comburendo*, though it had been laid aside for more than a century, it was very little more than a century; for the death of Queen Mary happened exactly 102 years before the Restoration: and considering the free use Queen Mary made of this writ, it certainly was of some consequence to prevent its revival. In speaking of the Triennial and Septennial bills, Mr. Rose is strangely loose in his definitions: his words are, " After the Revolution, an act " was passed to prevent the discontinuance of parliaments " for more than three years; which term was extended in the " reign of George I. to seven years." Here the Triennial bill of William and Mary is confounded with that of Charles II.; and the Septennial bill, instead of extending the

duration of parliaments, is said to extend the time for which they may be discontinued; and though the Habeas Corpus act received its foundation in the preceding reign, yet as Mr. Rose admits that it was greatly extended and *made effectual* in 1679, surely the essential establishment of it may fairly be ascribed to that æra.

Mr. Rose reprobates with just indignation, the disgraceful and infamous negotiations of Charles II. and his ministers with Lewis XIV.; and his preferring to become a pensioner of France to receiving ample supplies from the English parliament, so ample, that even a profest royalist, Lord Lucas, who was made a peer at the Restoration, protested against them in very strong language; and this at the identical time when the secret treaty with Lewis was going on: his words were, as cited by Mr. Rose—

"The Scripture tells us that God Almighty sets bounds unto "the ocean, and says unto it, Thus far shall thy proud waves "come, and no further: and so I hope your Lordships, in imi- "tation of the Divinity, will set some bounds, some limits, to this "over-liberal humour of the Commons, and say to them, Hither "shall your profuseness come, and no further."

Who, after this, can read with patience this extract of a letter from Colbert to Monsieur de Lyonne? "He (King "Charles) told me, he found himself, as it were, the only "person in his kingdom who had inclinations for France; "that all his subjects were more in favour of Spain, and he "had, therefore, many measures to keep;" or the assertion of Barillon to his master, that "he (the king) liked better to "depend on your Majesty than his people."

Every friend of constitutional liberty will feel himself highly obliged for the (to us) convincing arguments, by which Mr. Rose has vindicated the memory of Russel and Sydney, from the charge of being bribed by France. Especially as Mr. Fox, who found so much in Barillon's testimony to support a position he wished to maintain, rather than invalidate that testimony, entirely overlooked it.

The supposition that Barillon might apply part of the money trusted to him, to his own use, is very plausible, were it unsupported by any exterior evidence; but that he was suspected of such a practice at the time, is apparent, from a passage cited by Mr. Rose from one of Madame de Sevigné's letters, where, mentioning Barillon, she writes, "Son emploi est admirable cette année, il mangera cinquante mille francs; *mais il sait bien ou les prendre.*" And Lord Russel, and Sydney, were of all men those whom he could best excuse himself for not producing vouchers, from which, most probably, neither Charles nor his profligate ministers would have had any hesitation in giving; but which certainly they would have scrupled to give, were it possible for a moment to suppose them capable of such a transaction.

But the third section of Mr. Rose's work is by far the most interesting part of it, as it completely invalidates the position of Mr. Fox, that the re-establishment of the Roman-Catholic religion was not the primary object of James II. The investigation of this seems to be of more consequence, than any of those who have examined the book, not excepting even Mr. Rose, seem to be aware. But on the first perusal of the work, we were immediately struck with the idea, (and which a more attentive consideration of it has only tended to confirm,) that the establishing this position, was the principal, if not the sole object of the publication.

When we consider how much Mr. Fox, and the friends with whom he acted, interested themselves in favour of the Roman-Catholics, and reflect how very opposite such a conduct would be to the general prejudices of those who strongly adopted Whig principles; since the establishment of the religion of Rome was always looked on as equivalent with the establishment of arbitrary power, and popery and slavery were always united in the language of the multitude; nothing could be more natural than for him to wish to separate them, and to shew, that, contrary to the generally received opinion,

it was not the re-establishment of the church of Rome, but the introduction of arbitrary government, which was almost the sole object of James's designs.

This, Mr. Rose has completely refuted; and indeed the fallacy of the hypothesis is so obvious, that it could not have escaped the penetrating eye of Mr. Fox, had he not looked at the object through the medium of prejudice. But the desire of making others believe what we do not believe ourselves, is a strong feature of the human mind; neither is the imputation any disgrace to the moral character of Mr. Fox, as it is shared in common by every orator that ever spoke in the houses of parliament, or pleaded in the courts of judicature, and by every person that ever defended a favourite hypothesis in common conversation.

There can hardly be a stronger proof of the almost frenetic desire of James to introduce the Roman-Catholic religion, than the embassy he sent to Rome; which was received even with disgust by the Pope himself: for, to use the words of Mr. Rose—

"In addition to the violation of the law, and to the outrage "thereby occasioned to the opinion and feelings of his subjects, "he could not be ignorant that he incurred a serious risk of giving "offence to Lewis, on whose support he chiefly depended for the "establishment of his power; who was, at that time, on such "terms with the Pope, as led very soon after to an open breach, "by an appeal, on the part of the French monarch, from the pro-"ceedings of his Holiness to a general council."

There is, however, a yet stronger proof, and that brought forward by Mr. Fox himself,* where he notices the great favour the Episcopalians were in with James, at the beginning of his reign; and how ready they were at all times to second his views on the liberties and rights of his subjects, in a way beyond what had ever occurred before to any tyrant on earth, by preaching from the pulpit, as the express com-

* See his historical work, p. 124.

mand of Heaven, a blind submission to his will, which it was sacrilege and blasphemy to resist, or even to question. Certain of such assistance from the church of England, what but the most stupid bigotry to the church of Rome, could induce him to wantonly insult the former, by his violent proceedings with regard to Oxford and Cambridge; shewing almost to a mathematical conviction, that though the general exercise of arbitrary power was the dearest wish of the heart of James, he had no part of the exercise of it so much at heart, as the power it would give him of restoring the Roman-Catholic religion in his dominions?

We shall make a few short abstracts from the conclusion of the observations, where the author states some of the reasons which induced him to undertake the work. His first object was to vindicate the character of Sir Patrick Hume; an object, which though interesting to the feelings of Mr. Rose, would be very little so to the general reader; but he adds, that "in the course of the investigation which that object "had prompted, one of a more public and general kind "occurred, which the author, as a friend of the British con-"stitution, became equally anxious to attain."

Mr. Rose then observes, that—

"There have been times when the blindness and bigotry of "party writings, ran counter to the most just and noblest pri-"vileges of the people; to the clearest and most undoubted prin-"ciples of rational freedom: but these, if now remembered at all, "are only remembered with the contempt they deserve. But "doctrines in the opposite extreme are not less dangerous to "public order, or to public welfare; doctrines which would de-"grade and vilify in the minds of the people, that monarchy "whose limited powers are essential to their safety, and, in truth, "to their independence."

Mr. Rose notices the favourable way in which Mr. Fox speaks of the usurpation of Cromwell—"Over which (he says) he has incidently thrown that sort of veil, which "speaking of its energy, and not of its injustice, naturally "interposes between that injustice and our feelings;" and

again adverts to the assigning to James the sole motive of a passion for arbitrary sway, without taking into consideration that bigotry to his religion, which over-ruled in that infatuated monarch, every other desire of power, or consideration of safety. Of the latter of these remarks, the REVIEWER has already spoken at large; but the general popularity of Cromwell among those writers who are most jealous of the royal prerogative, has always appeared a matter of wonder; since he used those means, which were entrusted to him to restrain the excess of that prerogative, to establish in its place an unlimited despotism in his own person.

With regard to the execution of this work, the reader will be, in great measure, enabled to judge, by the extracts which have been given, where he will certainly not find much to praise in the arrangement of the periods, or the accuracy of the construction; but we think the excellence of matter will induce him to overlook any little defect in the manner.

Mr. Rose, we presume, does not pride himself on being a very accurate critic of Aristotle; but when he says, alluding to that philosopher's celebrated definition of tragedy, "that "it is said to purify the passions by exhibiting their fatal "effects," he adopts a very ingenious hypothesis of Dr. James Moor of Glasgow; but which is entirely in opposition to the obvious opinion of Aristotle.

In the concluding paragraph of the observations, the author says, "he speaks *impersonally*, and he hopes it will be allowed justly." Though not noticed among the errata, there can be little doubt of *impersonally* being an error of the press for *impartially*.

PHARMACOPŒIA COLLEGII REGALIS MEDICORUM LONDINENSIS. MDCCCIX. *London.* 4*to*, *pp.* 237, 1*l.* 4*s.*; 12*mo*, *pp.* 216, 4*s.* *Longman.*

THE PHARMACOPŒIA OF THE ROYAL COLLEGE OF PHYSICIANS OF LONDON. 1809. TRANSLATED INTO ENGLISH, WITH NOTES; BY RICHARD POWELL, M.D. FELLOW OF THE COLLEGE, PHYSICIAN TO ST. BARTHOLOMEW'S AND THE MAGDALEN HOSPITALS. *London*, 1809. 8*vo*, *pp.* 518; *one plate.* 10*s.* 6*d.* *Longman.*

In a country which is distinguished by the universal concession of as much individual liberty as is consistent with the general safety, and in which all monopolies are discouraged, as tending to circumscribe the advantages of a fair competition; it might be questioned, whether it is necessary to lay any restraint on the unlimited disposal of that knowledge and skill, which has been, or is supposed to have been honourably purchased by study and experience: and, taken generally and abstractedly, it is probable that this question might be in speculation, as it usually has been in practice, decided in the negative. It requires, however, but very little consideration of the nature of the evidence, on which the celebrity of a practitioner of physic is founded, to be convinced, that it must be highly desirable to establish some more adequate criterion of his merit, than the vague and fallacious standard of bold profession or casual success. Hence, in all civilised countries, has arisen the custom of affording a public sanction to a regular education, by the grant of an academical diploma: and further testimonials have been required, in particular places, for conferring still higher distinctions on those, who wish to acquire a superior right to some peculiar local privileges. It is much to be regretted, that any of these tests should ever be rendered completely nugatory: and where the

abuse is open and avowed, it really appears to be incumbent on that government, from which all authority flows, to apply the most obvious remedy. A very moderate annuity, paid to each of the lesser Scotch universities, would probably be a sufficient compensation, to induce them cheerfully to give up their right of conferring degrees on absentees, or on unqualified residents: and surely any reasonable sum would be most willingly allowed by the public of Great Britain, for a purpose in any manner connected with the general health, or with the honour of its guardians. A diploma, granted with proper restrictions, ought perhaps to be a sufficient authority for general practice: but a metropolis, in which the power of doing good and of doing harm is particularly extended, has a right to be distinguished by the exaction of some further tests of competency. Hence, additional examinations are very properly required: and, for the general regulation of the affairs of the profession, a society is formed, which is principally, although not to the absolute exclusion of others, to consist of those who have graduated at one of the domestic universities. In this selection, there is nothing contrary either to the general principles of modified liberality, which pervade the constitution of this country, or to the established usages of other nations, in some of which the restrictions are still more positive and severe. The great mass of the profession is employed in applying to practice what has been learned from past experience: the particular objects of a college of physicians ought to be, to extend the bounds of medical knowledge in all its departments, and to support the dignity of the science and the general respectability of its professors; besides exercising a salutary control over the proceedings of medical practitioners in general. The conditions of admissibility into such a college ought to be very strictly defined, and punctually observed: no qualifications, as ascertainable by examination only, can ever be sufficient to insure the exclusion of all improper persons; an education at an English university is

reasonably to be expected, from one who is to stand in the first rank of his profession, in the capital of England: and such an education, when taken together with the studies necessary for undergoing the established examinations, has the peculiar advantage of requiring, that at least three or four years should have been devoted to those subordinate pursuits, which fortify, at the same time that they polish the mind, and which are as important to the cultivation of science as to the holding an elevated station in general society.

Such is the origin, and such the description of the body, which, in its corporate capacity, has lately made public the work which is now to be examined. Its individual members have been varied in a remarkable degree, since the publication of the former edition in 1787. Of the forty-two fellows then on the list, eleven only are surviving; and to these, forty-eight more have been added, besides four candidates. Of eighty-seven licentiates, fifty-two have died; and one hundred and seventeen new licentiates have been received. The licentiates in midwifery were eight, and are now reduced to five, without the addition of any other names. Why licentiates in midwifery are not now admitted by the College of Physicians, the public has not been informed: there can be no doubt that the College is, or ought to be, competent to ascertain their merits; but there are probably some good reasons, for wishing that the practice of midwifery should in London, as well as in the country, be rather associated with the office of a surgeon than with the character of a physician. The extralicentiates, instead of twenty-nine, are become thirty-six, or rather thirty-five, the first on the list having been dead for some time. Thus, in the space of twenty-two years, the whole number of practitioners, authorised by the College, has been increased from 158 to 255. For so great an augmentation, it is not easy to assign a reason perfectly satisfactory: probably the late enlargement of our military establishments has contributed as much to occasion it, as the progress of opulence and luxury,

which has thrown into every learned profession many individuals, who, in times of greater penury, would have been devoted to more mechanical, but less precarious employments.

Of a further revision of the Pharmacopœia, and of the more or less literal adoption of a language now become familiar to chemists, the Colleges of Edinburgh and of Dublin, especially the former, had not long ago set the example. With a laudable alacrity in eagerly watching for all the information to be obtained from our neighbours on the continent, the members of these colleges have perhaps united a deference, somewhat too implicit, to their authority; and their publications bear, both in their form and in their substance, a little too much the appearance of preferring the dogmas of theory, which are often too hasty and general, to the more safe, though less brilliant inductions from individual experience, in the particular cases to be determined. The College of London has been somewhat more temperate in both these respects: but it is not impossible, that a little more reluctance in making alterations might have been at least justifiable. Notwithstanding the late wonderful improvements in chemical science, there is scarcely a single instance, in which any one of the refined discoveries, made since the publication of the last Pharmacopœia, is in the remotest degree applicable to practical pharmacy.

In the new edition, the whole order and arrangement of the work is considerably altered and improved. It is difficult to say what method was proposed to be followed in the former edition: that of the present is well adapted to a chemical and pharmaceutical view of all the processes. The first chapter relates to weights and measures, the second to the materia medica: then follow the preparations in order: acids, alkalis, and alkaline salts, earths and earthy salts, sulfureous substances, metals and metallic salts. Most of these articles are substances comparatively simple, and as such more immediately belonging to chemistry: they are also principally derived from the

mineral kingdom. Then follow vegetables, their oils, essences, waters, decoctions, infusions, mucilages, and extracts: next, the more compound aqueous mixtures, spirits, tinctures, ethereal preparations, wines, vinegars, honeys, and syrups: confections, powders, and pills, conclude this division. Animal substances are next; and, as connected with these, plasters, cerates, ointments, and liniments. The cataplasms, which are the last articles, might perhaps more properly have followed the other vegetable substances: perhaps also, the sulfurs should have been placed after the metallic salts; for they have no natural right to separate these from the earthy salts: and the decoctions might also have stood between the infusions and the mucilages.

The weights remain as before: the measures have been materially altered in their denominations and subdivisions. It has long been an irregularity, inconsistent with all just rules of scientific nomenclature, that two things, so distinct from each other as a pound and a pint, should in Latin be expressed by the same term; and that a similar ambiguity should be extended to the ounce and the drachm. The pint, or the eighth part of a gallon, has now been very properly termed octarius: the ounce measure of a liquid has been called fluiduncia, and the drachm fluidrachma; words neither strikingly classical, nor so inelegant, as to be offensive, and which may, with equal propriety, be translated fluidounce and fluidrachm. The fluidrachm has been divided into sixty minima, or minims, nearly corresponding to the usual magnitude of drops of water; with an intimation, that the measurement of minims is intended wholly to supersede the custom of estimating small quantities of liquids by dropping them; and it is observed, that about twice as many drops of any tincture, as of water, are required for filling a given measure. It must be confessed, that the term *minimum* indicates a great poverty of invention: the same word was once used in music, to express the shortest note that was employed; but from the change of style, and of the mode of writing, this same note is now become

one of the longest. At present, if the wishes of the College be adopted, we shall have not unfrequently, even at the outset, to prescribe half a minim of a tincture to be taken at once. If there were any objections to *fluigranum*, it would have been easy to have appropriated some other term, such as *stilla*, or *stiria*, to a measured drop or grain; "*stilla stat, gutta cadit:*" had we employed a Roman grammarian to coin us a word, he could scarcely have furnished one more descriptive.

A minim, as directed by the College, may easily be measured by means of a graduated tube, open at both ends, although scarcely with less chance of error, than two drops can be correctly identified: if, however, great accuracy were necessary, it might easily be obtained by diluting ten minims, and then subdividing them. At any rate, the employment of the term minim will supersede the chance of error arising from the arbitrary introduction of drop measures, which is at present very considerable. If a physician orders thirty drops of laudanum, an apothecary's assistant may think he is doing a meritorious action in measuring very accurately half a drachm, and the patient will thus swallow sixty or seventy drops instead of thirty; an accident which could not happen if fifteen minims were directed.

The catalogue of the Materia Medica is enriched with a variety of new articles, most of which are of acknowledged utility, and many are so universally adopted in practice, that apothecaries in general have already found it necessary to be provided with them. The principal are—arsenici oxydum; belladonnæ folia; cajuputi oleum; cerevisiæ fermentum; cinchonæ cordifoliæ cortex, the yellow bark; cinchonæ oblongifoliæ cortex, the red bark; cuspariæ cortex, the angustura; dolichi pubes; dulcamaræ caules; euphorbiæ resina; fucus; humuli strobili; hyoscyami folia et semen; lichen; linum catharticum; porri radix; salicis cortex; tabaci folia; and toxicodendri folia. The references to synonyms of the plants producing the different substances have, in

many instances, been corrected and completed. The gum arabic is now named acaciæ gummi, as produced by the acacia vera of Willdenow: the aloë socotorina and Barbadensis are called respectively aloës spicatæ and vulgaris extractum, and referred to plants which are to be described in the Flora Græca. Ammoniacum is attributed, after Willdenow, to the Heracleum gummiferum, which this celebrated botanist raised from seeds found with the gum. Canella is referred to the canella alba; cardamomum to a plant named by Dr. Maton elettaria cardamomum; caryophylli to the eugenia caryophyllata; cascarilla to the croton cascarilla; catechu, like gum arabic, to an acacia instead of a mimosa; centaurium to the chironia; cinchona, now called lancifolia, to the plant so named by Mutis and Zea; filix to aspidium; jalapa to convolvulus jalapa; ipecacuanha to callicocca ipecacuanha; manna to fraxinus ornus; quassia to quassia excelsa; quercus to quercus pedunculata; damask rose to rosa centifolia, of which it bears the name; saccharum to saccharum officinale; terebinthina vulgaris to pinus sylvestris; terebinthina canadensis, a new article, to pinus balsamea; tormentilla to tormentilla officinalis; tragacantha, after Olivier, to astragalus verus; and zingiber to zingiber officinale. The insect cantharis is called lytta, being the lytta vesicatoria of Fabricius. Many of these species are the same which were formerly described under different names: others have been more lately ascertained. The articles, which are still obtained from unknown sources, are only four—calumba, kino, myrrh, and sagapenum.

The omissions of substances contained in the former catalogue are scarcely less numerous, than the insertions of new articles: the greater part of these omissions will, in all probability, be generally approved; some of the most questionable are the arnica, carduus benedictus, cinara, ginseng, ichthyocolla, iris, juglans, ladanum, ribes, rubus idæus, and urtica. The testimonies in favour of any of these would perhaps scarcely be sufficient to command the admission of an unknown

substance: but it may be doubted whether the evidence against them can be considered as strong enough to make their rejection a matter of absolute propriety.

In both the Latin editions, as well as in the translation, we find "opoponax" and cervus "elaphas," instead of opopanax, and elaphus. Opopanax, being a word, *quod versu dicere non est*, has been as unfortunate in its quantity as in its orthography,—a poetaster of the iron age having concluded a very sonorous line with—"opopānaca pompholygemque."

The additions which have been made to the preparations and compositions, and the alterations in some of the formulæ which are retained, are so numerous and important, as to deserve a brief examination in detail, and an insertion of some specimens of the improved processes.

ACIDUM CITRICUM. This is prepared by decomposing the citrate of lime, and frequently crystallizing and redissolving the acid obtained. Its great utility to seafaring persons is universally admitted; and it is manufactured on a large scale by a well known chemist in London.

ACIDUM SULPHURICUM DILUTUM. This dilute acid is now made one-third stronger than before; and the acidity of the infusum rosæ is increased in the same proportion. It is not easy to discover the advantage of such a change, except for exercising the memory and attention of the practitioner.

POTASSÆ SUPERSULPHAS. Crystallized at once from the residue, left after the distillation of the nitric acid. It contains, as Dr. Wollaston has ascertained, exactly twice as much sulfuric acid as the neutral salt, and may often afford a convenient form for administring that acid.

POTASSÆ CARBONAS.—SODÆ CARBONAS. Crystallized from a mixture of the subcarbonates with ammonia in its common form; the ammonia being driven off by a gentle heat.

CRETA PRÆPARATA. Insoluble powders, which were formerly to be prepared by levigation only, are now directed to be elutriated.

PRÆPARATA EX ANTIMONIO. Most of the preparations of antimony are considerably varied: the whole section, which relates to them, will afford us an interesting specimen of the work. It is thus exhibited in Dr. Powell's translation:—

"OXYDUM ANTIMONII—OXYD OF ANTIMONY.

"Take of Sulphuret of antimony, powdered, two ounces.
" ..... Muriatic acid, eleven fluidounces.
" ..... Nitric acid, one fluidounce.

"The acids being mixed together in a glass vessel, add the antimony gradually thereto, and digest them in a boiling heat for an hour; then strain the solution, and pour it into a gallon of water, in which two ounces of subcarbonate of potash have been previously dissolved: wash the precipitated powder by repeated affusions of water, until all the acid is washed away; then dry it upon bibulous paper.

"ANTIMONII SULPHURETUM PRÆCIPITATUM—PRECIPITATED SULPHURET OF ANTIMONY.

"Take of Sulphuret of antimony, in powder, two pounds.
" ..... Solution of potash, four pints.
" ..... Distilled water, three pints.

"Mix and boil the mixture over a gentle fire for three hours, stirring it well, and occasionally adding distilled water, so that the same measure may be preserved. Strain the solution forthwith through a double linen cloth, and while it is yet hot, drop in gradually as much sulphuric acid as may be required to precipitate the powder; then wash away the sulphate of potash by hot water; dry the precipitated sulphuret of antimony, and reduce it to powder.

"ANTIMONIUM TARTARIZATUM—TARTARIZED ANTIMONY.

"Take of Oxyd of antimony, two ounces.
" ..... Supertartrate of potash powdered, three ounces.
" ..... Distilled water, eighteen fluidounces.

"To the water, whilst boiling in a glass vessel, add gradually the antimony and supertartrate of potash, previously mixed together, and continue to boil for half an hour; then filter the solution through paper, and evaporate it in a gentle heat, so that, whilst it cools slowly, crystals may form.

"PULVIS ANTIMONIALIS—ANTIMONIAL POWDER.

"Take of Sulphuret of antimony, powdered, a pound.
" ..... Hartshorn shavings, two pounds.

"Mix and throw them into a broad iron pot, heated to a white

" heat, and stir the mixture constantly until it acquires an ash " colour. Having taken it out, reduce it to powder, and put it " into a coated crucible, upon which another inverted crucible, " having a small hole in its bottom, is to be luted. Then raise the " fire by degrees to a white heat, and keep it so for two hours. " Reduce the residuary mass to a very fine powder.

" LIQUOR ANTIMONII TARTARIZATI—SOLUTION OF TARTA-
" RIZED ANTIMONY.

" Take of Tartarized antimony, one scruple.
" ..... Boiling distilled water, four fluidounces.
" ..... Wine, six fluidounces.

" Dissolve the tartarized antimony in the boiling distilled water, " then add the wine."

On the first process, it has been observed by a practical chemist, that the acids will be very liable to boil away, and leave the antimony undissolved, unless particular precautions be taken to avoid the inconvenience. A very tall vessel nearly closed, and kept cold at its upper part, would probably afford the best remedy, the acid continually running back as its vapours became condensed. The antimonial powder being weaker than formerly, it will be necessary, for some years to come, that physicians should specify in their prescriptions, whether they mean the old or the new preparation: and it may be questioned, whether the change will produce any advantage equivalent to this inconvenience, and to the mistakes which may arise from the inattention of the compounders of medicine.

LIQUOR ARSENICALIS. This is the arsenite of potass, as introduced by Dr. Fowler: it seems to be more easily prepared than the arseniate, which was Macquer's salt.

CUPRUM AMMONIATUM. Made by rubbing together sulfate of copper and carbonate of ammonia, as directed by the College of Edinburgh. Dr. Powell supposes it to be a subsulfate of copper and ammonia: but in the former aqua cupri ammoniati there was no acid, and the essential combination appears to consist in a direct union of the oxid with the ammonia, a case by no means without an example; so that it might almost be called a cuprite of ammonia.

FERRI CARBONAS. This preparation has for some time been frequently employed under the name of ferrum præcipitatum: it is one of the best and most convenient forms for administering iron. It is scarcely probable that it has any right to the title of a carbonate, even if that of a subcarbonate should be conceded to it.

LIQUOR FERRI ALKALINI. The tinctura martis alkalina of Stahl, probably a subnitrate of iron and potass.

HYDRARGYRI OXYDUM CINEREUM. Made by boiling calomel in lime-water. It has been often used as a mild alterative, as well as for mercurial fumigations.

DECOCTUM ALOES COMPOSITUM. A composition attributed to Hofmann, sometimes used under the name *baume de vie*; containing, besides the extract of aloes, some aromatic and saponaceous substances.

INFUSA. A number of useful infusions are introduced, many of which have been habitually ordered without particular formulæ. In the infusum sennæ, it is to be regretted that the College did not adopt the suggestion of one of their fellows, to add some cloves to the senna, in order to overcome its disagreeable taste and smell. A drachm and a half, or two drachms of cloves might be substituted for the drachm of ginger, without any inconvenience.

EXTRACTA. Several new extracts are inserted, and some of those, which were formerly directed, have been omitted. The extractum opii, like the extractum thebaicum of 1720, which had been somewhat too hastily abandoned, is an aqueous extract only; and it seems to be agreed, by a great number of practitioners, that it produces an equal effect as a narcotic, with less subsequent confusion and headache, than the tinctura opii.

MISTURA FERRI COMPOSITA. In this well-known chalybeate draught of Dr. Griffiths, the iron is supposed to remain less oxidized than when it is dried and exposed to the air.

SPIRITUS AMMONIÆ AROMATICUS. This useful medicine

is now to be prepared with the pure ammonia, instead of the carbonate. Dr. Powell observes, that—"in the old process, distillation was absolutely necessary; for the spirit of ammonia, as there directed, would not unite with the oil by mixture alone." The compound, however, thus obtained, was much more agreeable than the preparation now ordered, which has indeed often been substituted for it.

SPIRITUS AMMONIÆ SUCCINATUS. A new formula for a more permanent eau de luce.

SPIRITUS LAVANDULÆ. SPIRITUS ROSMARINI. For the former, rectified spirit is directed; for the latter, proof spirit only: in the late Pharmacopœia five pints of each are ordered to be drawn off from a gallon of proof spirit: this, in the first case, was certainly more economical; in the second, probably more practicable.

TINCTURA MYRRHÆ. Twenty-two fluidounces of rectified spirit, with *twenty-four* of water, are substituted, probably by some mistake in calculation, for about twenty-one of spirit, and *eleven* of water, formerly employed.

SPIRITUS ÆTHERIS AROMATICI. The sweet elixir of vitriol of 1745.

VINUM OPII. The liquid laudanum of Sydenham is now restored to the situation which it held in 1720, and which it appears to deserve at least in an equal degree with the tincture of opium.

SYRUPUS SENNÆ. A useful formula for giving senna and manna to children.

CONFECTIO AMYGDALÆ. Consists of almonds beaten up with sugar and a little gum, and is intended for making milk of almonds expeditiously, without being liable to be easily spoiled by keeping.

CONFECTIO OPII. It ought to be remarked that, from the omission of the syrup of poppies, thirty-six grains of this confection must be directed, in order to give one of opium, to

which twenty-five of the former opiate confection were nearly equivalent.

CONFECTIO RUTÆ. A preparation intended for an enema, and resembling the electarium è baccis lauri of 1745.

PULVIS KINO COMPOSITUS. A useful astringent, containing one-fifth of cinnamon, and one-twentieth of opium.

PILULÆ CAMBOGIÆ COMPOSITÆ. Contain equal parts of gamboge, extract of aloë, and aromatic powder: they somewhat resemble the Scotch pills.

PILULÆ FERRI CUM MYRRHA. Well known as Griffiths's chalybeate pill.

PILULÆ GALBANI COMPOSITÆ. The opopanax is omitted; the quantity of myrrh and sagapen increased.

PILULÆ HYDRAGYRI SUBMURIATIS. The pilulæ calomelanos compositæ of some pharmacopœias, introduced by Dr. Plummer.

PILULÆ SAPONIS CUM OPIO. These are substituted for the pilulæ opii, which have been found too difficult of solution: they might however have been softened by the addition of a little honey or treacle, with less risk of loading a delicate stomach.

EMPLASTRUM AMMONIACI. Made by boiling the gum in vinegar.

EMPLASTRUM OPII. The opium is mixed with litharge plaster and frankincense.

CERATUM. Composed of wax and olive oil.

CERATUM SABINÆ. Adopted from Mr. Crowther's practice.

UNGUENTUM HYDRARGYRI NITRICO-OXYDI. Well known to surgeons as the ointment of red precipitate.

UNGUENTUM PICIS ARIDÆ. The unguentum basilicum nigrum of 1745, not yet out of use.

UNGUENTUM SULPHURIS COMPOSITUM. Contains hellebore and nitre, which probably add more to its bulk than to its utility.

UNGUENTUM ZINCI. The oxid simply mixed with lard.

LINIMENTUM CAMPHORÆ. A solution of camphor in oil.

LINIMENTUM HYDRARGYRI COMPOSITUM. A very useful composition, containing some camphor and some ammonia.

LINIMENTUM TEREBINTHINÆ. Introduced for burns by Mr. Kentish.

CATAPLASMA FERMENTI. An effervescing mixture of flour and yeast.

CATAPLASMA SINAPEOS. Linseed meal is substituted for bread, as remaining longer moist.

A considerable number of preparations, little used, have been very properly omitted: some of these will, however, still have their advocates. Among the least universally abandoned in practice, we may enumerate the succus ribis nigri spissatus, hydrargyrus acetatus, hydrargyrus cum sulphure, infusum sennæ tartarizatum, vinum antimonii, tinctura balsami tolutani, tinctura sabinæ composita, pulvis aloës cum canella, aloës cum ferro, myrrhæ compositus, scammonii compositus cum aloë, and scammonii cum calomelane, the whole chapter of trochisci, the emplastrum ladani compositum, and the unguentum cantharidis. The antimonial wine has been omitted principally on account of the uncertainty of its dose; but there is reason to believe that its operation is by no means perfectly identical with that of the vinum antimonii tartarizati: all wine contains more or less of the malic acid, and it is not improbable that the malate of antimony differs less from the antimonial powder in its effects on the animal economy, than the tartrate: and the dose even of the common antimonial wine may be ascertained without difficulty, for each portion, by progressive experiments. The trochisci are indeed seldom prepared by apothecaries, or even by retail chemists; but this is no reason that a correct rule should not be laid down for making them: they are by no means superfluous in practice; on the contrary, a good formula for a slightly sedative lozenge would be a very useful addition to the catalogue of domestic medicines.

These are the most remarkable changes which have been

made in the substance of the work: the alterations of nomenclature next demand our attention: the principles, by which these have been governed, will best appear from the comparison of a few specimens:—

OLD NAMES.	NEW NAMES.
"Acetum distillatum	Acidum aceticum.
"Acidum nitrosum	Acidum nitricum.
"Acidum vitriolicum	Acidum sulphuricum.
"Ammonia præparata	*Ammoniæ carbonas.*
"Antimonium	Antimonii sulphuretum.
"Aqua ammoniæ puræ	Liquor ammoniæ.
"Aqua lithargyri acetati	Liquor plumbi acetatis.
"Arabicum gummi	Acaciæ gummi.
"Borax	Sodæ *boras.*
"Calomelas	*Hydrargyri* submurias.
"Cerussa acetata	Plumbi superacetas.
"Chamæmelum	Anthemidis flores.
"Cicuta	Conii folia.
"Conserva	Confectio.
"Electuarium	Confectio.
"Emplastrum lithargyri	Emplastrum plumbi.
"Hydrargyrus nitratus ruber	Hydrargyri nitrico-oxydum.
"Hydrargyrus muriatus	Hydrargyri oxymurias.
"Kali purum	*Potassa* fusa.
"Kali præparatum	Potassæ subcarbonas.
"Lapis calaminaris	Calamina.
"Lithargyrus	Plumbi oxydum semivitreum.
"Natron præparatum	Sodæ subcarbonas.
"Natron tartarizatum	Soda tartarizata.
"Oxymel æruginis	*Linimentum* æruginis.
"Pix Burgundica	Pix arida.
"Pulvis opiatus	Pulvis *cornu usti cum opio.*
"Raphanus rusticanus	Armoraciæ radix.
"Sperma ceti	Cetaceum.
"Syrupus papaveris albi	Syrupus papaveris.
"Syrupus papaveris erratici	Syrupus rhœados.
"Thus	Abietis resina.
"Tinctura opii camphorata	Tinctura *camphoræ composita:*"

The transposition of the terms employed to denote a *neutral salt* is perhaps a very warrantable liberty; but it would not be altogether a matter of indifference in a system of natural history, since the first term of the two has hitherto always

denoted the genus, and the second the species; at least in all methodical works written in Latin. Ammonia, in its common form, can scarcely be called a neutral *carbonate:* in some parts of the Pharmacopœia it is styled a subcarbonate, which seems to be a much more correct appellation. *Borax* is designated in three different ways; we have mel boracis as a formula, sodæ boras as the established name, and subboras sodæ as its chemical explanation; surely two of the three would have been enough; and borax might have been retained without any inconvenience, since it produces no false impression. *Hydrargyrus* has long been made masculine in pharmacy, though Pliny writes hydrargyrum; an authority which would have been amply sufficient to justify the College, in following the example of those of Edinburgh and Dublin, and of the modern chemists, who have adopted a uniform termination for the Latin names of all the metals: although in English there is no reason whatever for writing platinum, rather than platina. *Oxydum* is a term of which the orthography requires much discussion; as it stands, it means nothing. To express subacidum, or acidulum, by a derivative from ὀξὺς, which was the original intention, we might either write ὀξυειδὲς, oxyides, or ὀξύδιον, oxydium, as βοτρύδιον, πελεκύδιον, diminutives of a similar form; and this last term approaches much the nearest to the object in view; ὀξείδιον, oxidium, is a word actually occurring, but derived from ὄξος, vinegar: we might, however, as well talk of the *palladum* of our liberty, instead of palladium, as write either oxydum, or oxidum, instead of oxydium or oxidium; and the College, in altering the French orthography, has only substituted one bad thing for another. If oxydium were adopted in Latin, it would be proper to write *oxyd* in English: but for *oxide*, which some chemists have preferred, there is absolutely no foundation whatever. *Potassa*, however barbarous, seems to be too well established to be superseded at present: in the former Pharmacopœia, if the Greek word *conia* had been employed, in-

stead of the uncouth term *kali*, we might by this time have had a more classical name for this alkali in common use. It is difficult to define a sense of *linimentum* which shall comprehend the oxymel æruginis; its use as an external application can scarcely be allowed to enter into the definition; and the preparation might have remained among the Mellita, without the least impropriety. The powder and tincture, containing opium, have received new names, principally on account of the danger of being mistaken for opium, or its simple tincture, and partly, perhaps, to avoid the occasional interference of groundless prejudices.

It appears to be impossible, on any principle of scientific nomenclature, to defend the adoption of the same term for a class and a genus: an error which has been very unnecessarily committed in two instances, Syrupus and Ceratum having been employed as titles of their respective chapters, as well as to express the preparations more properly called syrupus simplex, and ceratum simplex, being the simplest possible of the preparations which bear those names. The general term *spiritus* seems to imply that the whole fluid either has been, or might be distilled: hence Dr. A. Duncan, in his most useful and elaborate manual, has very properly referred both the spiritus lavendulæ compositus, and the spiritus ammoniæ succinatus to the tinctures.

A few inconsistencies and inaccuracies, derived from the partial change of nomenclature, will probably be corrected in future editions. For example: the paragraph which remarks that fluids are to be measured, and solids to be weighed, unless the contrary is expressed, is perfectly inapplicable to the present state of the Pharmacopœia, where no ambiguity is left in the terms; and the insertion of the word *pondere*, in many of the formulæ, is equally superfluous. Under acidum muriaticum, we have aquæ sellbra, for half a pint: under spiritus ammoniæ succinatus, minims of the essential oil are substituted for an equal number of drops, ordered in the first

specimen. The directions for making the liquor ammoniæ acetatæ are somewhat indistinctly expressed. Under antimonii sulphuretum præcipitatum, we must read 'in pulverem *subtilem* tere,' the substance having already been called a powder. The tables of the new and old names are in many instances imperfect, and in some inaccurate.

Dr. Powell's translation must be considered almost as a second original, since it contains an explanation of the reasons for which most of the alterations have been adopted; as well as some further observations of considerable importance: and there can be no doubt that its circulation will be equally extensive with that of the Pharmacopœia itself, or even still more so. Dr. Powell having acted as secretary to the select committee, employed in the revision of the work, no person had so good a right to offer his remarks to the public, and his undertaking has been sanctioned by the approbation of the president, and of the committee.

The translation is in general faithful and accurate; but the work is not free from a few errata. We are told, p. 67, that an ounce of dilute nitric acid "will saturate *nearly one hundred* of white marble," instead of *about 42 grains*. For the tincture of rhubarb, p. 273, we are directed to employ *an ounce and a half* of cardamom seeds, instead of *half an ounce*. In the pulvis cretæ compositus cum opio, p. 322, the proportion of opium is somewhat *increased*, not "*lessened*." Dr. Powell observes that spirit is added to the liquor hydrargyri muriatis, to prevent "the vegetation of mucor, to which *all* saline solutions are liable:" surely not strong mercurial solutions, even if extremely weak ones should be. He says, p. 167, that, "a bladder is mentioned for *straining* the galbanum, but—a canvass bag is preferable:" now "galbanum is almost entirely soluble in water," and if it were *boiled* in a canvass bag, much of its substance might be lost: and it was never meant that it should be *strained* through a bladder. The distinction of *fluidounce* is sometimes omitted, as might

naturally be expected in the use of a new term. The most striking inaccuracies, however, are those of the "prosodial table," and of the "*quantity* of words used" in the catalogue of the materia medica. These may be considered as things too puerile to deserve the notice of a practical physician: but for one who has no longer the fear of the birch before his eyes, it would have been better to have left them altogether to schoolboys, than to have committed so many little errors of any kind, in a work which ought to be a standard of precision. We find not only Accāia, acidum sulphūricum, antimōnium, rosa centifōlia, scammōnea, staphisāgria, confectio rōsæ, crōcus, and sāpo, in which the modern pronunciation is not affected by the quantity, but also ammoniæ and ferri carbŏnas, which is still more carbōne notandum. Jalăpa may be questioned, from the analogy with rāpa: strobĭli agrees with the Latin dictionaries, but there are at least two instances in the Greek plays, in which strobīlus occurs: syrŭpus is marked sĭrūpus by Ainsworth, though supposed to be derived from the barbarous term σιράπιον, or from an oriental word like *sherbet*, or sorbitio; it would have a more classical appearance if it were written συρῆπος, as if an *extracted juice*. In caryophўllus, and glycyrrhīza, the vowels are short, although the syllables are long by their position. Aloĕs, pilūlæ, and pulvis aloes composītus, can only be errors of the press.

Notwithstanding these slight imperfections, Dr. Powell appears, on the whole, to have executed his task with considerable judgment and ability; and, together with his colleagues of the select committee, Dr. Heberden, Dr. Ash, and Dr. Maton, amply to deserve the thanks of the Profession at large.

SEVENTY-EIGHT STUDIES FROM NATURE, ENGRAVED BY WILLIAM GREEN, FROM DRAWINGS MADE BY HIMSELF. *London, printed by Barfield, for Messrs. Longman, Hurst, Rees, and Orme, Paternoster-Row; and W. Green, Ambleside, Westmoreland.* 1809. *Large folio. Price five guineas, boards.*

THESE Studies consist principally of such objects as Landscape-painters select for their fore-grounds, and of the Cottages and Rocks of Cumberland and Westmoreland. They are *etched in soft ground*, with a degree of freedom and mastery of the pencil, which may be looked at with considerable advantage by students in landscape, and by all persons with pleasure.

In the title-page (as the reader has seen) these prints are spoken of as being *Engravings*, and the word, though incorrect, is probably in this instance, not meant to deceive the public, but it is inadvertently used by the Ambleside Artist, in conformity with language, which the reiterated endeavours of publishers and *prospectus-mongers*, in their numerous advertisements, have but too far succeeded in introducing, and which has therefore obtained among us to a certain degree; but of which the effect has been to confound those verbal distinctions, which would else, by assisting the public discernment, have tended to the improvement of its taste.

With prospectus-mongers and their artifices, the reader is probably not very well acquainted. They have rather been felt than seen, and are far from being universally recognized. They have only been known to exist since non-descript animals were brought hither from Botany-bay, and though I cannot swear that they were imported from thence, I may

safely assert that the sooner they are dismissed thither, the sooner will the public be likely to reap the full and fair benefit of British art, and literature.

But so serious an evil appears to call for more serious notice; and though I cannot here mean to develope the various and deleterious practice of the empirics of art and literature—that would not only be too wide a field to do more than look into just at present, but, if I may rely on some little experience, I might as well have disclosed the inhuman and unprincipled proceedings of the African slave-traders a dozen years ago;—yet in stating this misuse of the single word Engraving, I find myself induced, on balancing the restraints, against the encouragement, of my experience, to dwell yet somewhat longer (and more gravely) on the hitherto unnoticed but increasing tribe of prospectus-mongers, and the mischiefs to which they have given rise.

Had they in the time of Dr. Adam Smith existed, and been generally known to exist, in the paradise of taste, as in the field of agriculture, it is somewhat to be feared that (in the language which the senate appears to have adopted from that great philosopher of wealth,) they would have been merely classed with the "*middle-men*:"—though the deterioration of mind, which alone, men live to improve, be incalculably more destructive to the ends and purposes of society, than raising the price of provisions or manufactures. At least such conclusions as these, are almost unavoidable, when considerations which involve the *happiness*, are either identified with, or superseded by, those which respect only the *wealth* of nations.

Middle men in one sense, they certainly are. I only quarrel with the office-phrase, because it expresses merely the station which they occupy, without alluding to the mischiefs which they produce. They are neither artists, scholars, nor book-sellers: but occupy a middle and unostensible station

between those who perform, and those who produce to the public, works of art and literature combined. They moreover precisely correspond, in their effects on the price and goodness of the work so produced, with those regrators, whose presence is so ill-endured by the community at large in the public markets; for they infallibly either strain off some portion of the honest reward of the authors or artists *employed*, or add to the price of the *commodity* produced: generally both of these; and too frequently the still more mischievous consequence of the deterioration of art and literature, results also from their interposition. The reader, unless he should be a mere office-man, who wishes only to get through the *business* of the state, fearing "lest dinner cool," and without minding *its duties*—must not, in reflecting on those evils, suffer himself for a moment to forget the incommensurable difference between an intellectual production, and a production of mere manual labour.

One word more of this non-descript, whom I shall now speak of in the singular, and I proceed with Mr. Green's Studies. The prospectus-monger, seems to have a greater predilection just now, for fine art, than for letters, finding probably that on this subject, the taste of the public, as well as that of the book-sellers, is less well informed, and their credulity greater, than in most of the pursuits of literature. In the concerns of book-making and book-selling, he is at once projector of the scheme, and foreman and overseer of the artists whom *he* engages to execute it; and the mystery of his craft consists partly, and indeed principally, in wording a prospectus, and drawing up a specious, pompous, and promising scheme of publication,—of which the observing reader will recollect but too many examples,—where so much of deceit lurks under florid and flourishing phraseology, that the subscribers to such publications are infallibly cheated, while in some instances that I have known, the book-seller has also found himself deluded: as those men too late discover that

they are wedded to consumptions, who have mistaken a hectic complexion for the bloom of health.

In contriving these vague sinister and delusive promises, the word *Engraving* has often been found valuable, and while it is indistinctly attended to, or imperfectly understood, by the public, no one word contributes more to the dark spells of these hubble-bubble prospectus-mongers, or enables them more effectually to boil their cauldron, while they "keep the word of promise to the ears" of their subscribers, "and break it to their hopes."

In reviewing Messrs. Dance and Daniell's collection of portraits, I passed the distinction which should exist between Engraving, and the various other modes of producing Prints on paper, perhaps with too little notice: it becomes the more necessary for me now to say that it is as uncritical to call Etchings performed on stone, or through softened etching-varnish on copper, by the same word by which we understand and denote a highly-finished performance of Masson, Woollett, or Strange, as it would be to call plaster-casts, or models in clay, or terracotta, by the term *sculpture:* for though, both in the case of such etchings, and of such engravings, as I have mentioned, there be a manifestation of art, yet it is not of equal art, nor of art of the same kind, and ought not therefore to be denominated by the same word.—To denominate them by the same word, is in fact to obliterate or remove those landmarks of art, which separate its provinces, and on which the public eye, as it scans these ample, fertile, and flowery plains, should rest in honest confidence.

Without undertaking to reform the nomenclature of art, or repress the dishonest artifices of dealers and middle-men; without being fastidious about words; I may be allowed to entertain a reasonable solicitude that the public should not be led into erroneous expectations by their misuse. The present work of Mr. Green is simply a book of *soft-ground etchings*, than which, no known mode of producing prints on paper,

is better, if so well, adapted to the multiplication of sketches, or such outlines assisted with a little hatching of the lead-pencil, as a landscape-painter copies immediately from nature: for, in fact, the prints produced, are impressions from these very sketches themselves, if the artist choose to take his varnished copper with him, when he places himself before the subjects of his imitation (and fac-similes of them, if he does not), the corrosive operation of aqua-fortis being alone added, in this mode of etching, to the art of drawing with lead pencil. Consequently, when employed by the hand of a master, and when exercised on such subjects as are adapted to its local powers and properties, etching in soft-ground is a very eligible mode of art; and Mr. Green, as the reader has already been informed, handles his lead pencil with considerable freedom and dexterity, while his eye and his mind are tenacious of what he sees, and his line characteristic of the object before him. His rocks, his rushing torrents, his foreground weeds, and boles of trees; his old planks, slates, and other cottage materials, are often feelingly touched; and his general fidelity to the truths of individual nature, exemplary to that class of students in landscape, whom he more particularly addresses in his introductory page.

In his choice of subjects, the author is frequently judicious, but is sometimes otherwise. To such objects as painter's foregrounds, cottages, mills, bridges, and mountain-torrents, where little expression of space is required, and the mind of the spectator is satisfied with truth, strength, and spirit, though roughly rendered, soft-ground etching is well applied; but to an extensive landscape, such as a Cumberland lake surrounded by mountains softening into air and decorated with distant woods and villages, delicate gradations of light and shade are so indispensable, that this mode of etching appears inadequate to the task of representing them: a rough foreground rock of Salvator Rosa, or, if Mr. Green pleases, of his own, may thus be very successfully sketched on copper,

and printed on paper, but a Westmoreland or Cumberland lake scene, to exhibit which in perfection requires the delicate blandishments, dulcet tones, and full harmony, which flowed from the pencil of Claude, cannot,—at least no man has yet been able to accomplish so much in this mode of art. I think, therefore, that Mr. Green had probably better have excluded from his publication, such subjects as his general views of Windermere, Elter-water, and Grasmere, which are numbered 48, 49, 50, and 51, as they serve to shew what soft-ground is *not* capable of effecting in landscape-etching; or, at least, disclose the boundaries of his ability in this art, which every artist would perhaps act wisely in concealing.

For the most part, however, the subjects chosen are well suited to the pencil of the artist. The number of extensive views which he has introduced, is comparatively small; and the following plates may be spoken of with high approbation.

Cottages at Stonethwaite, ...No. 5
Crooka Bridge, ...30
Loggan House, ...35
Trout-beck, ...36
and Lanefoot. 38
Bridges at Askham, ...41
Wasdale, ...45
and Bowderdale. 46

Stock-gill (a Waterfall),.....47, which Mr. Green says, he gives "as a lesson in that sort of drawing."

The Well at Skelgill, ...No. 27, another excellent lesson.

Burdock and Brambles, &c. 52
Young Hazel and Rock, ...53
Stones on Loughrigg Fell,.....59 and 60
Gush of Water, in Rydal Park, ...65

All Mr. Green's studies, consisting of mossy stones, fern, foxglove, and various foliage, which he found among the springs in Rydal park, where nature appears to teem with

more vigourous vegetative powers than can be seen in most other places, have great merit; and the following are probably unparalleled in point of execution in soft-ground, while they are extremely interesting as picturesque features of this part of our island:

Mill in Borrowdale,.....No. 70
Lanefoot in Trout-beck, ...71
Guthersgale,.....72
Cottages at Skelgill,.....74
Ivy House at Rydal,.....76

The various modes of rustic masonry which are employed in these northern counties, with all their native graces and local peculiarities, are here described with a fidelity and taste of outline, and a degree of picturesque feeling, that might boldly challenge competition.

A short account of the subject of each plate, occupies, in the whole, about eight pages, which accounts are, in general, simple, and to the purpose. The public will not, perhaps, be displeased to read from the pen of a local inhabitant, whilst employed in describing the little inn at Buttermere (see page 7), that—

"This is the place where Mary Robinson sometimes called the "Beauty of Buttermere for some years made a considerable ad- "vantage [but the advantage was surely not to poor Mary herself] "of public curiosity. She was a fine girl when fourteen, and a "most interesting one at sixteen: what she was between that age "and twenty-four, is not known to the writer; but at the latter "period, many were disappointed; and Mary must certainly have "been distressed, when the undiscerning were eager to be in- "formed from herself, when modestly waiting upon them, how "they might procure a sight of the Beauty?"

Of Rydal park, and its advantages to a landscape-painter, the author writes as follows: (see page 10.)

"Rydal park is a fine spot for study. In the springs are valu- "able foreground materials; some at the roots of trees: Nos. 55 "and 56 are two of them. The trees are majestic; and the lakes "of Windermere and Rydal, in composition with the woods and

" mountains, exhibit some very extraordinary pictures. Some
" years ago, it was the opinion of gentlemen, who had been in
" many parts of the United Kingdom, and on the Continent, that
" they had seen nothing equal to Rydal park. Although a great
" deal of the wood has recently been cut down, it is even at pre-
" sent, a charming place. The writer has enjoyed much pleasure
" in contemplating the scenes of Rydal park; and is grateful for
" the privilege of studying there. He has frequently been in the
" park from ten to fifteen hours, without seeing a human being."

Yet the following passage is pregnant with such serious mischief to the charming scenery of Grasmere, that I cannot do less than point it out.

" Grasmere has been many times celebrated. The lake and the
" church, when connected with the surrounding scenery, from
" many points in the valley, will wonderfully impress the mind
" with ideas of beauty. But *if this bottom be at present beau-*
" *tiful, how much more so might it be rendered, if every pro-*
" *prietor were anxious to do his best to add to it!*"

Yes—Mr. Green closes this sentence with a note of admiration, as if he anticipated in imagination, the future glories of Grasmere. But, let him be asked, is taste the invariable attendant on property, or is flattery inseparable from publication?

Nothing has perhaps been more destructive to the real beauty of the landscape scenery of England, than the vanities, and anxieties to do their best, of proprietors and improvers. Who has not heard how ridiculously Mr. Pocklington, by mere meddling, and with the best intentions, has *prettyfied* the grandest island of Derwentwater? Who that has travelled that way before and since, and possesses the least glimmering of taste, has not felt the deeper sentiment of regret? Mr. Green may, perhaps, please a few of his idly-busy neighbours, who may be possessed by the unfortunate ambition of distinguishing themselves as improvers, or landscape-gardeners, by this deleterious passage; but it would have been misprision of treason to landscape in me, to have passed it without reprehension.

Let the proprietors of the beautiful vale and lake of Gras-

mere, be satisfied with what Nature and Fortune have done for them. In enjoying the gifts of the latter, let them rather attend to the precepts of the poet, than to this inadvertency of the artist, and—

> " Be busy for themselves and for their friends:"
> But " Let Nature rest."

The " Observations with respect to the Mode in which " Plantations ought to be conducted," with which the literary part of the volume closes, are so well written, and the precepts contained in these eight pages are so much to the purpose, that what the writer has said of the treatise, called " Hints to Planters, by Francis Dukenfield Astley, Esq." may be with equal justice repeated of his own " Observations:" namely, that it is " a work replete with accurate " observation and good sense, and contains much valuable " information in a small compass."

If any of these precepts are more worthy of being remembered than the rest, it appears to me to be those of a precautionary nature.

After stating that wood should be felled with a very sparing hand, the writer proceeds—

" Even from the best situation, should a tree offensively obtrude " itself upon the eye, thereby obscuring some favourite object, it " will be proper to consider in what degree all other stands from " which that tree may be seen, may be affected by its removal, and " a balance of loss and gain deduced from that consideration."

" If in a situation hiding nothing good, an ugly tree should pre- " sent itself, that tree ought not rashly to be destroyed, particu- " larly if its top be fine; for by planting others near it, it may " become an useful appendage to the scene."

" If from various stands, there appear upon the premises un- " pleasant lines of wood, those lines must either be broken by " occasional thinning, or be partially planted out, should suc- " planting be practicable, but this, as before, must be carefully " done, and, as in the instance of single trees, these unpleasant " lines must be examined from every point where they can be " seen.—That which is a straight or monotonous line from one

" point, may, owing to a variety of circumstances, be good from
" another point."

These sentiments are certainly not absolutely incompatible with an endeavour to improve Lowdore waterfall. Yet a landscape-painter will pause, in reasonable apprehension of danger, at the temerity of such experiments, as appear to be recommended in the concluding paragraph of the author's observations:

" The trees about Lowdore (he says) are in too great profusion:
" to take one half of them away would be much to improve this
" deservedly-admired place. The chasm through which the river
" passes is immense; and therefore the fall of water is generally
" subdivided and obscured: the course of the stream ought to be
" conducted on the western side of the chasm to that part of the
" rock, which is nearest to the mill, from the summit of which it
" would tumble in one grand unbroken sheet down to the channel
" below; and thereby be rendered the most splendid waterfall
" among the Lakes."

Lowdore is already, after the rainy season, when it is seen in perfection, the most splendid and the most picturesque waterfall among the Lakes, as Grasmere is of those lakes, already one of the most delightful. He must be bold, and should be supremely tasteful and judicious, who attempts to improve nature where she is most beautiful. Upon the whole, in recollection of the justness of the tenour of these preliminary observations, I cannot say less—nor can I say more, than that if the improvement of Lowdore waterfall, or Grasmere lake, should be undertaken, I hope no man will presume to lift an axe there, who has not previously shewn himself as well qualified for the task as Mr. Green, or whoever else may be the writer of these " Observations."

TRAVELS IN ASIA AND AFRICA. BY ABRAHAM PARSONS, ESQ. CONSUL AND FACTOR-MARINE AT SCANDEROON.—*4to. pp. 346. Longman and Rees.*

We are induced to notice this work, as well from the general interest which every class of readers must feel for whatever relates to those regions of Asia, so celebrated in classical story, and so dear to us from the connection they bear with our religion, as from another cause of a more trivial nature. The coast of Asia Minor has been visited by certain modern travellers, who appear to us at least, highly to excel in those powers of description, which, according to a celebrated antient critic, always indicate a sublime imagination; we mean, a great command over the surprising and the marvellous: and we must candidly confess, we turned to the work of so plain a man as Mr. Parsons, with the hope, that we might either be enabled to overcome those doubts which clouded our minds, in spite of the extraordinary degree of faith with which as Reviewers we are gifted, or else that we might be reconciled to the tales we see related. The feelings which we experienced, after a long and painful examination of these Travels, we hasten to give to our readers, with that liberality which, in this point, ever has characterized the profession of a critic.

The writer before us is introduced with a pomp answerable to his rank of British consul, in a preface by Mr. Barjew of Bristol. Whatever was the excellence of Mr. Parsons as a factor-marine (on which, among his other eulogies, it is strange Mr. Barjew has not dwelt), we can only venture to praise him for one merit, which may, for aught we know, be of a novel kind. It is obvious that many travel-writers, and authors of various other descriptions, have had an eye, of late, in the composition of their labours, to the double but

unfair advantage of disposing of them, at some future time, by weight. We will do Mr. Parsons the justice to say that he does not appear to have been actuated by this selfish motive, as his volume is neither very large nor very heavy: although, indeed, after his readers have toiled through the moderate quantity of 346 pages of a neat quarto, it might perhaps occur to some of them, to inquire by what dexterity and skill in the art of authorship, he contrived to fill so large a portion of space with so little matter—a problem which we believe Mr. Abraham Parsons himself, with all his admiration of the Sphinx, could never, even till Doomsday, have had time enough to answer.

We are induced, indeed, to think that this work has been published, in common with many others of a similar description, in consequence of some observations in a journal of great celebrity, on the importance of the communications of those we may call mercantile travellers. The journalists who have openly given encouragement to these travellers, pretend that the means of their information are greater than those possessed by the generality of voyagers, both from their usual long residence in different countries, and from their consequent intercourse with the natives.

It is false, however, to estimate men merely by the situations into which they are casually thrown, and not by the *capability* they possess of benefiting by them. An ignorant man would scarce be the wiser, although he were transplanted to the moon, and it is difficult to see how he should make others so. It is impossible, indeed, that he whose education has not been liberal, and whose mind is narrow, should well describe the countries and the people he visits. To the jaundiced eye all is yellow: to such a traveller every thing dissimilar from that to which he has been accustomed, appears deformed and monstrous: he looks only on the artificial and obvious distinctions between the modes of society in states;

he knows nothing of the more recondite discriminations that separate, as it were, the souls of communities; and, even in the midst of the most liberal and enlightened intercourse, keep nation distinct from nation. Whilst passing with him through remote countries, we appear, as far as relates to improvement, not yet to have quitted our own. Freedom, with him, cannot emanate beyond the cliffs of Britain; civilization is bounded by the Mediterranean and Red Seas: Asia was created only to supply England with teas; and Africa to furnish her with ship-loads of elephants' teeth. But what delights him most, and what he manages with most dexterity, is the balance of trade. This he fancies to be a subject, from his mercantile habits, peculiarly fitted to his comprehension; and there is no subject on which he so much expatiates, saving only such dishes as prawns or john-dories. Not that we mean to call in question the learning of British merchants, for amongst them are to be found, statesmen, historians, and poets; but we confidently affirm, that it is not from such factors as usually proceed on voyaging expeditions, that we are to look for valuable information relative to foreign countries. Auctioneers might, indeed, over the hammer, discuss with eloquence the merits of a dappled steed; but it does not altogether lie within their province to decide on the interests of colonies:—no! not although they were, for a *very* long time, vendue-masters at the Demerary. Much less do we think that a factor-marine (a word, by the way, which we have been in vain endeavouring to turn out in the dictionaries), possesses such great scientific advantages from the dignity of his situation, as to compensate for bad grammar and bad sense. We speak this, we must confess, with some degree of diffidence, as we do not exactly know the office of a factor-marine, or the functions he has to perform. Perhaps, from the hardness of his name (which is compounded of *facio*, to make, and *mare*, a sea), that those luminaries are usually

chosen to be factor-marines, who, by the force of native genius, unaided by education, attempt the most difficult and praiseworthy undertakings.

Be this as it may, Mr. Abraham Parsons now deserves our attention, who, if a fondness for good "caponing" be one of the qualifications of a justice of the peace, was as well entitled to form one of the quorum, as any country gentleman on this side the Tweed. Of this happy propensity, we have such proofs in every page of his book, that we must confess, to our sorrow, our review-like appetites were frequently provoked, as frequently to be suppressed; and, although not Scotsmen, we could not help a thousand times wishing ourselves from home, with Mr. Parsons, his prawns, and his john-dories.

The travels before us were originally written by Mr. Abraham Parsons, "consul and factor-marine at Scanderoon, in "Asiatic Turkey." The manuscript, however, being somewhat inelegant and unpolished, its verbal and *grammatical* inaccuracies were corrected, and, in some instances, the arrangement of its sentences completed, by the labour of Mr. Barjew of Bristol. To the editor, therefore, the public owe it, that this work possesses the great merit of grammatical purity, as well as so many elegancies in its style and diction —advantages which cannot be estimated too highly, as we are to receive from it "original and instructive information "in points but lightly touched on by former travellers, and "a more clear and *natural* view of society and manners in "the East, than in many more elaborate and florid publi-"cations."

Scandaroon is situated at the extremity of the Mediterranean Sea, in lat. 36. 40. N. at the south-east angle of the bottom of the gulf of the same name, and approaching so very near to exceeding high mountains as to be within half an hour's walk to the ascent of them. The town is unhealthy from its low and

marshy situation, the inhabitants being subject to agues. This inconvenience, says our author, is *compensated* by the *quantity* of wild fowl and fish caught at this season when the tertians prevail,—so that the sick in this country, we suppose, receive benefit from the appetites of those that are well. The cod is found in the gulf of Scandaroon, and in no other part of the Mediterranean; and, what is more surprising, it is in all respects the same as the cod in the English and North-seas. Besides the cod, it will delight our city aldermen to hear, that in the winter season there are both red and grey mullets,—the red in great abundance, and as cheap as sprats in England in a plentiful season: john-dories, prawns, and soles, but not in plenty, in February and March. As we did not before know, that the mutton of Scandaroon was as good "as in any part of "the known world;"—we presume this is one of the chapters in which the editor predicted us "original and instructive in-"formation." In the road from Scandaroon to Bias (to which our author travelled) are the remains of two columns. Mr. Parsons was so incredulous as not to believe "that on that "very spot the whale threw up Jonah, and there landed him, "and that in consequence those two columns were built, "which have been ever since called after his name Jonah's "Pillars." In chapter two, we find that the road from Scandaroon to Bylan is very steep; the town of Bylan near a mile long; and, by way of dessert to the above-mentioned john-dories, the grapes of Bylan very fine. "Figs, plums, apri-"cots, peaches, apples, and pears are likewise in great plenty, "as well as mulberries and walnuts." September 1, 1772, Mr. Parsons, attended by his cook, began his tour from Bylan to Kepse, the antient Seleucia. He viewed a prospect from an eminence on the road, which was "most surprizingly beauti-"ful."—

"The plain seemed variegated like a rich and *beautiful carpet*, "the Orontes gliding through it in meanders; the lake to the left, "at a great distance below, seemed only like a *large pond*, although

"it was more than thirty miles in circumference; nor did the river "itself appear wider *than a ditch.*"

From the elegance of taste and richness of metaphor by which this passage is characterized, and which are so unusual with our author, we shrewdly suspect it to be one among the many labours of Mr. Barjew of Bristol, and return him our thanks for the pleasure it afforded us. We believe too, the following specimen of amiable simplicity proceeded from his pen:—

"At Ordu (to which our author travelled) the inhabitants are "more than three-fourths of them Greeks, yet none but the priests "understand Greek, both Turks and Greeks speaking the language "of the country, which is Arabic."

From Ordu *our travellers* (*i. e.* Mr. Parsons and cook) went to Latachia (the antient Laodicea), which is not quite so large or populous as in antient times. Here Mr. Parsons found a convent of missionary Carmelite friars, with whom he dined several times, and "their refectory was well supplied with the "best wine and provisions that can be obtained." He departed from Latachia to Aleppo, and on his road saw a chasm which was called by the name of the Old Woman's Slit. But more astonishing, he actually saw (*mirabile dictu*) at a village called Chogle, men in the very act of breeding silk-worms, and masons, carpenters, smiths, and barbers. At Aleppo, where in due time he arrived, the gates are opened at about half an hour before sun-rise, and shut about half an hour after sun-set. "The gate nearest the Jewdeda is called the Garden-"gate; the easternmost gate is called the Bagdat-gate; the "westernmost the Antioch-gate; and the other, the Damas-"cus-gate." And so ends the history of the gates. After our traveller had returned from Aleppo to Scandaroon, and again from Scandaroon to Aleppo, he provided full two months provisions, of "hams, rice, dried tongues, biscuit, butter, "coffee, sugar, wine, beer, rum, barley for his horse, &c. &c. "&c."—for the purpose of seeing Bagdat—which he saw.

The journey through the desert is dangerous on account of the Arabs with which it is infested. The caravan of our author, however, met with no tribes that were hostile,—several that were friendly; to whom they paid the accustomed tribute. The caravans are conducted by sheiks or Arab chiefs, who defend them from the rapine of other Arabs with great fidelity and courage so long as they are the guides, but immediately as they give up this office, which is usually at the expiration of three years, plunder the very merchants whom perhaps they before protected. The following interesting story is told of an Arab girl:—

"A little Arab girl brought a young antelope to sell, which was "bought by a Greek merchant for half a piaster. She had bored both "the ears, into each of which she had inserted two small pieces of silk "ribbon; she told the purchaser, that as it could run about and lap "milk, he might be able to rear it up, and that she should not "have sold it, but she wanted money to buy a ribband, which her "mother would not afford her; then almost smothering the little "animal with kisses, she delivered it with tears in her eyes and ran "away. The merchant ordered it to be killed and dressed for sup- "per. In the close of the evening, the girl came to take the last "farewell of her little *pet*—knowing that we were to decamp at "day-break. When she was told it was killed, she seemed much "surprized, saying, it was impossible that any body could be so "cruel as to kill such a pretty creature: on its being shown to her "with its throat cut, she burst into tears, threw the money in the "man's face, and ran away crying."

Mr. Parsons found Bagdat full of coffee-houses, the number of which is stated to be nine hundred and fifty-five; of these, however, many were shut up in 1772-3, owing to the ravages of the plague on the population. These coffee-houses are in the skirts of the town, and it is not unusual to see in them from two to three hundred persons at a time, some playing at chess, others smoaking and drinking coffee, and others engaged in conversation.

The velocity of the Euphrates he was surprized to find owing to torrents descending from the interior of the country; as, not knowing the distance of Bagdat from the Persian gulf, he

had concluded it to proceed from the influx of the tide. Our author went from Bagdat down the Euphrates to Bussora. Bussora, soon after his arrival, was attacked by the arms of the Persian monarch in revenge for the English having removed their trade to this city from Bushcar. The Persians were repulsed in an onset made in the night-time, and many of their soldiers killed; the mangled heads of whom were the next day publicly exposed to the scorn, derision, and hatred of the Bagdatians. A small squadron of mercantile English, who might have been of the greatest service to the Mussulmans during the siege, with the magnanimity that usually marks our conduct in the East, as soon as they had plunged their allies in distress, fairly turned their backs and fled from them. This, indeed, it may be said in extenuation of their behaviour, was in imitation of an Arabian sheik, who by his perfidy or cowardice had nearly betrayed the city into the hands of the Persians. Baseness is contagious: and experience has shewn that the climate of the East is peculiarly fitted to spread and circulate it among Englishmen. Our author next visited Bushcar and the isles of Baharin, where he saw the pearl-fishery, so often described by others, and so confusedly by himself, that it is useless to attempt an account of it. From the Baharin isles he went to Bombay, where the Company's marine was upwards of twenty in number, and these not more than sufficient to protect the coasting-trade from pirates, with which the Indian sea abounds. His next voyage was along the Malabar coast. He accordingly describes the city of Seringapatam, although it is evident he never saw it; and asserts, contrary to the fact, that it is built in the middle of an extensive lake. From the Malabar coast he sailed to Surat, and saw trees of forty yards in circumference, and Banyans cultivating them, that never feed on the flesh of animals. He afterwards returns to Bombay, and thence visits Mocha, Sues, and Cairo. At Cairo, he was witness of the solemnity of cutting the dam of the Nile, and heard the increase of that celebrated

river daily proclaimed by blind men with red flags in their hands. The pyramids too he saw, but leaves the description of these to men of more science than himself, giving his opinion nevertheless, that the sphinx is better worth viewing than any one of them.

Thus end the adventures, if such they can be called, of the Scandaroon factor-marine, who travelled through the most interesting parts of two quarters of the globe without having rendered the narration of his travels either entertaining or instructive. We cannot indeed conjecture the motive that induced Mr. Barjew of Bristol, to correct the bad grammar and quaint sentences of this work, for the purpose of presenting it to the public; there is nothing in it, that we have observed, that has thrown any additional light on the manners, customs, or literature of the East. Here are no statistical inquiries, no interesting philosophical disquisitions. Even personal adventures, those interesting egotisms, that so often are more pleasing than the most correct and solid information—are not here to be found. The author relates every thing that he has seen, with the cold, dry, and languid manner of the geographer—or with the minuteness of the voyaging trader; and though there are frequent occasions in those regions of Asia Minor, so hallowed by remembrances of the sacred past, in which he might display the softness of his feelings, or the energy of his thought—he slumbers on in his usual didactic style. If indeed the ports he visited are accurately described, and the winds that prevail in them, or the rocks that render them dangerous, pointed out, the author has done as much as his education or habits rendered him capable of performing; but, we will ask Mr. Barjew, whether these are excellences sufficient to claim the attention of the public? Not, indeed, that this work is so wholly without its merits as to render it totally unworthy of readers: on the contrary, it is better than many of the travels that daily issue from the press. Its merits, however, are of the negative kind, and more than compensated

by its barrenness in useful or even pleasing information. It is not so garrulous as the quartos of the Stranger Knight, or so pompous as the *nothingness* of the Vendue-master, but its matter is trifling, tedious, or useless, and its manner quaint and puerile. It, indeed, throughout resembles a translation from a foreign language, more than an original work in our own; and though we must confess its simplicity to be pleasing, we cannot help wishing, that as it was to be published, Mr. Barjew had rendered it in some sentences less humble. It is true the author possessed an advantage over many other travellers, and at Korna saw the paradise of our first parents. But although it may delight our readers to hear that one of the extraordinary excellences of this seat of happiness is the plenty, excellence, and cheapness of its provisions, we do not give it credit for effecting improvement in writers.

The preface by Mr. Barjew is somewhat assuming in style, but not inelegant: it is, indeed, the best part of the book.

ELEMENTS OF ART: A POEM: IN SIX CANTOS; WITH NOTES AND A PREFACE, INCLUDING STRICTURES ON THE STATE OF THE ARTS, CRITICISM, PATRONAGE, AND PUBLIC TASTE. BY MARTIN ARCHER SHEE, R. A.—*pp.* 400. 8*vo. price* 12*s. Miller. London.* 1809.

If the work, which it is now proposed to consider, had been confined merely to the discussion of such subjects as relate immediately to the practice of the art of Painting, it had been presumption perhaps in any but a professor to question its doctrines: but as there is less novelty in the precepts, which the author has laid down for the study of the art, than in the demands, which he has made on the public in behalf of the artist, an examination of the grounds on which these claims

are founded, and of the arguments by which they are supported, appears to be more necessary than any inquiry into the merits of the elementary part of the work: and as the justice of these pretensions is to be determined by the general principles, which regulate the conduct of society at large, to which the appeal is made, the skill or science of a professor is not necessary to the investigation.

'To stir with his pebble the slumbering lake of public feeling on the subject of the arts,' as he strangely expresses it, has been the author's principal motive for the publication of his present work, as well as of his former, '*The Rhymes on Art*,' of which, indeed, as he informs the reader, the '*Elements*' are to be considered as a continuation; as the upper stories and finishing of his 'small didactic lodge,' the name of which he has only altered in compliance with the opinion of some polite critics, who thought the work degraded below its just rank by the 'poverty of its titular pretensions.' Without entering, therefore, into a particular examination of the structure or contents of the former part of the work, which has been now for some years before the public, and has passed the ordeal of criticism, it will yet be necessary to advert to such parts as relate immediately to the subject proposed for discussion, that the author, as in justice he ought, may have the advantage of the whole of his argument. It is not, indeed, very easy to follow exactly the track of Mr. Shee's reasoning, so wildly is it overrun with the flowers of rhetoric; but a slight sketch may serve to convey a sufficient idea of it.

Deeply impressed himself with the importance of the cause, which he has undertaken to advocate, he has exerted all the energies of his mind, and exhausted all the powers of his eloquence, in the attempt to engage the sympathy of the public. No patriot, who should seek to point out to his fellow-countrymen the approach of the greatest danger that could threaten an independent people, could sound the alarm with greater zeal, reproach the apathy of the indolent with more severity,

or revile the disaffected with more scornful vehemence. Aware of the advantage of entrenching himself in positions allowed by general consent to be tenable, he has in the outset combated from these, but his sallies from them have been most irregular. His deductions are seldom warranted by his premises.

He observes, that "whatever may be the power or pro-"sperity of a state, whatever the accumulations of her wealth, "or the splendour of her triumphs, to her *intellectual attain-*"*ments* must she look for rational estimation." Now this may be very safely admitted to be true, nor is it of importance to object, that a state must necessarily have made very considerable *intellectual attainments* to come within the description: but it does not so immediately appear that by such *intellectual attainments* the fine arts alone are to be understood; and yet it seems to be only for the purpose of drawing such an inference, that Mr. Shee has advanced the observation. According to him, the arts are "the vital principle, the breathing soul of "empire:"—"the present and the future are alike within the "grasp of their power; they are the *crystals of immortality*, "in which all the forms of greatness are imperishably fixed to "gratify the wondering eye of time." Viewing the subject in so extraordinary a light, his notions respecting it are necessarily extraordinary.

He argues that it is the policy of a great nation to be liberal and magnificent; to be free of her rewards, splendid in her establishments, and gorgeous in her public works; that such things are amongst the best and most *profitable* speculations of a state, since they produce large returns of respect and consideration from her neighbours, and competitors,—and of patriotic exultation amongst her own citizens, making men proud of their country, and from priding in it, prompt in its defence; that, therefore, every person interested for the fine arts, or concerned for the reputation of his country, must perceive with more than regret a growing disregard to the fate of the one, which cannot fail materially to affect the other: a

circumstance, he observes, the more to be regretted, as it might naturally be expected that in Great-Britain the arts would have been protected with public solicitude, and their advancement have been made a general concern, "since no other state had such treasures of reputation to confide to their charge, such triumphs to transmit, or, such heroes to commemorate."

Admitting these positions to be just, the argument seems little calculated to advance the author's purpose: for, if the rivals of England respect her not for the actual triumphs which it is said she has obtained, it is not likely they should respect her more for the pictured boast of them; nor do the arts appear to be necessary to the creation of heroes for her defence, when it seems that she has produced, without their aid, heroes unrivalled in any other age or country.

It is not, indeed, very easy to reconcile the various parts of Mr. Shee's argument. He asserts, that the arts left to the influence of ordinary events, can never arrive at that perfection, which contributes so materially to the permanent glory of a state, since views of profit merely can never stimulate real genius to exertion. He laments, therefore, the general apathy which, as he states, prevails upon this subject, and the consequences which must unavoidably ensue. He complains, that the fine arts have never been viewed by the British public as a national object, nor have experienced from the state that paternal protection, which less prosperous countries have been forward to bestow: and yet, in his anxiety to vindicate the genius of British artists, and to obviate any illiberal objection which might be urged against their want of talent, as the real cause of the alleged want of patronage, he has declared, that the arts of England "have already taken precedence of their age," and "that from the productions of living genius at this mo-"ment in Great-Britain, might be produced examples of ex-"cellence in every department of art, that would adorn the "noblest collections, and reflect honour on any age or nation." From this statement it must necessarily be inferred, either that

the genius of the British artists is so superior to that of the artists of all other times and countries, that in spite of neglect and discouragement it can effect as much, or more than has been done where the arts have been most honoured and cherished; or else it must follow, that patronage acts rather as a check than a stimulus to talent, and that art takes a loftier and bolder flight, when left to mount by the strength of its own wing, and soar alone and unsupported.

Mr. Shee is partly aware of the objection to which this portion of his remonstrance is liable, and has attempted to qualify his inconsistency, but with little success. He still contends, that without some vigorous effort in their favour, the arts must be expected to degenerate: he acknowledges, indeed, that by sanctioning the establishment of the Royal Academy, and by placing himself at its head, his Majesty has done much to promote their interests, and displayed a beneficent desire to recommend them to attention and respect; but affirms, that the example of the Monarch has not been seconded by the sensibility of the public, or the patronage of the great: for that while the artists "maintain by the profits of their "united labours, an institution, from which the country de-"rives both credit and advantage, they are themselves ne-"glected, unsupported, and unemployed." According to him, all the wealth of individuals disposable for the objects of *virtù* has been diverted into channels, from which our native arts can derive no advantage, and the nation has been overrun with the works of foreign artists; though, in another place, where he is desirous to shew the necessity of studying the great masters of painting, to acquire a just taste, he attributes the want of it among the English to a kind of John Bull aversion to every thing foreign. If, in reply to this assertion, that artists are neglected and unemployed, it should be hinted that for persons without employment, their style of living and the mansions which they occupy are rather extraordinary; Mr. Shee will answer, that it was not his intention to discuss

the question, whether the patronage which is extended to the arts enable the painter 'to live in ease and luxury;' but whether it is sufficient to make 'the arts flourish in pride and perfection?' that it was his desire, that an object might be held out to the ambition, not to the avarice of the painter, and that he might be fired to such exertions as should immortalize his name, and shed a glory on his country. But, if it be allowed, that the public does not withhold its wealth from the meritorious artist, the blame seems rather to attach to the painter than the patron, if the wealth be misapplied: if a man, for the convenience of passengers, go to the expence of raising a handsome causeway by the side of a miry road, it appears rather too much to require, that he should attend to point out its superior convenience, and entreat persons to leave the dirty tract and pass cleanly over by the more elevated path. Avarice is a passion, which takes deep and strong root wherever its seeds chance to fall; it thrives best in the most barren soil, and wherever it is found, no good fruit is to be expected: if then, in modern artists, the love of money be stronger than the love of fame, it seems rather unreasonable to call upon the public to undertake the expence of cultivating so unpromising a field. It is, besides, inverting the natural order of things: it is calling forth the whole strength of the community for the purpose of elevating a few individuals; it is sending rewards in search of merit, where no merit may exist, instead of placing them on an eminence where only real genius may be able to reach them: it is destroying all emulation by the facility of attainment. The painter, who aspires, as Mr. Shee calls it, to have his name immortalized, must make more than common efforts, and must not depend on the aid of others for his success: his stride must be gigantic, and his spirit unconquerable: the crown of immortality was never yet won by him who required to be spurred and goaded in the race.

Mr. Shee has an apt turn for satire; but this satirical vein, though very amusing, frequently leads a man astray from his

argument, and betrays him into inconsistencies. He ridicules the fashion, which, he says, prevails of viewing every thing through the commercial medium, and of calculating "the "claims of utility by the scale of '*The Wealth of Na-* "*tions*';"---and is very pleasant on those whom he fancies consulting Adam Smith for their theory of taste, as well as of trade, and wishing to regulate the operations 'of *virtù* on the principles of a pin-manufactory;' and, with an affected gravity, he expresses his fears, that the Muses and Graces will shortly be put down as unproductive labourers, and the price-current of the day considered as the only criterion of merit. According to him, in fact, wealth is in this country the only object of esteem or pursuit; money is all in all. But then if he admits, as he does in another place, that the public does not refuse a portion of this wealth to the painter, there seems little reason to complain; since a man can scarcely do more to evince his good will to another, than to offer him a share of what he himself is known to hold in highest estimation and affection.

If pressed, however, on this point, Mr. Shee will change his ground, and reply that it is not for mere *employment* that he contends, but *encouragement*, a kinder and warmer patronage, the support and countenance of the great. If reminded of the British Institution, which has been expressly formed, for the protection and encouragement of native artists, by men of the first consideration in the kingdom, he acknowledges that—

"Their rank, respectability, and influence amply qualify them "to execute with effect whatever design they propose; and that his "Majesty's approbation of their plan, is an additional security, "that the superstructure will be both useful and ornamental to "their country: that from an undertaking so patronized and so "supported, much may be *confidently hoped.*"

But he adds—

"With whatever satisfaction we may contemplate this patriotic "sensibility arising in the minds of the public to the interests of the "fine arts; or however we may look forward in grateful expecta-

"tion to the farther developement of those views so liberally di-
"rected for their advancement; there will nevertheless, be some
"reason to regret, should the *government* hold itself exonerated
"in consequence, from all interference in their favour. The
"efforts of individuals may do much to keep alive the spirit of the
"arts amongst us, especially when co-operating with judgement
"for that purpose; but the protection of the *state* only, can invi-
"gorate their existence, or animate them to those ennobling exer-
"tions, which constitute the triumph, &c. &c."

RHYMES ON ART. P. xlvii.

He proceeds to say, that,

"It is much to be hoped, therefore, that those who may think
"the arts justly intitled to the protection of an *enlightened go-*
"*vernment*, and who may feel disposed to come forward in sup-
"port of their pretensions, will not allow themselves to be diverted
"from prosecuting so honourable a cause, or confine their zeal
"exclusively to the furtherance of *projects*, which, however lau-
"dable and beneficial, cannot *reasonably be expected* to supersede
"the necessity of that stimulus which the *powers of the state* can
"so cheaply, gracefully, and effectually, supply."---IB. P. lviii.

So that after all, at least after eleven short pages, it seems, this grand design of the BRITISH INSTITUTION, formed by men of the highest rank, respectability, and influence, the approval of which by the King was a *security* that the superstructure would be both useful and ornamental, and that much might be *confidently hoped* from it, turns out to be a *project* from which very little can *reasonably be expected*. And in this opinion the author professes himself to be perfectly confirmed: for in the preface to his recent publication he again observes,

"That to the interference of the *state* only, the eye of taste can
"be now directed, either for the proper stimulus, or the adequate
"remuneration of genius; and that it is impossible to resist the
"conviction, that unless government can be induced to shew some
"sensibility towards their interests, the arts must, at no very dis-
"tant period, be utterly extinguished amongst us."

ELEM. Pref. p. xix.

This then is the point to which all Mr. Shee's arguments tend; and it must be confessed, that it required no little dex-

trarity to drive them thither, for they jostled each other sadly by the way, and shewed as little concert or unanimity of purpose, as couples in fashionable life, or the scenes of a modern comedy. It is not then the riches of the wealthy, nor the patronage of the great, nor the protection of the monarch and his nobles, that Mr. Shee requires for the support of the arts, but an act of parliament. This is the object which he has laboured to obtain; but he modestly observes, that "he has "not the vanity to think he can do more than *place the nail* "*with his small hammer;* to drive it home requires a sledge "beyond his strength to wield." He had heard of the wonders which an act of parliament can effect; and so concluded naturally enough, that the arts would be advanced, if artists should paint and the public judge of their works according to the statute in that case made and provided. But though acts of parliament have certainly been used occasionally for very strange purposes, it remained for the sagacity of Mr. Shee to discover that they could be applied with success to the dissemination of the principles of taste, and the promotion of *virtù*. Yet it is scarcely fair perhaps to consider him in earnest, when he complains that no *defence bills* have been passed for the protection of the arts, against the foreign works which have invaded them from every port on the Continent: though he avows, right seriously, his "hope to see the day, "when it will be thought as *wise an act* of legislature to "protect the arts, as to encourage the manufactures of the "country; when it will be considered as becoming a duty of "government to subsidize the powers of taste, as the powers "of the Continent."

As to the comparison which he institutes with respect to subsidies to be granted to the arts, and subsidies which have been, and will be again granted to Continental dealers in the trade of war, he will probably find all but those, whose interest it is to think otherwise, ready to allow, that if the public money is to be thrown away, it had better be given to those who,

as forming members of the body-politic, will in the end return what they have thus acquired, into general circulation: but it will require some stronger reasons than Mr. Shee has thought it convenient to assign, to produce a conviction that the fine arts are of as much real importance to a state, as its manufactures; or that a man who squanders his substance in providing toys for his children, acts as wisely as he that clothes and feeds them.

Such are a few of the contradictory and unwarrantable positions with which Mr. Shee's remonstrance abounds; but with liberal judges, the unskilfulness of the advocate should not affect the merits of the cause. It is to be wished indeed, that he had more clearly defined his object, and the extent of his views; but without reference to the quantity or nature of the support which he would demand from the state, it may be questioned whether the interference of the government at all in such a case be justifiable, and if justifiable, whether it be necessary. Mr. Shee has said that the memorials of her magnificence, meaning pictures and statues, are to a great state what his dress and equipage are to a great man—necessary to his rank, and becoming his dignity; but among the most trifling charges of his establishment. But it may be answered, that if a great man so far exceed his income, that he is not only unable to discharge his debts, but obliged every year to heap mortgage upon mortgage to pay the interest of his incumbrances, he would act more wisely and more honestly too, to put down his equipage, and dress more plainly. Is it a time, when the resources of the nation have been drained almost to exhaustion in a contest for her existence as an independent state; when every port on the Continent is shut against her commerce, and her manufactures are involved in distress and ruin; when her mechanics and artisans are reduced to beggary, and the middling classes of society, who once were independent, are scarcely able to obtain a homely sustenance; when indeed throughout the empire the heavy pressure of tax

accumulated on tax, has nearly annihilated all present enjoyment, and destroyed all confidence or hope in the future, is this a time to talk of luxuries to be paid for by the people, which the people are at the same time told they are too tasteless to enjoy? If the public purse were supplied only from the superfluities of the people, there might be less reason to wonder at the little ceremony with which persons so frequently propose to appropriate it to purposes for which it was never intended: but when it is remembered, that this purse is partly filled by the hard earnings of laborious penury, that it is wrung from the distresses of the public, can any man of common feeling or common honesty, consent that one shilling of it shall be squandered, in the hope that some painter may be *immortalized?* Mr. Shee talks of men, who will add new levers to the machine which they have set in motion, and at length stir those powers of the state, which have been immoveable by every other application; and he boasts that when their rank and consequence in society are considered, their power to procure from the state such aids as he requires for the arts, must appear irresistible. It would not, indeed, be the first time that the public has felt the effect of such powerful influence; but in a case of this sort, it might have been wished that reason and justice, not *irresistible* power, should decide. If a man entrust an agent with a sum of money to pay a certain debt, and that agent suffer himself either to be wheedled or frightened out of it, by persons who should wish to employ it for some other purpose, how could he justify such a breach of trust to his employer, or with what conscience apply for a fresh sum to replace what his folly had lost? It is true, that a government holding the purse of the people, is not exactly in the same situation as such an agent, because what it has power to do, it can make laws to justify; still such a trust is a sacred one, and a wise government will pause before it trifles with it wantonly, and will not lightly suffer itself to be wrought on by any influence, however power-

ful, unnecessarily to try experiments on the patience of the people. This is not the time, at all events, to propose a tax for the purpose of subsidizing the powers of taste; it would be aggravating the distress occasioned by the weight of existing burthens, and adding mockery to deprivation. The remonstrant will urge that the object, for which he contends, is too small for the eye of national economy, that "a drop from the ocean of our expenditure, would sufficiently impregnate the powers of taste, in a country naturally prolific in every department of genius; that every thing necessary or expedient might be effected at an expence amounting to little more than the perquisites of a clerk in office, or the pension of a superannuated envoy." But the amount of the assistance required, is the least important consideration; it is the principle against which the chief objection lies: nor is the existence of one abuse, admitting Mr. Shee's insinuations to be just, any plea for the commission of another. This is that sort of convenient logic, which, if admitted, would serve for a general exculpation of all offenders: a convicted rogue might always palliate his peculation, by saying there are so many plunderers that if he had not committed the theft, somebody else would, and therefore the right owner had no particular reason of complaint against him. If the principle be once openly allowed and established, that government may dispose of the public money for other purposes than the public benefit, it will soon be found that the national revenue, immense as it is, will not be sufficient to answer the numerous claims that will be made on the national bounty, and that the treasures collected with so much pains, will be wasted on objects much less worthy than the promotion of the arts.

It is the duty of nations, as well as of individuals, to let justice ever precede liberality; and when a nation neglects this duty, it has not the same excuse as an individual: since a nation should be governed by the general and immutable laws of reason and of right, and ought never to be subject to the influence of individual feeling or motives of expediency.

For this reason what is called national liberality, is almost ever national injustice.

But if Mr. Shee's proposition could be at another season entertained, the circumstances of the time, as has been already suggested, offer at present an insuperable objection: he admits that it is a season of pressure and embarrassment, and yet with a strange perverseness hints, that "a number of concurring "circumstances, alarming to our national superiority, have "pointed out the present as the important moment of ex-"ertion," on the part of government, in this momentous concern. And this he attempts to prove by a sort of amatory metaphor, which might look well enough in a sonnet, but makes a silly figure as an argument. Metaphors are but sorry engines of finance; they who seek to open the purse-strings of the people, should be provided with better instruments. Nor is it much more to the purpose, to urge that, "It was surrounded by hostile alarms, in the midst of foes "and reverses, that Louis XIV. and his enlightened minis-"ters, formed those schemes, and created those establishments "of arts and sciences, which have constituted the only true glo-"ry of their age." Louis XIV. was a despot, and his subjects were the unhappy slaves to his ambition; he heeded not what were their miseries, if they could be rendered subservient to his vanity and ostentation: he regarded them only as hewers of wood, and carriers of water, and as such he used them. The cause which requires to be supported by the example of such a monarch as Louis, must sound rather ungracious to the ears of a people who pay millions yearly under the persuasion that they have liberties to defend. The fables which are told of the tyrannic founder of the Egyptian pyramids, might furnish an argument as much to the purpose, and full as admissible. It is rather an unlucky circumstance, indeed, inasmuch as it may tend to excite the jealousy of a people who are proud of boasting of their independence, that the arts have ever been most protected by those who have shewn the least

regard to the liberties of their country. At Athens, and at Rome, in modern Italy and in France, they flourished most in the sunshine of despotism; it is a natural and obvious policy in those who have subverted the liberties of the people, to seek, by an imposing splendour, to dazzle their eyes, and blind them to their loss; as a seducer feeds the vanity of his victim with gewgaws and trinkets, to banish her regrets for the past, and soothe her into forgetfulness of her present degradation. They may therefore be well excused who feel a dislike to see in this country the arts in the train of power: not that it could reasonably be imagined that they have any tendency to excite despotic desires in the powerful, or to enervate the free spirit of the people, but as it is best to avoid giving occasion of misapprehension and discontent to suspicious cavillers, who might argue, that since, wherever the government has protected the arts the people have been slaves, therefore their liberties would be in danger if the arts were protected by government here. At all events, it cannot be thought illiberal to wish that in a country professing to be free, the arts should continue independent, and that the experiment should be made, whether they may not arrive at full vigour and perfection, without being forced on the hot-bed of power.

But supposing the interference of government, under existing circumstances, to be justifiable, it still remains to be proved that it is necessary, or that it could advance the end proposed. The first question that occurs is; Have the British artists genius, or have they not? If they have not, no act of the government can invest them with it; and dullness does not merit patronage. If they have genius, and that they have, none but the envious or illiberal will deny, how has it been displayed? Mr. Shee will answer, In the production of works, which would do honour to any age or nation. If these works have been produced without patronage, then patronage is not necessary to the production of excellence; but if it is

admitted that the arts cannot attain to any degree of perfection, unpatronized, then the excellence of the works is proof of the extent and efficacy of the patronage bestowed, and consequently of the little occasion there is for the interference or support of government. If the disorders of the Continent have, as Mr. Shee strangely phrases it, "cut up the interests of the artist with a *double edge of operation*," disconcerting at once "all those commercial speculations, through which he might have expected employment from the printseller, and at the same time, occasioning such an inundation of foreign art to be poured into the country, as at once swept away all his hopes of encouragement from the patron;" this can at most be considered but as a temporary diversion of the current of patronage, which must necessarily return into its old channel, when the cause of diversion ceases to operate. The very circumstance affords evidence of a taste widely prevailing in this country, for the works of art; the supplies of the ancient masters are not inexhaustible, and when they are consumed, the productions of native genius will be eagerly desired. At all events, to a temporary difficulty or inconvenience, it is sufficient to apply a temporary remedy: it is not necessary to build a bridge over a brook, because it may for once be swollen with rains beyond its accustomed limits, when a plank or a few stepping stones would answer the same purpose. Yet on account of this same 'double-edged' weapon, which has already performed its work and is blunted, and the wound which it inflicted is almost, if not entirely healed, so that nothing but the simplest plaister could be possibly requisite, the state is called on to put forth its strength and raise a rampart of defence, within which the painter may safely dream of immortality. If however the existence of a particular circumstance were a sufficient argument for the adoption of a general rule of conduct, to prove which an inverse sort of logic would be necessary, there could be little reason to complain that such conduct was not adopted before such circum-

stance existed; and therefore no merit can be arrogated because such complaint was not made. Yet Mr. Shee urges that,

"As a body, the artists of Great-Britain have some *claim* to the "consideration of their country: that they cannot be accused of "*troublesome zeal*, or *importunate solicitation:* that the insti- "tution they maintain, is an example of their disinterestedness, and "the silence they have observed, is a sufficient proof of their *mo-* "*deration:* that they have long looked forward to the needful aid "of national munificence, and have waited with patient expectation "till they may exclaim with the poet:

'I am so long remember'd, I'm forgot!' "

It had certainly been as well to substantiate the right of claim, before the claimants were praised for not being importunate; and the argument must be rather curious which can be assisted by one of the paradoxical conceits of Young.

But if all these objections, which Mr. Shee will impute to a gothic insensibility to the charms of *virtù*, or those unrefined feelings against which, in the notes of the sixth canto of his Elements, and indeed throughout the work, he has directed the rockets and *catamarans* of his satire, if all these objections were obviated, in what way is it required that the magic influence of the state should be employed? The author's views are pretty evident; for to do him justice, he has the merit of sincerity, and gives utterance to his thoughts without reserve. He would have those times restored when "a great artist was "considered as a national ornament; a public benefactor, "whom all were bound to honour and reward;—when the "sculptor and the painter rose to be the rivals of their sub- "jects, and the *hero and the demigod were content to share* "in the general admiration with the artist and his work." He does not indeed wish to exclude, as, on the authority of Pliny, he says the Greeks did, from the profession of the arts, all but those of noble blood; since genius, he observes, is not the gift of birth; but he desires that the artist may be rescued

from the pride and apathy of modern times, "which has de-"prived him of that invigorating elevation of mind, that "results from the consciousness of fulfilling a dignified func-"tion; while his genius has contracted within the narrow "space of respect in which he is confined, and can no more "expand to the *gigantic measure of his ancient estimation.*" It does not however appear how these objects are to be effected by the interference of the state: a decree of the legislature may regulate the actions of the subject, but cannot controul his thoughts; and however the existence of illiberal prejudices may be regretted, an act of the government cannot remove them. Indeed the author seems to have formed an erroneous estimate of the power of the state, as applicable to the promotion of the arts, and as all his arguments and conclusions are drawn from this point, they of course all partake of the original error. He has confounded the agent with the means. Because Pericles, the Medici, and Louis employed the powers of the state, which were in their hands, for purposes, which under their direction were attained, the author concludes that the same powers are adequate to produce the same effect, forgetting that the same presiding power is requisite to direct them.

That the arts were carried to greater perfection in Greece, and that the profession of the artist was held there in higher honour than in England, may possibly be owing to causes which have not occurred to Mr. Shee; but which operating every where, and at all times alike, must ever preclude the hope of arriving at the same excellence, except under similar circumstances. He has discussed the question at some length in a note at the end of the second Canto of his *Elements*, and has treated, with the usual levity and contempt which he displays for the opinions of others, the notions of those, who have severally attributed the superior taste and genius of the Greeks to their climate, their form of government, their religion, and their public games. He accounts for their superiority, more

conveniently for his purpose; and has ingeniously discovered in their veneration of the artist, and their love for the arts, the secret of their excellence in them. But this is something like the system of the philosopher, who argued that the globe was supported by an elephant: the motive of this great love for the arts still remains a secret, and the respect paid to the artist, it is natural to think, was rather the consequence than the cause of his merit. When the peculiar circumstances of Greece, however, are considered, without any view to advance a particular doctrine, or system, there seems no great difficulty in accounting for the perfection to which the fine arts were carried in that country.

The remarkable refinement of the Greeks, and their peculiar tendency to the cultivation of literature and the arts, appear to have originated in the same causes, which produce the difference between the manners and pursuits of civilized society, and of the solitary savage. Polish is the natural consequence of constant collision; and therefore the inhabitants of cities are more polite, and set a higher value on the refinement and elegancies of life, than the peasant, who lives remote from society, and is anxious only to procure the means of subsistence. Greece, inhabited by a people, all speaking the same language, and united together by the institution of the Amphictyonic council, and the public games, might be said to be one great city, of which the various states were the families. This singular political constitution, then, accounts for the general tendency to refinement which prevailed; and as each of these states was perfectly independent of the rest, the same motives which create rivalry and emulation between individuals, impelled them to vie with each other in those pursuits, in which it was accounted most honour to excel. This rivalry, which their closeness of contact, and constant clashing of interest, rendered as strong and ardent as the rivalry of individuals, was still further stimulated by the distinctions which the public games offered to the successful candidate for

fame. National jealousy and ambition conspired to incite and encourage the exertions of genius, and the artist was respected as the means of national aggrandizement. It was not, then, because Greece was free, that the arts flourished there, but because it was divided into a number of small governments, all independent of each other, but living in a state of constant intercourse, and therefore subject to all the incitements to rivalry, by which individuals are actuated. It was in this way, that the political constitution of Greece, its public games, and its religion, as directing the choice of subjects, were instrumental in the promotion of the arts: and on their revival in Italy, the operation of causes partly the same, as far as regarded the political independence of the several petty states into which that country had been divided, produced effects in a proportionate degree similar. Rome could not brook so near a rival as Florence, and the spirit of emulation, once excited, spread to Venice and other states, while in every city the piety or ambition or policy of the clergy, were interested to keep pace with their neighbours, in decorating their church with the splendid productions of art. The same feelings cannot exist in this country, unless the Heptarchy were restored, which the greatest lover of the arts will scarcely think it worth while to do, for the sake of the experiment. As a state, we live too much as strangers with other governments, to feel very acutely emotions of jealousy on such matters: all feelings of that kind are blunted by the distance and reserve interposed between us, or are absorbed in considerations of more immediate and striking importance.

But as Mr. Shee may be unwilling to allow the reasons here submitted, sufficient to account for the perfection of Grecian art, and the respect paid to the Grecian artist, it may be as well perhaps to explain to him on his own grounds, why the ancient professor was held in higher estimation than the modern. Whatever value the author may attach to the favour and admiration, and friendship of nobility, it is not wonderful

that the Greek artists should have enjoyed such distinctions, if, as he believes, none but those of noble blood were allowed to practise the profession of painting and sculpture. Among the Romans too, the early honour paid to the fine arts he adduces the authority of Pliny to prove; but then he proves it by an instance of a noble of the Fabian family, who turning painter,

> "Assumed the palette, as a crest of pride;
> Emblazon'd Art's pure emblems in his fame,
> And felt ennobled in a painter's name!"
> ELEMENTS. *Cant. 6. v. 356.*

meaning thereby, that he thenceforward bore the surname, or nickname of *Painter*, that is, that he was called Fabius Pictor. This argument, however, would only prove, that nobles were not considered as degraded by the practice of painting, rather than that painting was ennobled by their practice. But then it is to be remembered too, that if these noble artists accepted rewards from the government for their labours, their reward was at most a crown of laurel; and if it is for this merely that Mr. Shee contends, he will find no one ready to warn the state against complying with his demand from motives of economy.

It is very true that artists were more respected at Athens than in London; so were courtezans: they were more accomplished, and less common. Some of the Cyprian corps from Mary-le-bone might as well claim to be admitted members of the Privy Council, because philosophers consulted, and Pericles married the frail Aspasia, as artists demand the support and encouragement of the State, merely because Pericles was the friend and patron of Phidias. According to Mr. Shee,—

> "It may be doubted, if in any other department of human inge-
> "nuity, such examples of general accomplishment, and various
> "knowledge, can be produced, as have appeared, [among the an-
> "tient artists] to dignify and give lustre to the character of a pain-
> "ter. The antient masters were proud of their profession, and

"practised it as a noble occupation, which yielded to no other in "the talents which it required, or the powers which it displayed. "They found their art esteemed amongst the most civilized states, "as the pride of cultivation. Drawn out by enlightened policy "from the ranks of ordinary life, as the leaders of public taste and "refinement, they sought with zeal those qualifications, which were "necessary to fit them for so honourable a distinction; they came "to it therefore with minds furnished from the stores of general "knowledge, and elevated above the little motives of mercenary "employment, by a just sense of those functions which only genius "can ably perform, and only glory can adequately reward. With- "out any interruption, of their proper pursuits, they at their *lei-* "*sure*, plucked a wreath from the Poet, the Musician, the Sculp- "tor, the Architect, the Scholar, and the Statesman, and *often* as "a *relaxation* from the *toils of the pencil, rivalled those cha-* "*racters in their most laborious exertions!*"

ELEM. C. 4. Note, p. 243.

How far this high-flown description will apply to the painters of the present day, it is not necessary to enquire; that it will not apply to many is plain, if much reliance is to be placed on the indignant sarcasms of the author. He admits that, the little general estimation which the arts have hitherto obtained in this country, may perhaps be ascribed as much to the want of dignity and independence in the artist, as to the general defect of knowledge and refinement in the public.

"The barren prospects of the painter," says he, "both as to "honour and profit deter persons of *liberal education, in the* "*higher classes of society*, from assuming that character. The "ambitious or the affluent have little temptation to encounter a "life of arduous and unremitting exertion, which offers no flattering "hope of distinction, nor rational prospect of wealth."

"In steriles campos nolunt juga ferre juvenci."

"The pursuits of taste therefore, are in a great measure, left to the "less prudent enterprize of those, who *rising from the humbler* "*regions of society*, sometimes retain a characteristic of their "original station: *with few advantages of education*, and *little* "*ambition* beyond that which prompts,

"*To live and thrive in ease and luxury*,"

"they too often consider the arts only as a refuge from coarser

"labours, and are sometimes *insensible to those enlightened views* "*and liberal feelings*, without which, he who has genius will not "be respected, and he who has not genius will be doubly despised."
ELEMENTS. Canto 6. Note, p. 396.

There is certainly some difference between this account of modern British artists, and that of the antient painter who only condescended in his hours of *leisure*, and *relaxation* from the *toil of the pencil*, to enter into a rivalry with the poet, the scholar, and the statesman. But were the professors of the fine arts now in every respect equal to the ancient masters, one reason alone would be sufficient to account for the different estimation in which they are held. Their number lessens their consequence: the first man, who produced a statue or painting, was probably regarded as something more than mortal; but what many are able to do is no longer a subject of extravagant wonder: if a comet were to appear every day, it would cease to be an object of admiration: the Peruvian no longer regards a ship with awe or terror.

This effect, resulting from principles the operation of which is universal and immutable, it was no more in the power of government to avert, than to produce a revolution in the laws of arithmetic. But the author has objected, that painting and sculpture are treated in this country with less distinction than poetry and music, since each of these arts is honoured in our universities by the appointment of a professor, while the sister arts are entirely neglected. No blame, however, can attach to the government on this account, since it has no power to appoint officers in those literary republics; and if the arts have no professor in our universities, they have what may be called a university of their own. That the Royal Academy is supported by the exertions of the artists themselves, confers much higher honour on them, than any they could derive from the appointment of professors in the universities, or as pensioners on the bounty of the state. It seems scarcely possible to devise a plan better adapted to stimulate the genius

of the artist, and promote a general taste for the arts, than the very mode by which the academy is supported: that the annual exhibition should create a fund sufficient for this purpose, is evidence of the effects produced by it on the taste of the public, while the talents displayed in the works exhibited, is proof of the powerful influence of emulation among the artists. But it may be questioned, if ever a great poet or musician was formed merely by attending academical lectures on poetry or music, however great the zeal and diligence of the student, or eminent the abilities of the professor.

If the interests of the arts could be at all promoted, as Mr. Shee seems to think they might, by following the example of the Emperor Alexander, who has decorated several of the painters of the academy of Petersburgh with various orders of the empire, it should be remembered, that this also is a point in which the government cannot interfere; the King being in his own individual person, by virtue of his prerogative, the fountain of all honour. Knighthoods may not be so plenty, indeed, in this country, as in the North, though the crop is not very scanty here; but it was scarcely to be expected, that a man, feeling so much for the dignity of the art, as Mr. Shee professes to do, would have hankered for 'such grinning honour as Sir Robert hath.' It is not very easy to conceive how the genius of an artist would be improved by knighthood, or that he would handle his pencil with greater spirit and effect if dressed in the costume of an order of merit.

So much for Mr. Shee's demands on the state. By attempting to resist them, and to expose the shallowness of their foundation, I am aware that I have subjected myself to the imputation, on his part, of all those narrow prejudices, by which he imagines all those to be guided who do not immediately enter into his views of the subject. He may 'write me down' a Goth, as he unceremoniously calls all such as 'would oppose the appropriation of any part of the public money, to

the cultivation of the arts.' If to prefer public right to public wrong is to be a Goth, I should feel more honoured by the title, than Mr. Shee would pleasure in conferring it. But he ought to have known that calling names is not arguing. I am perfectly willing to believe, on his authority, that England has already surpassed all her competitors in art, and I have full confidence in the genius and ambition of our living artists, for the preservation and encrease of the high honours already acquired; I should be most happy to know that their efforts are supported by the most liberal and extensive patronage, and that they themselves receive all the respect and consideration to which their merits entitle them: and if any means could be suggested, other than those proposed, for the accomplishment of the author's utmost wish, so highly do I venerate the arts, and so much respect the professors, I should rejoice to see such means successfully employed. I esteem the arts the ornaments of a state; but ornaments may be purchased too dearly. Public necessity should be satisfied before public luxury; and even then the necessitous cannot in justice be called on to pay their proportion for luxuries which they cannot share. To speak of myself is irksome; but thus much it was necessary to say to avoid misrepresentation, or misconception. And now that this subject, which it was the principal object of Mr. Shee to enforce, has been discussed, perhaps more briefly than might have been done, but for the apprehension of extending this article beyond its proportionate length, I shall not recur to it again in my progress through the ELEMENTS OF ART, though I meet it almost at every step.

In the composition of his work, it has been the author's aim merely, as he informs us, to address himself "to the undisciplined tyro of taste." His instructions are intended for "those "early periods of study, for the direction of which, former "writers, have in a great measure neglected to provide. He "takes up the student in the weak and helpless moments of

"inexperience, when, an infant in the nursery of art, he be-
"gins to feel his feet, and moves in tottering apprehension:
"when all is doubt and indecision—eagerness without object,
"and impetuosity without force or direction.—His essay is
"intended but as preparatory to a higher course of instruction
"—as introductory to the study of a Fresnoy, and a Reynolds.
"The author considers himself only as the humble usher, to
"conduct the student into the presence of those, who are bet-
"ter qualified to be the guides of his maturity, and the models
"of his imitation."

This is modest enough; but if indeed the author's ambition were no higher, he has gone much beyond the bound he had proposed to himself. Whenever any object has tempted him, he has never hesitated to wander from the main road, without stopping to consider whether his "undisciplined and helpless student" can follow him. But whether on this account his judgment is most to be blamed for elevating his work above the comprehension of those for whom he intended it, or his modesty for descending from the station to which he has pretensions, must be left to the determination of the reader of his book.

To legislate on subjects of taste, requires no ordinary degree of intelligence and authority. Its principles are so little defined or understood, that no general law is acknowledged, but every school of art is governed by a code of its own. It must be evident to the most common observer, that the practice of the Roman, and of the Flemish masters, could not have been founded on the same principles; and that the laws of taste, as interpreted at Venice, did not regulate the practice at Paris. This may partly account for the general imperfection, which the author has noticed, in those works which have been written on painting. He acknowledges, indeed, with a sincerity rather singular in his situation, that, "there is no "department of human knowledge in which so little aid is to be "drawn from theory, or derived from books." But then it

should seem that this assertion is made chiefly for the purpose of excluding from the realms of taste all dilettanti critics, whose opinions he takes every occasion to treat with the utmost contempt; for he adds, that "to the writings of the *professor* "must the student apply for whatever useful information the "channel of literature is calculated to afford." It might have been doubted, however, whether a strong objection might not justly lie against the professor, on account of the natural prejudice which he must be supposed to have in favour of his own style; but the author has not left this a matter of doubt, for with his usual consistency, he states—

"That an ordinary painter, although a man of sense, and well "grounded in the theory of his art, seldom proves a successful "teacher; for what he would establish by his precept he destroys "by his example. He will in vain point out to others the road to "excellence, while he himself travels another way. Even a good "painter may be a bad instructor, if his integrity is not equal to his "talents; if he has not as much candour as genius; if he is not "conscious of his defects, and capable of acknowledging them; if "he does not, in short, forget himself in his precepts, and sacrifice "his pride to his pupil, and his art." ELEM. Note, p. 29.

It is true that this passage refers more immediately to the instance of a master giving lessons to his pupil; but that does not materially alter the case; it is admitted that the judgment of the professor is liable to be influenced by his practice. In this difficulty, it is no little merit perhaps in the author to have confined himself so entirely to general precepts, and general remarks on the various style of the different schools of art, that it is not easy to discover which he himself prefers, or which he would advise the student to adopt.

If instruction had been the author's only aim, it is scarcely to be supposed that he would have written in verse, when he might have executed his purpose so much more conveniently and effectually in prose. To dogmatize in verse, and hitch precepts into rhyme, may indeed be more gratifying to the vanity of the preceptor, but yields much less profit to the student. Whether it

was with a view to obviate this objection, that the author overran his pages with the endless dissertations which he has appended to his lines under the denomination of notes, he has not told us, but he has confessed, that they appear rather as principals than appendages; and though he says, that "a little more experi- "ence of the press would perhaps have enabled him to com- "press his annotative exuberance within the limits of typogra- "phic propriety:"—he urges as an excuse, "the advantage of "support and elucidation which the subject may receive from "this kind of running accompaniment." But as his accompaniment completely overpowers his melody, it had better been avoided altogether; or he might have more properly prefixed his notes to his poem in the shape of distinct essays. After all, however, this is a matter little worth disputing about; it is not the first time, as some have observed, that verses have been used as pegs to hang notes upon; but it may be added, that Mr. Shee's verses had need be strong to bear so ponderous a weight. Since they will so readily admit however of being etached from the poem, it may be as well to consider them separately, and after a slight view of their contents to dismiss them.

Among much that is extravagant and paradoxical, these notes contain a very considerable quantity of original and entertaining matter. Wisely determining to think for himself, the author has only adverted to the dogmas of the monarchs of *virtù*, to expose and ridicule them. To the dilettanti critic he has shewn no mercy, and Winckelman as the head of the sect is the constant butt at which his keenest shafts are aimed. The character which he has drawn of this very learned but fanciful writer, is perhaps rather overcharged with severity, but its spirit is amusing.—

"The observations of Winckelman upon every work of taste "which he describes, are in the highest style of that penetrating "class of critics, who unacquainted with the real powers of the art, "about which they treat, are always sure to see much more than "their author intended, or than his work could possibly express.

"His admiration delights to dwell in little distinctions, and delicate "discriminations; he loses sight of the leading sentiment, the grand "character which the artist has impressed upon his work, to follow "the refinements of imaginary emotion, in the corner of a mouth, or "the cut of an eye-brow. He gravely parcels out the face like a "map of the passions—finds in every feature a different sentiment, "and thinks, when he has set them all at variance, that he has pro-"nounced a panegyric on the whole.

"Criticism in the hands of Winckelman, and those who resemble "him, is precisely that which has been so well described by La "Bruyere: "La critique souvent n'est pas une science: c'est un "métier où il faut plus de santé que d'esprit, plus de travail que de "capacité, plus d'habitude que de génie."

"The mortifying deceptions which were passed upon him, for "the purpose of exposing his presumption, had little effect in re-"pressing it. He was to the last the 'mighty scholiast of taste,

'..... that awful Aristarch
'Whose front was plough'd with many a deep remark;'
Pope.

"before whom the artist and the connoisseur were alike dismayed "and discomfited. By the fiat of absolute authority he divided the "whole empire of *virtù*, assigning the province of genius to his "friend Mengs the painter, and reserving the department of taste "for himself." ELEM. Note, p. 125.

His observations on the absurd reasoning of those, who violate the rules of perspective, under a fallacious pretext of taste, though fantastically expressed, are strong and just: and he ridicules very successfully the folly which wilfully sacrifices the beauties of propriety with a view—

'To snatch a grace beyond the reach of art.'

The passage which concludes his remarks on this subject, affords an admirable specimen of his general style:—

"The fearless wing of genius may laudably brush away that cob-"web code of critic legislation, in which pedantry and prejudice "have delighted to entangle the interests of taste, and endeavoured "to tie down the talents of every age to the practice of antiquity. "But we should be careful how we are induced to authorize, un-"der any circumstances, a departure from the principles of science, "or the precepts of truth; how we are led to tolerate, much less to "applaud an indulgence which militates against the fundamental "laws of natural propriety; in order to invest with all the honours "of admiration those capricious aberrations, those glittering eccen-

"tricities of art, which not being reconcileable to nature or com-
"mon sense, assume the character of irregular excellence, and al-
"ways claim our homage, in proportion as they are beyond our ex-
"planation or comprehension.

"Those beauties may well be dispensed with, which will not
"grow within the pale of propriety, and if all the flowers of this
"description were excluded from the pastures of taste, the garden
"would not be less blooming or attractive.

"This doctrine will probably be considered as extraordinary,
"by all that class of enthusiastic admirers, who pique themselves on
"the possession of a sensibility of taste, far beyond the phlegmatic
"coarseness of ordinary faculties. Those martyrs of moral sym-
"pathy, who eternally vibrate in tremulous oscillation between the
"agonies and the ecstacies of life, have no respect for merits which
"can be made intelligible to common capacities: with them, rea-
"son and common sense are cold and vulgar critics, who judge
"when they ought to feel, and question when they should adore.
"In a fine frenzy of delight, they rush to the sanctuary of sentiment,
"from the rigid tribunal of the understanding, and what they can-
"not defend with justice protect by superstition. They delight to
"lose themselves in a sublime obscurity of meaning; to wander in
"an agreeable confusion of the faculties amongst the inexpressibles
"and indefineables of taste; and are never so thoroughly satisfied
"of their superiority to us common mortals, as when under the rap-
"turous influence of an admiration excited by perfections which
"can be neither understood nor described." Elem. Note, p. 81.

On the same just principles of thinking, the author denies the authority of precedent, when in evident opposition to propriety and truth, and admits no example, however illustrious, to be an excuse for error. He observes, "that precedents are "seldom necessary, but when principles are to be sacrificed, "for that which will stand by reason, need not be propped by "authority."

"We erect," says he, "into precedents the defects of great men,
"and are content to be wrong if we can but plead their authority.
"Thus the name even of Raphael is not unfrequently brought for-
"ward to bear evidence in favour of imbecility and bad taste; in
"the Cartoon of the miraculous draught of fishes, his mode of treat-
"ing the boat has been considered as a decisive instance to prove,
"that it is sometimes necessary to depart from the strict rules of
"perspective and vulgar propriety. Critics have discovered that
"if the figures were proportioned to the boat, they would be too
"small for the proper impression of the subject, and if the boat were
"proportioned to the figures, it would be too large for the dimen-
"sion of the picture." Elem. Note, p. 83.

Mr. Shee has, however, proved most decisively, that this disproportion of parts was neither necessary to the subject, nor efficient to the attainment of any excellence, which could not be otherwise preserved; and has observed, that the example even of Raphael would not justify any modern artist in 'sending his fishermen to sea in a bathing-tub.'

Nor has he combated with less force and skill the arguments of those who defend the unskilful colouring of Poussin and the Roman school, on the ground of its being peculiarly suited to grand historical subjects; who talk of "an historical colouring "peculiarly adapted to elevated subjects, and a severity of "style suited to the grand character of art." His reasoning on this subject, evinces much good sense and taste, and appears unanswerable; and, to such miserable cant, the lash of his ridicule is justly and skilfully applied. He has ably vindicated too, in another place, the principles and views of the Caracci in the foundation of their school at Bologna from the imputation of those, who seem to have questioned their propriety or practicability merely because they misapprehended them. Indeed, Mr. Shee has shown himself to be thoroughly conversant with the history of his art, and has discriminated with considerable skill the merits and defects of the different schools: on such subjects his judgment is seldom wrong, and always liberal. While he pays the just tribute of admiration to the genius of the old masters, he does not overlook the merits of contemporary artists. Wherever praise is due, he bestows it with a warm sincerity, as honourable to himself as those whom he commends. His character of Barry is drawn with great truth and spirit.—

"Barry, ambitious of renown in his art, and hopeless of any op-
"portunity more favourable to his purpose, proposed to adorn the
"great room of "the Society of Arts," with a series of pictures,
"illustrative of the progress of man towards civilization and science.
"To complete this extensive work, he devoted himself to poverty
"and seclusion for seven or eight years; subsisting on means scarce-
"ly adequate to the support of nature in the humblest station;

"and by its exhibition to the public when finished, he obtained, as "the whole reward of his labours—five hundred pounds!

"Nor did the affluence of honours compensate for the penury of "profit; notwithstanding the zeal, the perseverance, and the abi- "lity which he displayed, he found it difficult to live, even on the "humblest scale of expence, in that city which his genius has so "much contributed to adorn, and died at last the object of a pub- "lic subscription.

"The merits and the manners of Barry were certainly little suited "to the time, and still less to the country in which he lived. As a "man, he would have been more distinguished in the age of Peri- "cles; as a painter, he would have been more esteemed in the age "of Leo; in Greece, he might perhaps have been a sage, as well "as an artist; the leader of a sect in philosophy, and the founder "of a school of taste. In England, he was only an oddity at whom "every body stared, whom few appreciated, and fewer still under- "stood.

"In his art and in his manners, he alike mistook, or rather dis- "regarded, what was essential to his time: in the former, he fol- "lowed the Roman school, when only the Venetian was admired; "in the latter, he neglected urbanity, when urbanity was neces- "sary to please, and allowed himself to be rough and independent "amongst those, who always demand our respect, and often our "obsequiousness.

"Neglect, mortification, and disappointment, wrought on Barry "their usual effects in irritable and ambitious minds: he withdrew "from the contest, not defeated, but disgusted: he sunk into him- "self with an indignant feeling of worth unregarded: a proud con- "sciousness of having meant well and merited better of his coun- "try." Elem. Note, p. 161.

This is in a better style and manner than he usually writes: nor is the sketch of Opie less interesting:—

"Emerging from an humble sphere by his own strength, and un- "influenced by those predisposing impressions, which generally re- "sult from the regular discipine of the faculties, according to the "forms of systematic instruction, his mind was stamped with a "character of intrepid curiosity, of unyielding independence, from "which, perhaps, his most conspicuous merits were derived."

"In some parts of his art, he rose to great eminence: in the "powerful relief of his object he may be said to vie with Rem- "brandt, Carravaggio, and Velasquez. Sometimes, perhaps, this "praise was obtained at the expense of merits more estimable; but "in characters of age, and strong expression, where vigour of effect "is peculiarly appropriate, he carried it to a degree of projection, "which, if it has been equalled, has certainly never been surpassed.

"In that particular quality of colouring called tone, he was "also, at one period of his practice, conspicuously skilled. The "death of James the Sixth of Scotland, and some of his pictures "painted for the Shakspeare Gallery, displayed a depth, and "richness of hue, which are not always to be found in his sub- "sequent works. The desire of freshness and purity of tint, "much influenced his pencil in the latter period of his life, and "sometimes occasioned a crude and chalky effect of colouring, "which impaired the general impression of his merits.

"His manner was broad, bold, and original; pursuing truth "without prejudice, but generally without choice; faithful, but "not minute in imitation; always forcible in effect, but often feeble "in design.

"A short time before his death, he was appointed to the Pro- "fessor's chair of painting, in the Royal Academy; and if he had "lived to digest and complete his course of lectures in that estab- "lishment, his profession would have derived instruction and de- "light from his unhesitating boldness of investigation—his origi- "nality of remark and ingenuity of argument. He was one of the "few characters which are to be met with in society, who see with "their own eyes, and hear with their own ears. Untutored in "the awe of authority, a name had no influence upon him when "opposed to an argument. He was no venerator of time, nor "respecter of prejudice: he was an original thinker, whose mind "rushed fearlessly forward in search of truth, wherever it seemed "likely to be found; and if the peculiarity of his opinions some- "times excited surprize and provoked opposition, the ingenuity "with which they were maintained, seldom failed to shew great "vigour of thought, and singular acuteness of observation."

ELEM. note, p. 265.

In his attack on authorities and systems, the author has occasionally suffered himself to be borne away in the ardour of pursuit beyond just limits. He has not even spared the venerable name of Homer, to whose whole works he does not hesitate to prefer a single Greek statue; much on the same grounds which led him, in the comparison he instituted between the claims of poetry and painting, to award the palm of genius to the painter. He has stated little to justify the flippancy with which he speaks of "the practice of Homer, and the *ipse dixit* of Aristotle." In fact, he has been ambitious to shew his talent for metaphysical disquisition, and has not much cared what was the subject: nor has he been a little ingenious in the

creation of difficulties, for the mere purpose of displaying his skill in overcoming them.

Of his poem it will not be necessary to say much, nor considering the length to which this article has already extended, would it be proper. His verse is much better than his prose; as what constitutes the chief defect of the one, is scarcely a defect in the other. Great poetical powers are not requisite for the composition of a didactic work: judgement and experience are to be looked for rather than imagination or invention. Just thoughts expressed with clearness and energy, illustrated by apposite allusions and examples, and conveyed in unaffected and harmonious verse, are all that can be reasonably expected. Such expectations Mr. Shee has, in general, fully answered, and has not unfrequently exceeded. In his first canto, he exposes with much spirit the prejudices of the followers of various systems, and thus concludes a pointed ridicule of the devotee of antique.

> "A firm believer, travell'd Torso took
> "His faith on trust, nor look'd at Nature's book;
> "The pure antique, his creed in every part,
> "The ancients, his evangelists of art;
> "Their works the gospel of his taste receives,
> "And Rome's infallibility believes."
>
> ELEM. Canto I. l. 287.

The Venus de Medici and the Apollo Belvidere are described with great animation in the second canto; and seem to have communicated to Mr. Shee's verse a portion of their grace and beauty. The passages, however, are too long to be extracted entire, and it would be doing them injustice to present a partial view of them. It is impossible not to be pleased with the fearlessness of criticism, with which he has asserted the rights of Rubens: the following lines conclude the passage.

> "As petty chiefs fall prostrate, and obey,
> "While monarchs move their strength in proud array;

"But when the pomp is past, the peril o'er,
"Rebel against the rod they kiss'd before;
"So cavilling tribes who roam the graphic waste,
"Scarce rescued from the savage state of taste,
"Assail the rights of Rubens, grudge his praise,
"And talk high treason 'gainst the state he sways;
"But, when triumphant crown'd in every part,
"He moves in some vast enterprize of art,
"His lawful claims, licentious critics own;
"And wond'ring painters bend before his throne."
ELEM. Canto III. l. 259.

Though no advocate for the pursuits of the Flemish School, he defends them liberally from the sneers of affectation, and the contempt of fastidious criticism.

"Let not the pedantry of taste despise
"The humbler beauties of Batavian skies:
"Tho' Painting there, no epic wreath requires,
"Nor feels, nor feigns to feel, poetic fires;
"Content on boors and burgomasters still,
"At wakes and weddings to display her skill;
"Tho' Fancy too, each towering flight deterr'd,
"Degenerates there, a tame domestic bird!
"In homely scenes alone, familiar found,
"To skip, and sport, and flutter on the ground;
"Strong in their glass reflected tho' we own,
"The broad low comedy of life alone;
"Yet Truth is there and Nature, while we trace
"Her coarser characters and common face,
"Avows her image mark'd in every part,
"And by her sanction consecrates their art."
ELEM. Canto III. l. 339.

Many other passages might be pointed out, which reflect much honour on the author's taste and liberal mode of thinking; but the extracts already made, will be sufficient to convey a general idea of the poem. That it has many faults is true; but in a work of no higher pretensions, they may well be overlooked.

Of his prose style, it is scarcely necessary to say, after the specimens that have been exhibited, that it is vitiated and meretricious to a degree almost if not absolutely without parallel. He seems to have endeavoured to make every particular sen-

tence, as it were, a picture; and to have selected for this purpose the most extravagant figures and the gaudiest colours. To speak in the terms of his own art, there is no keeping in his style; every part is equally laboured, and stands equally prominent. His metaphors are so grotesque and ridiculous, that it is not easy to say whether they will excite most mirth or contempt in the reader. It would be too severe a sentence on the writer, who could seriously talk of "stirring with his "*small pebble* the *lake* of public feeling," to doom him to the fate of St. Stephen; but it would be almost worth while to try whether a dip sufficient to let him know the nature of a lake, might not cure him of his metaphorical madness. It is very palpable that he has been frequently led into contradictions, by his inability to resist the temptation of pointing a sentence, or levelling a sarcasm. The little patches of Latin, with which he has here and there decked his work, neither improve its value nor appearance: but a trifling vanity of this sort deserves no severity of reprehension. There is certainly a good deal of novelty and spirit in many of the author's observations; but as a whole,-his production cannot be better characterized than by a passage of his own, contained in a note to the fourth canto, p. 254.

"Didactic writers, in general, are more desirous to shew "themselves than their subject, and labour rather to display "the powers of their eloquence than the principles of their "art. The author almost always supersedes the teacher; "and where they can amuse by their wit, they are seldom "solicitous to instruct by their science. Every thing, there-"fore, is pompous and exaggerated; raised to the altitudes "of affected enthusiasm, or refined to the siftings of subtle "discrimination."

LES TROIS REGNES DE LA NATURE, &c. i.e. THE THREE KINGDOMS OF NATURE. BY JACQUES DE LILLE. WITH NOTES BY MR. CUVIER, OF THE NATIONAL INSTITUTE OF FRANCE, AND OTHER LEARNED MEN, 2 VOLS. 12MO. I. xxxviii. 309. II. 285. *Paris.* 1808. *Imported by Dulau and Co.*

THE most correct description of external nature, though by its minute accuracy it may satisfy the understanding, if it be unanimated by dramatic action, leaves the reader cold; and mere descriptive verses, though ever so characteristic and excellent in their kind, must still be deficient in what constitutes the very essence of poetry, since they can awaken no latent sympathy of the heart. They may force us to acknowledge the skill and industry of the writer; but they are as little calculated to confer on their author the envied appellation of a poet, as the best drawing of Richmond-hill or Westminster-abbey would be to elevate the drawer to the proud eminence of a great painter. Nor is the talent of affixing proper epithets to

> "The gloomy pine, the poplar blue,
> The yellow beech, the sable yew,"

sufficient to raise those awful, tender, or pleasing emotions, which it is the province of the poet to excite.

Aware of these objections, which on both sides of the Channel have been repeatedly urged against descriptive poems, Mr. De Lille, in his preliminary discourse, admits that "To "describe for the sake of describing is a folly;" but contends, that "If it be done with the view to diffuse the knowledge of "the processes of the arts, and the appearances of nature, it "is not only allowable but needful; and whatever is needful, "is always irreprehensible." This argument, however, does not establish the necessity of communicating such knowledge in verse. Sober prose appears far better adapted to convey descriptive details when they are designed to instruct. Al-

though the inversions in French poetry be not many, yet the constraint of rhyme and measure renders the admission of terms, which are not exactly the proper expressions, unavoidable, and often obscures that which should be taught in a clear, precise, and distinct manner. It is chiefly on this account, that almost every attempt to unite poetry and science has hitherto failed; and were it not for the long notes by which it is accompanied, even Mr. De Lille's work would frequently be found unintelligible. When he says,

" Ou plutôt, quand je vole à la céleste voute
" C'est à toi, cher Delambre, à diriger ma route;
" Toi qui sus réunir, par un double pouvoir,
" Les beaux arts au calcul et le goût au savoir.
" *L'immortel Isaac*, de ses mains souveraines,
" Des mondes étoilés te confia les rênes;
" Viens; et sans m'effrayer du sort de *Phaéton*,
" Que je monte avec toi sur le char de *Newton!*"

How is the young French student to know that the *immortal Isaac* is the self-same Newton, whose name is mentioned three lines after, since it is not customary in France to say *le chevalier Isaac*, as the English speak of *Sir Isaac*, but always *le chevalier Newton?* To an English reader, the expression is besides in danger of appearing rather facetious, as it involuntarily recalls the idea of *little Isaac;* and to the French reader, it must necessarily seem pedantic, because the measure of the verse requires the name of Isaac to be read *I-sa-ac*, as being composed of three syllables, which is contrary to common pronunciation.

What information could be obtained, without the assistance of notes, from such lines as,

" Suivant les corps divers la lumière varie;
" Dédaigneuse des uns, aux autres se marie.
" Si l'obscure matière absorbe les rayons,
" Le noir frappe nos yeux; mais lorsque nous voyons,
" Des corps où vient tomber l'éclatante lumière,
" La masse des rayons rejaillir toute entière;
" De la blancheur alors l'œil ressent les effets."

But then of what use is an idle jingle of words, which has not the least claim to poetical fire, harmony, or embellishment, if it requires a long commentary to be understood? Besides,

> " Si l' obscure matière absorbe les rayons,
> " Le noir frappe nos yeux;"

is, we apprehend, not philosophically correct, since the absence of light, *l' obscure matière*, cannot strike the eye; and the end of the line, " *mais lorsque nous voyons*," is intolerably prosaic. The expressions " *l' obscure matière*" and " *dédaigneuse des uns*," are also hardly reconcileable with good taste.

When, in appreciating the comparative merits of Virgil and Lucretius, Mr. De Lille observes of the latter, that " Nature had granted him but a portion of the poetical ta- " lent, which she had bestowed entire on the author of the " Georgics," whatever may be the justice of the observation, it certainly applies to Mr. De Lille himself. His philosophical poem is really, as he confesses, " *d' un genre un peu* " *froid*," notwithstanding the episodes with which he has attempted to supply its want of warmth.

The assertion, that " the art of treating a subject is nothing " but the art of digressing from it without abandoning it " entirely," is rather paradoxical. We shall, therefore, quote Mr. De Lille's expressions: " L'art de traiter un sujet," he says, " n'est que l'art d'en sortir sans s'en éloigner; on en " trouve l'image dans la navigation ancienne qui se tenoit " toujours à portée de la terre et à la vue des côtes." He then adds rather exultingly: " Qu'on me permette sur cette " sorte d'ornement quelques idées assez nouvelles," and illustrates his new theory of episodes more fully, by the following remark:

> " S'il est nécessaire que les épisodes se rattachent au dessein " général de l'ouvrage, il ne l'est pas que l'idée principale de " chaque épisode soit en rapport immédiat avec le fond du sujet; " au contraire, plus ces ornemens accessoires lui sont étrangers,

" plus ils jettent dans la composition et de nouveauté et de variété,
" premiers charmes de tous les ouvrages d'imagination."

And in support of this observation, he instances his episode at the end of the canto on the Vegetable Kingdom, where, after having treated of flowers, and said—

" Et sur la mer, enfin, souvent aux matelots
" Leur parfum présagea la terre et le repos ;"

he introduces Columbus, on his first voyage to America, smelling the perfume of flowers, at the moment when his followers are going to murder him, for having decoyed them so far from home. This propitious circumstance serves Columbus to animate his crew to fresh exertions, which enable them to reach the shore. Mr. De Lille connects this episode again with the main subject of his song, by making the sailors crown Columbus with a garland of flowers :

" On redouble d'efforts, on aborde, on arrive ;
" Des prophétiques fleurs qui parfument la rive
" Tous couronnent leur chef, et leurs festons chéris,
" Présages des succès, en deviennent le prix."

This slight connection of the episodes with the principal subject, which Mr. De Lille recommends, is the only novelty which we have been able to discover in his vaunted theory of digressions. It reminds us of the trick of a gentleman, who never went into company without having stored his memory with three or four anecdotes, which he would contrive to retail at all events, even when the turn of conversation was not in the least favourable to their introduction.

The reason why Mr. De Lille has borrowed very little of the eloquent Buffon, is, because " Depredations committed on " the rich are more easily found out, and more severely pu- " nished by the police of literature." Might not this strange avowal suggest the uncharitable supposition of his being in the habit of stealing from obscure writers? Surely, when a poet attempts to sing the discoveries of science, and the phenomena of nature, it is no disparagement to his merit to

consult the best authors on the subjects which he intends to treat, provided he paints with poetical enthusiasm what they have recorded with diligent attention.

We should have been tempted to arraign the title of Mr. De Lille's poem as a misnomer, since it treats of the three kingdoms of nature only in the four last cantos, the first four being taken up with the four elements; but the plan of the poem was suggested by the late *M. Darcet*, of the Academy of Sciences and National Institute of France, who observed, "That the four elements being combined in the three king-"doms, these two parts of the work were by no means incon-"gruous, and might form a regular whole."

The first canto, on *Light and Fire*, opens with the Genius of Nature appearing to the poet in a dream, and ordering him to celebrate the beauties of nature. The poet obeys. He begins with a violent invective against the love of systems, tunes his lyre to sing the light, calls Apollo to his aid, and implores the astronomer Delambre to guide his steps. He then describes the prismatic decomposition of light and its different effects; the coruscations of the Aurora Borealis, or Northern light, which he represents under the form of a female, jealous of her Eastern sister, against whom she prefers very foolish complaints to the God of Light, in a long heavy speech. From light, the poet passes to heat and fire, and enumerates the advantages which men derive from both. The transition from fire to electricity is in his happiest manner:

"Mais c'est peu que nos arts règnent en Souverains
"Sur ces terrestres feux que gouvernent nos mains;
"Le feu des Dieux lui-même a connu leur puissance,
"Et la foudre, à nos pieds vient mourir en silence."

and so is the description of the electrical machine and its powers. The contrast of the horrible effects of the explosion of gunpowder in fire-arms and mines, with the peaceable scenes of the fire-side at home, is well imagined; but the

description of the latter is rather tediously dilated. Together with some conceits like

" Là Vénus s'apperçoit qu'elle est chère à Vulcain."

and

" Et le lit conjugal rend grâce au coin du feu."

It offers the picture of many family pastimes, among which, that of the Slipper is however too vulgar, even in France, to merit a place in a philosophical poem.

" Ici sous des genoux qui se courbent en voûte
" Une pantoufle agile, en déguisant sa route
" Va, vient; et quelquefois par son bruit agaçant,
" Sur le parquet battu se trahit en passant."

The canto terminates with a short address to imagination.

The second canto, *on Air*, states its nature, combinations, utility, its effects on the reflection of light, and its gravity. This leads to the introduction of the names of *Toricelli* and *Pascal*, the latter of whom having like Mr. De Lille been born in Auvergne, this circumstance reminds the poet of his native country. He then passes to the elasticity of the air, and sings the Steam Engine in the following strain:

" Au-dessus des bassins sur qui l'onde bouillonne,
" Dans les concavités d'une longue colonne
" Son épaisse vapeur, du bassin écumeux
" S'exhale dans le vide en tourbillon fumeux;
" Suivant que son nuage ou s'élance ou s'affaisse,
" Le docile piston ou remonte ou s'abaisse,
" L'industrie à son choix en gouverne le jeu.
" A peine la fumée, enfant léger du feu
" Dans le tube d'airain où sa vapeur s'amasse
" Du piston qu'il refoule a soulevé la masse,
" Une eau froide, avec art introduite en son sein
" Dans son canal brillant la refroidit soudain;
" Et par le froid magique, arrêtée en sa route
" Une immense vapeur tombe réduite en goutte:
" Alors le lourd piston sent le fardeau de l'air
" Et retombe en glissant dans sa prison de fer.
" Cependant un levier qui dans l'air se balance
" Suivant que la fumée ou s'abaisse ou s'élance,
" Monte ou tombe, et s'en va jusqu'aux antres profonds
" Arracher leurs trésors aux entrailles des monts

" Ravit le noir charbon à la mine féconde
" Extrait le plomb, l'airain; puise et reverse l'onde;
" Ainsi l'art asservit pour ses travaux divers
" Et la terre, et les eaux, et la flamme, et les airs."

The terrible effects of winds and tempests, particularly in the frightful deserts of Africa, where whole armies have been buried under burning sands, are pourtrayed with glowing colours. The destruction of Cambyses' army is acknowledged to have been taken from Darwin. We are only sorry for the poor conceit which closes this animated description:

" mais de savants débats
" Pour définir les vents imitent leurs combats;
" Tout est trouble et discorde, et les cris de l'école
" Egalent en fracas les cavernes d' Eole."

The influence of the winds on navigation, on the heat of summer, and the frost of winter, is next described, and followed by a moving picture of the plague, from the desolating scene of which the poet gladly turns to the melodious effects of the vibrating air in musical instruments. He bestows high praises on the harps and pianofortes of *Ehrhard*, and on the wonderful execution of *Séjan* on the organ.

" Sous ses rapides mains le sentiment voyage;
" Chaque touche a sa voix, chaque fil son langage;
" Il monte, il redescend sur l' échelle des tons,
" Et forme, sans désordre, un dédale de sons.
" Quelle variété! que de force et de grâce!
" Il frappe, il attendrit, il soupire, il menace:
" Tel au gré de son souffle ou terrible ou flatteur,
" Le vent fracasse un chêne ou caresse une fleur."

This comparison, with which the canto finishes, is certainly beautiful.

The third canto, on *Water*, describes the different effects and qualities of this element, the horrors of an inundation, the comforts of bathing, which are enlivened by the story of Damon and Musidora, translated from Thomson's Seasons, in a manner not unworthy of the original; the beauties of rivu-

lets, lakes, and rivers; the efficacy of mineral waters, and the bustle of a watering-place; the various changes which water undergoes in different temperatures, its transmutation into ice, which leads to a short description of skaiting.

" L' hiver a ses plaisirs; son souffle rigoureux
" Souvent est le signal des courses et des jeux,
" C' est alors qu' emporté par un coursier rapide
" Court le traineau léger sur la neige solide.
" Alors, en se jouant, des pieds armés de fer
" Vont sillonnant les flots endurcis par l' hiver.
" L' œil se plait à les voir dans leurs joûtes rivales
" Poursuivant à l' envi leurs courses inégales,
" Se chercher, s' éviter et se croiser entr' eux.
" Souvent le fer glissant trahit un malheureux;
" Il court, il tombe, on rit; lui, reprenant courage,
" Se relève, repart, et venge son outrage."

This is followed by a hail-storm, and a fall of snow, with the distressing story of the wood-cutter perishing in the snow, which is likewise a free translation from Thomson.

Both versions, the first of which is only acknowledged as such, are too long for insertion. Some lines are almost literally translated. The English poet says:

In vain for him th' officious wife prepares
The fire fair blazing and the vestment warm;
In vain his little children, peeping out
Into the mingling storm, demand their Sire
With tears of artless innocence, alas!
Nor wife, nor children, more shall he behold,
Nor friends, nor sacred home.

This is rendered in French:

" Envain en l' attendant sa femme prévoyante
" Prépare du sarment la flamme pétillante
" Et de clauds vêtements, et son sobre festin;
" Par ses touchants regrets le rappelant envain,
" De ses enfants chéris la troupe aimable pleure;
" Envain, d' un air timide entr'ouvrant leur demeure
" Ils avancent la tête et le cherchant de l' œil
" De frayeur et de froid frissonnent sur le seuil;
" Sa femme, ses enfants sa cabane chérie,
" Il ne les verra plus!....."

The canto closes with a tribute of praise to the courage of those, who on Mount St. Bernard exert themselves in saving the travellers, that, without their assistance, would perish under the snow.

The fourth canto, *on Earth*, records the wonderful discoveries of modern chemistry. Lavoisier's name is introduced:—

> " Lavoisier, tu parois, et par toi l' univers
> " Apprend que l' eau contient deux principes divers."

but not a tear is dropped on his barbarous fate. The account of the diamond contains a just tribute to Newton:—

> " Il pare la grandeur, il orne la beauté,
> " Et pour comble d' honneur ce Newton, qui des mondes
> " Dirigea dans les cieux les sphères vagabondes,
> " Jetant un œil perçant dans l' avenir lointain
> " Dévina son essence et prédit son destin."

An animated description of the revolutions of our globe names *Cuvier* as the principal discoverer of the organic remains of animals in the quarries near Paris, and closes with this spirited abhorrence of war:—

> " Mais plus puissante encor que le feu du volcan,
> " Et la mer turbulente et l' affreux ouragan,
> " La guerre aux pieds d' airain, l' inexorable guerre,
> " Bouleverse en courant la face de la terre.
> " Parcourez l'univers, voyez de toutes parts,
> " Des plus fières cités les cadavres épars:
> " Sion pleure son temple, Athènes son portique,
> " Rome à ses murs nouveaux demande Rome antique,
> " Et de sa vieille pourpre étalant les lambeaux
> " Son ombre ensanglantée erre sur des tombeaux.
> " Tombeaux, trônes, palais, tout périt, tout s' écroule;
> " Dans le même torrent le même sort les roule;
> " Tandis que de l' Olympe habitant les sommets,
> " Dieu seul voit tout changes et ne change jamais."

Mr. De Lille now enters upon the theme announced by the title of his poem, *the three kingdoms of nature.* In his fifth canto, on *the Mineral Kingdom*, he briefly enumerates the

different mineral and metallic substances; and to prove himself an adept in his new art of treating a subject by digressing from it, he tediously narrates the adventures of *Ormond*, *Dolcé*, and *Elvire*, who being obliged to fly from Florence during a political storm, find shelter in a deserted mine, and when restored to their former greatness, apply themselves to study.

This heavy narrative takes up twenty-one pages, and the didactic or descriptive part of the canto not more than seven, in which we find many verses as unintelligible as—

" Et ce metal docile où l'onde s' emprisonne."

Who would guess that this is *lead?* Quicksilver, however, is well described—

" Et le mercure enfin qui connu par son poids
" En globules roulants glisse et fuit sous nos doigts."

We only lament that the author has not availed himself of the affecting story of that Austrian nobleman who for a time was condemned to the quicksilver mines at Idria in Friuli, and whose young and beautiful wife voluntarily accompanied him to such a dismal abode.

In the sixth canto, on *the Vegetable Kingdom*, we recognize the elegant translator of Virgil's Georgics. The formation and grafting of plants; the circulation of their juices; their peculiar characters and nature; their colours, attributes, and varieties, are followed by a just tribute to the memory of *Linné*, of whom it is prettily said, that—

" Le Zephire agitant ses ailes odorantes
" Porta vers son berceau les doux parfums des plantes;
" Déjà ses yeux fixoient leurs formes, leurs couleurs
" Et ses mains pour hochet demandèrent des fleurs."

From the rearing, habits, and loves of plants, which are described in Mr. De Lille's best manner, he passes to the principal vegetable products which constitute the food of man, or enlarge the sphere of his enjoyments; and the fire with which

he sings champaign, leads us to suspect that the sparkling glass had not been long removed from his lips when he wrote:

" Mille vins différents, sous mille noms divers,
" Vont charmer, égayer, consoler l'univers;
" Aï brille á leur tête, aï dans qui Voltaire
" De nos légers François vit l'image légère:
" C'est l'ame du plaisir, le charme du festin.
" Dans le cristal brillant son nectar argentin
" Tombe en perle liquide, et sa mousse fumeuse,
" Bouillonne en pétillant dans la coupe écumeuse;
" Puis écartant son voile avec rapidité
" Reprend sa transparence et sa limpidité.
" Au doux frémissement des esprits qu'il recèle,
" L'allégresse renait, la saillie étincelle;
" Son bruit plait à l'oreille, et sa couleur aux yeux;
" Son ambre en s'exhalant va faire envie aux dieux,
" Et l'odorat charmé savourant ses prémices,
" Au goût qu'il avertit en promet les délices."

The canto closes with the episode of Columbus, mentioned in our introductory remarks.

Of the seventh and eighth cantos, which treat of the *Animal Kingdom*, the former relates the general organization of animals, their varieties, forms, qualities, instinct, labours, and industry; and glances rapidly at the beaver, elephant, bee, ant, silkworm, whale, insects, serpents, and birds. The snail is well described,

" Ce reptile gluant qui traine sa maison:"

but when, speaking of its eyes, Mr. De Lille adds—

" Ces yeux pour l'œil de l'homme admirable spectacle,
" Dont les nôtres à peine égalent le miracle,
" Et que Dieu seul peut-être une fois put former;"

he is evidently betrayed into a reminiscence of a line of Voltaire's—

' L'instruction fait tout, et la main de nos pères
' Grave en nos foibles cœurs ces premiers caractères;
" Que l'exemple et le temps nous viennent retracer,
Et que peut-être en nous Dieu seul peut effacer.'

We cannot refrain from transcribing Mr. De Lille's apostrophe to those descendants of the feathered tribe that are doomed—

'To brook the harsh confinement of the cage.'

it offers so characteristic a contrast with Thomson's sentiments on the same subject.

The thoughts of the Frenchman, accustomed to the fetters of despotism, and wearing them with his usual levity, are entirely engrossed by the frivolous advantage which the imprisoned bird derives from being fed and nursed by the hands of beauty—whilst the English bard bemoans, with exquisite feeling, the loss of liberty, which nothing can compensate, and the calamities which are its inevitable attendants.

The French poet says—

" ..... Fiers d' habiter une brillante cage,
" Déserteurs des forêts et transfuges des bois,
" Paisibles casaniers vous vivez sous nos toits.
" Là sans aller au loin quêter à l' aventure
" De vous, de vos enfants l' incertaine pâture,
" D' une jeune maitresse esclaves favoris,
" Par elle caressés et par elle nourris,
" Au lieu du ver rampant, de la sale chenille,
" Le sucre le mouron nouroit votre famille;
" Chaque jour la beauté revient d' un air riant
" Vous offrir le biscuit et l' échardé friand,
" Porte sur vos besoins une vue attentive,
" Soigne la propreté du lieu qui vous captive,
" A vos maux passagers assure un prompt secours,
" Prépare vos hymens et soigne vos amours,
" Vous apprête du bain la fraicheur délectable:
" Vous luvez dans sa coupe, assistez á sa table,
" Folâtrez sur son sein, perchez sur ses cheveux,
" Et son amant lui-meme est jaloux de vos jeux."

Born on the soil of true liberty, and unused to consider the gilded chains of slavery otherwise than as chains, the English poet exclaims—

'Be not the Muse asham'd here to bemoan
'Her brothers of the grove by tyrant man
'Inhuman caught, and in the narrow cage
'From liberty confin'd and boundless air.
'Dull are the pretty slaves, their plumage dull,
'Ragged, and all its bright'ning lustre lost;

'Nor is that sprightly wildness in their notes,
'Which, clear and vig'rous warbles from the beech.'

The last canto exhibits a short view of the manners of different animals. The fidelity of the dog—

"Un riche marchandoit le chien d'un malheureux,
"Cette offre l'affligea : Dans mon destin funeste,
"Qui m'aimara, dit-il, si mon chien ne me reste ?

is contrasted with that of the cat, which is—

"Fixé par l'habitude et non par l'amitié."

In the description of the horse, Mr. De Lille has enfeebled the never yet excelled *picture* drawn by Job.

The whole concludes with the assertion of man's superiority over the brute creation :—

"L'homme lit dans les cieux il navigue dans l'air,
"Il gouverne la foudre, il maitrise la mer,
"Emprisonne les vents, enchaine la tempête,
"Et roi par la naissance, il l'est par la conquête."

which superiority is particularly asserted at the moment of death, when—

"..... du tombeau qui s'ouvre á sa fragilité,
"Part le premier rayon de l'immortalité."

The notes, which form at least one-third of the two volumes, explain the meaning of some verses that would be unintelligible without them, and elucidate some modern discoveries. We doubt, however, their being perfectly satisfactory to the philosophical enquirer.

We certainly allow great merit to Mr. De Lille's new poem on the three Kingdoms of Nature. It betrays no symptom of the author's advanced age, and if it does not add any thing to his well-earned fame, it is sure not to detract from it. The few incidental blemishes, which we have ventured to notice, are far from obscuring the numerous beauties of the work : but independent of the objections which we have stated in general against all attempts to combine the embellishments of poetry

with the tenets of philosophy, we cannot help thinking that the domain which Mr. De Lille has chosen for the range of his poetical talent, is by far too extensive. The consequence has been, that whilst he is evidently labouring to circumscribe his subject within due limits, he is guilty of unpardonable omissions, or hasty and superficial accounts of important topics, such as the thermometer, aërial navigation, earthquakes, tropical plants, cataracts, and others. We could wish that Mr. De Lille, in imitation of *Du Morestier's Epîtres à Emilie sur la Mythologie*, and *Dr. J. Aikin's Calendar of Nature*, had thrown the notes into the work, and given those didactic details which require accuracy and clearness of expression, in prose, and that these scientific details had been occasionally enlivened by poetical description. His style has often all the ease and familiarity of epistolary correspondence, and he is never greater than when he is describing domestic scenes and occurrences, which in letters might have been more frequently introduced.

DE MOTU PER BRITANNIAM CIVICO, ANNIS MDCCXLV. ET MDCCXLVI. LIBER UNICUS. AUCTORE T. D. WHITAKERO, LL.D. S.S.A. Longman, Hurst, Rees, & Orme. Londini, &c. 8vo. 1809.

In the annals of painting, it is related of a certain practitioner, that he had acquired a singular method of executing his pictures, which was by laying on the colours with his fingers: when this was mentioned to Michael Angelo as a curious circumstance, that great artist replied, "*The simpleton! why does not he use pencils?*" 'Tis perverse to go round about, when the direct way to your end is known, and open: and to contrive difficulties for the sake of surmounting them, is a preposterous abuse of the faculty of invention. The absurdity is greater, when you choose a circuitous path which will not conduct you to the end proposed, and when you create to yourself difficulties which cannot be surmounted. Such more especially is the case of those writers, who, having undertaken to exhibit a modern subject to the public, are ambitious of dressing it up in an antient garb of Greek or Latin. In certain circumstances indeed this practice may be approved of; as when something of general concern to mankind is to be published to the world; for instance, some discovery in medicine; upon which account, treatises of that science have been usually composed in Latin. But that a piece of British history, in which few beside the inhabitants of the Island can be interested, (and such is the book before us,) should be written in Latin by an Englishman, shews a wrong judgment in the very frame and conception of the work. It shews that information, which is the chief end of history, is not the chief object of the author: for undoubtedly he could have explained himself better, and more clearly to the understanding of his

readers, in his native language: but this was a propriety which he neglected, while in pursuit of something else.

Among the objections to composing in a dead language, it is unnecessary to mention the impossibility of expressing modern inventions with propriety. A battle fought with cannon, musquetry, and bayonets, is particularly unfit for Latin description. Here Dr. W. is unfortunate: his subject involved him in the relation of fights, and skirmishes, and the various operations of modern warfare. But there are other objections, though perhaps not so obvious, or strong. He who writes in a dead, and therefore unknown tongue, is ignorant of the propriety (and even the import) of every phrase that is not established by antient authority: but as such authorized phrases are by no means numerous enough for every purpose, he is sometimes obliged, for want of a phrase that will accurately express his idea, to content himself with one that comes near to it. Sometimes, for the same reason, he is forced to adopt a general term, when, if he had been writing in his native language, he would be particular and distinct. Hence will arise a frequent repetition, or a sameness of phraseology. The pamphlet under review, contains but 145 small octavo pages; yet how often recurs the phrase "*sub pellibus esse, haberi, &c.*" to signify being encamped: see p. 70, 89. Nor less often do we meet with *incerta fluminis*, or somewhat like it; as, *paludum incerta*, p. 17; *incerta palus*, p. 47; *fluvii incerti vada*, p. 90; the same word to express the various dangers and difficulties of fording a river, and marching over a bog. So again, common ideas are repeatedly exhibited under metaphors, uncouth and strange to modern readers: for example, danger by *res aleæ plena*, p. 24, 115; the central place of an island, or country, by *umbilicus*, p. 60, 111; an advanced season, by *adulta* * *æstas*, p. 10, 127; *ver adultum*, p. 130.

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* Primo mense veris, dicitur novum ver; secundo, ver adultum; tertio, præceps: sicut etiam Sallustius dicit ubique nova æstas, adulta,

These are some few of the objections which lie against modern writers of Latin in general: what is peculiar to this author shall be noticed hereafter.

His work contains an account of the Rebellion, in the years 1745, 1746. The plan of it is regular, and well arranged. It comprises an exordium, a short introduction to the subject, taken from the extraordinary calamities of the royal house of Stuart; a preliminary digression upon the geography, natural productions, and inhabitants of Scotland: then comes the proper business of the history, from the first landing of the Pretender in North Britain, to his final escape into France; afterwards are related, the punishments inflicted on the Rebels, the confiscations, the laws passed in consequence of the rebellion, and the effects produced by them; and in conclusion of the whole, we are carried on to the death of the Pretender, and even to the extinction of his family, by the subsequent decease of Cardinal York, the last male heir of that house. This is a comprehensive design, and complete; it leaves nothing behind: but now, to see more particularly how it is executed.

The first paragraph of the book runs thus:

"Si cui eorum, qui hunc libellum manibus contrectaverint, mirari fortasse subeat, quam potissimùm ob caussam, non tam bellum, quàm belli accessionem & quasi particulam conscripserim, in initio opusculi, quo, perlecto fortasse eo, haud opus fuerit, hoc habeat responsum, Exili ingenio parem convenire materiam: modò ea res omnino exilis dici possit, in quâ, licèt ab exiguis profectâ initiis, & maximi, & nostri imperii religiones, jura, libertates, omnia denique divina humanaque haud ita pridem vertebantur." P. 1.

This is setting out unluckily. He suspects that some of his readers may think it strange that he should choose for his

præceps. So says Servius; but he is not correct: for in Sallust. Bell. Jugurth. this phrase occurs: Eâ tempestate (nam æstatis extremum erat;) p. 108. Ed. Lon. 1714.

subject such a bit of a war, (as he calls it:) and indeed it is, as if a writer, some 60 years hence, should select from the present war, the campaign of the Duke of Brunswic Oels. But whatever his choice be, the reason he alledges for it is strange enough; *exili ingenio parem convenire materiam.* If the work had been imposed upon him, a task not to be avoided, this plea would have been good and proper; but when the undertaking is voluntary, is it any excuse for publishing an insignificant trifle, to say, that it is suitable to the author's genius, that it is as much as he has abilities to perform? Besides, how does the excuse agree with his title-page? Is it for an author who assumes the titles of LL. D. and S. S. A., "who may write himself LL. D. in any bill, bond, quittance, or obligation;" LL. D. to pretend that his slender capacity is equal to trifles only? He does not believe so himself, nor would he have you believe so; for, lest you should take him at his word, in the next sentence he tells you the importance of his subject: viz. to record a transaction, in the event of which, your laws, your liberty, your religion, every thing, in short, was concerned.

The second paragraph discovers somewhat more of his design.

"Stuartæ Gentis clades ac calamitates altiùs repetere,—prudens "omitto. Pauca tamen, quasi labris primoribus, degustanda cen- "sui, quo, nomine jamjam interituro, certamen regni vitæque "postremum, florentibus regiæ adhuc familiæ opibus conlatum, "documentum posteris daret, non decantatum illud & pueris de- "clamitantibus ablegandum, nempè summum fastigium summum "esse fortunæ ludibrium, sed, quod homines parùm insipientes, in "ipso vitæ stadio & curriculo, subinde fugisse videatur, nimirùm, "umbram ipsam ac memoriam principatûs, extorri, inopi, pere- "grino, circumdatas, imperio optimè constituto hostem ex con- "tempto pœnitendum identidem peperisse." P. 2.

Here he professes to moralize: and having (as it were) forgotten, or shook off his weakness, he rises with the port of a more than ordinary teacher: for he disdains to inculcate the

common and puerile lesson, viz. that Fortune sports most with the highest conditions of life: he will teach you something that has escaped the observation of wise men; which is, that, under certain circumstances, a poor exile, or foreigner, may prove a troublesome enemy to a well-constituted government. Whatever value the author may set upon this piece of information, it will hardly appear new to the readers of English history: they who have perused the reign of Henry 7th, with the attempts of Simnel and Perkin Warbec, must be very dull if they have not already made the same reflexion.

Now to do right to the author, I must declare my belief that he would never have admitted these exceptionable passages, if he had written in his native language: but that which would not bear a scrutiny in English, may pass for a handsome flourish, when set off in elegant Latin.

The geographical description of Scotland, the account of its various animals, and the delineation of Highland manners, altogether extending to 21 pages, (a 7th of the whole) forms a part too large and disproportionate to the rest; since it can be considered only as a digression, in which some of the topics are but little connected with the main subject. Take for an instance what is said of the waters and fishing.

"Piscium exquisitissimorum vi immensâ referti Scotorum lacus "fluviique, sive cupediarum avido (nisi Romano planè fastidio, "præterquàm in Oceano pisces gigni negaverit) sive arundini "hamuloque inhianti, in deliciis meritò habendi. Neque id juris "gravatim hospiti, vel in hisce sordibus, concessum: quum, uti "priscis sæculis, omnibus in usum hominum affatim suppetentibus, "nihildum proprii, nihil alicui innotuerat, ita vel hodiè loci nemo "ejusce rei usumfructum singulis negaverit, quam vix universi aut "imminuere aut corrumpere valeant. Solus piscatoris æmulus "haliæetos, nonnunquam tanquam iratus & minitabundus in-"strepit." P. 11, 12.

Granting that it is pertinent to his subject, to inform us that the lakes of Scotland abound with excellent fish, and that every one is permitted to angle in them, and allowing too his pretty conceit of the Osprey, yet what has the fastidiousness

of the old Romans to do here? What possible reason for the mention of them, or their paradoxes? And why must we be sent to a Latin writer upon husbandry, to learn what they meant by denying that fish could be bred any where but in the sea?*

It is in the course of this digression, that Dr. W. describes the Scotch plaid; which he maintains to have been made of various colours in antient times, as well as now. Upon this important point he has met with some contradiction, which puts him quite out of temper, and makes him call names. He says, p. 18, "Clamitant idiotæ nonnulli, hodiernam esse to-"gam versicolorem. Adirent isti, vellem, modò Græcè intelli-"gerent, Diodorum Siculum." Some idiots make a clamour, and say that the party-coloured plaid is a modern invention. I wish they would turn to Diodorus Siculus; but the block-heads do not understand Greek. After this little triumph over their ignorance, he unmercifully crams them with a hard morsel of that very Greek, which he knows they cannot digest; and brings Diodorus asserting, in express terms, that the Scots wore STRIPED garments. What offence Dr. W. may have received, I know not; but here he has fallen into the rude language and manners of the writers of criticism, without any provocation whatever, that appears.

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* The passage in Columella, to which Dr. W. alludes, is probably this: Vetus illa Romuli progenies non solùm piscinas, quas ipsi construxerant, frequentabant, sed etiam quos rerum natura lacus fecerat, convectis marinis seminibus replebant: inde Velinus, indè etiam Sabatinus, et item Vulsiniensis et Cimiuus lupos auratasque procreaverunt, ac siqua sint alia piscium genera dulcis undæ tolerantia. Mox istam curam sequens ætas abolevit, et lautitiæ locupletum maria ipsa Neptunumque clauserunt. Et jam cum avorum memoriâ circumfertur M. Philippi (velut urbanissimum quod erat luxuriosissimum) factum atque dictum. Nam is forte Cassini, cùm apud hospitem cænaret, oppositumque è vicino flumine lupum degustâsset, atque expuisset, improbum factum dicto prosecutus, "Peream, (inquit) nisi piscem putavi." Columel. lib. viii. cap. xvi.

In the narrative of the Pretender's expedition, (which makes the proper subject of this history) the author has given a clear and circumstantial account of all the transactions to the defeat of the Rebels at Culloden; the sequel (not less interesting) which relates the various distresses, dangers, and escapes, of the unfortunate adventurer, will afford entertainment to those who like to see an English story neatly told in Latin. With the battle of Culloden all resistance ended; and with the flight of the Pretender, the rebellion may be said to have been terminated: but the narrative is continued to inform us of the immediate consequences of the rebellion, and farther, of the restoration of the forfeited estates, and the difference between the former and present condition of the Highlands: circumstances, which, though not strictly a part of the story, serve to round and complete it: and the author has judiciously availed himself of these topics to give two or three additional pages to his book, the subject of which afforded him but scanty materials.

To this account of the contents, I will subjoin (as a specimen of the writer's style and manner) his description of the decisive engagement at Culloden.

"Inter infestos exercitus campus erat undequaquè apertus, nec "ineptus pugnæ, modò pares aut non impares admodùm congrede- "rentur. Jamque in procinctu stant montani, quum regii impe- "ratores meridie propinquo intra II, plus, minus, M. P., rem "extemplò gerendam persentientes, signa consistere jubent. Ibi "perduellium exercitu per tubos opticos perlustrato, itinerisque "ordine mutato, Cumbrius, duplici peditum aciei in medio con- "stitutæ, validas equitum alas à latere circumdat, subsidiis pro re "natâ proferendis in agmen ultimum subductis. Hisce ex animi "sententiâ dispositis, spatium pc P. vix supererat, quum perduel- "les, regiis, quibus tormenta majora per locum uliginæ obductum "pertrahenda erant, nonnihil cunctantibus, pugnam eminùs occe- "pere, cæterùm imperitè adeò & oscitantèr, ut, præter gregarii "cujusdam militis crus suffractum, nihil planè damni dederint. "At palude jam superatâ, binisque tormentis campestribus singulas "inter cohortes dispositis, tormentarii regii, quibus artis suæ usus "eximius, è propinquo collimantes, terribilem adeò inter Scotos "stragem edidere, ut quocunquè majoris moduli globus acciderit,

" quum saucios ac semineces humì coacervâsset, integra inter su-
" perstites semita relinqui videretur. Montani ab eo genere pug-
" nandi præ cæteris abhorrentes, etiam atque etiam comminùs rem
" gerendi signum deposcunt. Intereà, Carolus, Moravius, Staple-
" tonus, quorum è celerrimis promptissimisque consiliis pendebant
" victoriæ momenta, tanquam stupore perciti, hærere, seque mutuò
" percontari, modò alii alios, modò fœdam suorum stragem con-
" tuentes. Jamque signo emisso, occisoque qui ferebat, inter
" fremitus cædesque inultas tempus adhuc terebatur. Tandem
" Macintotii, carnificinam suorum non ferentes, ultrò prorumpunt.
" Atrox ibi luctatio fuit, ut inter stolidè feroces militemque usu
" belli armorumque disciplinâ egregium. Namque montanos in-
" compositò nulloque ordine irrumpentes ex adverso cohortes sævo
" adeò glandium imbre excipiebant, ut, pluribus occisis, superstitum
" pars dextram versùs declinarent; reliqui verò, obstinatis in
" cædem ac perniciem animis, cohortes Burrelliam Monroianamque
" propè ad internecionem cæderent. Brevis ea victoria magni
" constat, namque è primâ acie qui supererant intra ordines re-
" ceptis, secunda acies, pars genibus nixi, pars in humeros suorum
" proniores, expectato dum montani usque ad ora tormentorum
" succederent, mistum jam & confusum agmen unicâ displosione,
" aut sternunt, aut avertunt; paucis admodùm qui in rabiem ac
" desperationem versi porrò usque tenderent ad unum occisis.

" Hisce ad sinistram fortitèr, quanquam infelicitèr, gestis, per
" reliquam aciem par neque animorum neque corporum effectus
" respondebat. Ferunt nonnulli, Macdonaldos loco principe inter
" clientelas (id enim honoris sibi nunquam non anteà habitum freme-
" bant) eo die, sive fortè fortunâ, sive per contumeliam depulsos,
" segniùs quàm pro vetustâ recentive gloriâ rem gessisse. Ea res
" utcunque se habuerit, id certè constat, quòd, primo Macintoti-
" orum procursu, Macdonaldi & Farquharsoni compositò magis &
" ordinatè ad manum conserendam progrediebantur; unicâ displo-
" sione datâ, strictis mucronibus ad corporum complexum venturi;
" cæterùm eo ipso temporis momento suorum ad dextram congredi-
" entium stragem conspicati, pedem referebant. Intereà duces
" regii, primâ perduellium acie profligatâ, haudquaquàm depugna-
" tum esse rati, pedites denuò ordinatos continebant; equites
" autem in incompositos immissi haud impunè ferebant: namque
" turbati quidam manipuli à sinistrâ perduellium ponè maceriam
" vivarii Cullodunensis reducti, refectique, præter gregarios mi-
" lites nonnullos, ex Argatheliensibus, ductores ordinum duo
" vexillariumque unum occiderunt. At dirutâ maceriâ (ruinæ
" adhuc cernuntur vestigia) facinus intempestivum sanguine lue-
" bant. Ab alterâ parte Macdonaldis in ultimam aciem receptis,
" justi utrinque exercitûs saltem imago renovata. Adhuc vir viro,
" cohors cohorti adversa; adhuc in medio palma, &, recrudescente
" pugnâ, etiam ipsa Britannia in ancipiti fuit. Cæterùm dispares
" partium spiritus; namque montani, super rerum omnium, quâ

" premebantur, inopiam, suorum cladibus paventes & attoniti, " animos desponderant. Simul, à latere equestris procella in- " gruebat, & à fronte infestus hostis ad integrandum prælium pe- " dem proferebat. Jam indè fuga haud dubia fuit; quum primùm " pauci paucis aggregati quaquaversùm dilabuntur, mox, universo " agmine bipartito, prout cuique obviàm, sibi consulunt. Pars " præcipua vicinos Badenochiæ clivos, ubi equitibus insequutio " perdifficilis, nacti, incolumes evadunt; cæteris Innernessum ver- " sùs recto itinere fugientibus, expediti equites terga cædunt. Ne- " que ullum sævitiæ genus eo die prætermissum. Jamque Cum- " brio Innernessum properanti obviàm fit à Stapeltono duce orator, " qui necem instantem deprecaret, seque suosque omnes in fidem " victoris permitteret. Curtum ac pro victore responsum, ' De- " dant modò sese, nihil atrox passuros.' His auditis, Galli Hi- " bernique, positis armis, sese dedidere. Innernessum regiis " concessum.

" Copiis apertè fugam circumspectantibus, Stuartus, equo inci- " tato, pugnam instaurare statuit; nequidquàm obnitentibus ami- " cis, donec Sullivanus, qui plurimùm apud eum poterat, arrepto " fræno, convertit. Is finis obsistendi fuit." P. 98—102.

The last circumstance here mentioned of the young pretender, is remarkable in this view, that a similar action diverted (perhaps saved) his great-grandfather in the fatal battle of Naseby. The reader will not be displeased to peruse Lord Clarendon's relation of it.

" The king's reserve of horse, which was his own guards, with himself in the head of them, were even ready to charge those horse who pursued his left wing; when on a suddain, such a pannick fear seized upon them, that they all run near a quarter of a mile without stopping; which happen'd upon an extraordinary accident, that hath seldom fallen out, and might well disturb and disorder very resolute troops, as those were, and the very best horse in the army. The King, as was said before, was even upon the point of charging the enemy, in the head of his guards, when the Earl of Carnewarth, who rode next to him, (a man never suspected for infidelity, nor yet one from whom the King would have received counsel in such a case) on a suddain, laid his hand on the bridle of the King's horse, and swearing two or three full-mouthed Scotish oaths, (for of that nation he was,) said, ' Will you go upon

your death in an instant?' And before his Majesty understood what he would have, turn'd his horse round; upon which a word run through the troops, 'that they should march to the right hand;' which led them both from charging the enemy, and assisting their own men. Upon this they all turn'd their horses, and rode upon the spur, as if they were every man to shift for himself."—Clarendon's Hist. Vol. II. p. 657, 8vo. Edit. 1717.

The design and character of Dr. Whitaker's work will in some measure be seen from the foregoing extracts. He does not appear to have sought for (nor perhaps was it possible to collect) any new facts. In the relation of these he follows the common historians: he follows them too sometimes in their reasonings; as when he states how the unequal engagement at Culloden might have been avoided:—

"Jamque, licèt in arctissimo res versaretur, tria etiamnum salu-
"tis consilia inire perduellibus integrum erat. Primo, sibi quem-
"que fugâ dilapsos consulere, loco ac tempore magis opportunis ad
"signa conventuros. Proximum erat, per cohortes ac clientelas
"saltus inviaque proxima repetentes bellum trahere. Tertium,
"interjecto vicino fluvio, in edito simul et impedito loco, quem sa-
"tis exploratum haberent, regios opperiri. In perniciem suam
"fato ruentibus, sana omnia displicuere; eaque sola ducibus sen-
"tentia stetit, ut fessi integris, fugitivi insequentibus, pluribus
"pauciores, famelici saginatis, aperto Marte repugnarent."

P. 96, 97.

So Smollett had reasoned before him. "One would almost imagine (says that historian) the conspirators of this desperate enterprise had conspired their own destruction, as they certainly neglected every step that might have contributed to their safety or success. They might have opposed the Duke of Cumberland at the passage of the Spey: they might, by proper conduct, have afterwards attacked his camp in the night, with a good prospect of success. As they were greatly inferior to him in number, and weakened with hunger and fatigue, they might have retired to the hills and fastnesses, where they would have found plenty of cattle for provision, recruited their regiments, and been joined by a strong reinforcement, which

was actually in full march to their assistance. But they were distracted by dissentions and jealousies: they obeyed the dictates of despair, and wilfully devoted themselves to ruin and death." Hist. of Eng. vol. iii. p. 181.

The Doctor seems to have had two objects in writing: one, to deliver a known history in a choice Latin style; and the other, to make it the vehicle of his various reflections. Now, although he who writes with the former of these views is likely to fall into what my Lord Bacon calls 'the first distemper of learning, which is to study words and not matter;' Dr. Whitaker cannot fairly be accused of this fault. He has selected and arranged his matter with as much care as such a subject deserves: it is nevertheless true, that his language is greatly laboured; it has every where a high polish, and his phrase (like the fine lady) is—

'.....Still neat and drest,
'As if 'twere going to a feast.

In truth, he is master of a very elegant style, and not backward to bestow upon his readers some little vanity of his art. To give an example of this. He has occasion, more than once, to express the idea of *boldness*. Now an ordinary writer of Latin would probably use the term *audacia* for this purpose, as Sallust, and other antient writers of indisputable authority, have done. But because *audacia* is capable of a bad meaning, for Cicero has somewhere slurred the term, and said *audacia vitium est*; therefore our author will have nothing to do with it: whenever he translates *boldness*, it is by *audentia*, (see p. 73, 77, 114,) a much less usual word; but this is nicety, this is precision. Again; having occasion to mention the fondness of the antient Highlanders for hunting, he says, you may see a proof of it on their tombs, in some old sculptures of *deer* and *hounds* engraved there: his words are—"Sepulchra vetustis-"sima cervis *vertagisque*, haud indecorè exculpta," p. 19.—It is true that some kind of a hound was called by the Romans *vertagus;* but unless Dr. Whitaker is sure it is the same kind

that he is speaking of, he should have been content to call his hounds by a more common name: on the other hand, if he has ascertained these carvings upon the Scotch grave-stones to be of that particular species, he should have published his discovery (at least in a note) for the satisfaction of the learned, who are not yet agreed what sort of a dog this *vertagus* was, nor whence he acquired the name. Another display which this author makes of his superior skill in Latin composition, is by a certain copiousness in some passages; where he seems to enlarge his description for the purpose of amusing his readers with sundry terms which they will seldom find elsewhere. Thus, when he means to inform you that the Highland chiefs fed on venison, he says they had "cervi et *platucerotes*," p. 19. When he describes the mountains of Scotland, he adds, that they still abound in fallow-deer which run wild there without any owner; and having told thus much, he introduces another circumstance; the words are, "nullo domino, "nullâ *vacerrâ*, spontè vagantibus, etiamnum scatent," p. 13. Now, if you are at a loss to know what is this *vacerra*, this thing which the deer might be supposed to have, though they had no owner; turn once more to Columella (who is the only antient writer, I believe, that has used the word,) and in B. ix. c. 1. of that author, you will learn, that *vacerra* is an inclosure of posts and rails. He says, (p. 14.) that in Scotland there is no *trace* of any thing older than the Celts. Not a trace—*Vestigium* is a word known, and adequate to this idea: he chooses to express himself thus—"Neque aut *vola* uspiam extat aut *vestigium*." It may be said, that, nec vola nec vestigium, is an established phrase: it is so; it is found in Varro: it is not, however, a common one. It seems the inhabitants of Edinburgh were thrown into great alarm by the approach of the Pretender; and our author represents, in the following manner, their general eagerness to suggest measures of defence:—

"Jamque institores, propolæ, juventus Academica, sacrificuli,"

"jurisprudentes, medici, omnes omnium ordinum ac locorum, "demptis duntaxat qui prudentiâ, militari rei trepidæ succurrere "possent, sua quisque ingerere, sibi credi, sibi obtemperari pos- "cere; rei gromaticæ, castrensis, architectonicæ, nullo magistro, "nullâ disciplinâ, periti extemplò evadere." P. 40, 41.

When he was about to state, that people of all ranks and classes joined in the common cause, one would imagine that he had no occasion to specify the *institores*, the *propolæ*, and the *sacrificuli;* and as little reason to enumerate the several arts which they pretended to know, seeing their knowledge was of no more value. But, what is that *res gromatica?* I suspect the thing itself to be not so strange as the name. I cannot guess what classical authority Dr. Whitaker has for the expression; but I believe it relates to the surveying or reconnoitring of ground for military purposes. But now, to balance the censure upon the author for his use of these unusual terms, it must be observed, that he has introduced others of the same kind with great propriety: as, when he relates that some of the Scotch will eat that which dies of itself, "Quidam, dictu fœ- "dum, à *morticinâ* parùm abhorrent," p. *18. When he brings in Lord Lovat professing himself to be a decrepit old man, "se merum jam silicernium profatus," p. 54.—when he calls the common men who joined the rebel army at Manchester, *proletarii homines*, p. 60. that is, men who were seldom enlisted; being poor, or otherwise unfit for the burden of war, and therefore left at home to increase the population: the word is appropriate to express this, which I conclude was his idea; though I am unacquainted with his reasons for describing the Manchester rebels as such.

But it is not only in this curious selection of phrases that Dr. Whitaker has manifested his command of the Latin tongue: he is a diligent observer of some of their best writers, especially Tacitus, whom he follows (and often with good success) both in style and manner. You may trace, in his pages, various expressions, and particular phrases of the Roman historian, which I notice not as a circumstance for blame, but rather

praise, on account of the propriety with which they are introduced. Nor do I think it necessary or proper that every half line, which one writer may adopt from another, should be marked as a quotation: because the seeming ostentation of referring to authors, for such trifles, will probably give more offence than taking them without acknowledgement. The most remarkable phrases for which Dr. Whitaker is indebted to Tacitus are the following. In describing the weapons of the Highlanders, he says, they had "præter enormes sine mucrone "gladios, pugiones, ad complexum inter pugnas corporum," p. 17. They had the same kind of swords in Tacitus's time, but not the daggers: his account is this: Agricola, in the great battle with Galgacus, ordered a part of his troops to advance and engage hand to hand; which was (says he), 'et 'ipsis vetustate militiæ exercitatum et hostibus inhabile parva 'scuta ei *enormes gladios* gerentibus: nam Britannorum gla-'dii, *sine mucrone*, *complexum armorum* et in aperto pug-'nam non tolerabant.' Tac. Vit. Agric. § 36. Dr. Whitaker says, p. *18. the Highlanders lived so hard at home, that war was a relief to them: "Bellum inter remedia erat."—So says Tacitus of Agricola, who had lost his son; 'Casum, 'neque ut plerique fortium virorum ambitiosè, neque per la-'menta rursus ac mœrorem muliebritèr tulit: et in luctu *bel-'lum inter remedia erat?**' Vit. Agric. § 28. Dr. Whitaker's account of certain Scotch mountains is this:—"Juga, "etiam per æstatem, gelida ac fida nivibus;" p. 37. The same account is given by Tacitus of Mount Lebanon: 'Liba-'num, mirum dictu, *tantos inter ardores* opacum *fidumque* '*nivibus*.' Hist. lib. 5. c. 6. At the battle of Culloden, Dr. Whitaker tells us, a charge of cavalry was made upon the

* Dr. Whitaker is not the first modern writer who has borrowed this sentence of Tacitus. Lord Clarendon applied it to Lord Falkland in his character of that accomplished nobleman. See Hist. of the Rebell. Vol. II. p. 358. 8vo edit.

flank of the rebels: "à latere equestris procella ingruebat," p. 101. Under the same metaphor Tacitus describes some cavalry as routing the legions of Vetellius: 'Quod discordes 'dispersasque Vitellii legiones *equestri procellâ* fudisset, id 'pulcherrimum,' &c. Hist. lib. 3. c. 53. Dr. Whitaker having touched upon a matter of which he was not fully informed, dismisses it with these words: "Tanquam mihi in-"compertum in medio relinquam;" note, p. 136. In the same manner Tacitus concludes his treatise upon the Germans. He hints at certain fabulous and idle stories, which he will not report, and then adds, 'Quod *ego ut incompertum, in medium* '*relinquam.*' De Mor. Ger. in fin.

Not any of these passages are of such importance as to make it incumbent upon the writer who adopts them, to note them every where as quotations, and account for them in the margin of his book. There is not, perhaps, one of them, even the most remarkable, which a man familiar with the Latin Classics (as Dr. Whitaker certainly is) might not write down as his own, without being conscious that it was borrowed from another. Wherefore, this omission is not to be imputed as a fault, but rather esteemed as a saving of useless trouble: a trouble which, I think, the Doctor might have spared still farther; as, where he quotes Apuleius for these words, p. 122, "De cœlo sospitatorem missum." He is relating what befel the young Pretender after his defeat at Culloden, and the phrase is twined very neatly into the thread of his narration. But now, when a man is referred to the original author of a sentence, which is deemed worthy of being quoted, there arises sometimes a curiosity to see upon what occasion he said so or so. Upon looking into Apuleius for this purpose, (Met. lib. 9.) I found that the "Sospitator de cœlo missus," the saviour sent from heaven, of whom he speaks, came upon no higher errand than to fetch a pail of water to an ass. I will make no offensive comparisonhere; but if Dr. Whitaker was resolved to tell us, that a deliverer from heaven saved his hero,

it was not prudent to make a reference which would remind us how that sort of deliverers have been employed.

There is another mode of quotation, or reference, used by Dr. Whitaker, which I must beg leave to notice as a fault, though it be the fault of a scholar. The following is an instance of what I mean. Having mentioned the Pretender's landing on one of the Western islands (Raasay), which, at that time, was ravaged and laid waste, he adds this note:

"Haud fortasse abs re fuerit si in memoriam revocemus, post "annum ferme xxx quàm hæc gesta fuerint, Dominum Raasæ, è "belli cladibus populationibusque redivivæ, Johnsono nostrati,

"——τον τις και τηλοθι ναιων
Τιμᾶ ἀνηρ αγαθος,——

"hospitium pergratum ac perbenignum præbuisse." P. 118, note.

Suppose now that an unlettered man should enquire what that line and a half of Greek signifies, which follows Dr. Johnson's name: is there some mystery, or profound sense, or any thing else contained in it, which cannot be told, like the rest, in Latin prose? To such a question, the true answer must be, that it is a bit of poetry not unhappily applied, (which is the best that can be said of it); but that there is nothing in it particularly recondite, or poetical: the plain sense being only this, that Dr. Johnson was "one whom a good man, though dwelling afar off, would respect and honour:" which, granting it to be very true, and fit to be said, might yet have been done, without going to a Greek author above two thousand years old, to borrow words for the occasion.

Let me not be understood to censure the introduction of Dr. Johnson's name here, or the praise bestowed upon him: on the contrary, I esteem it a subject for commendation. It is the part of a scholar to seize the opportunities of making honourable mention of scholars and men of genius; and Dr. Whitaker has performed this with propriety, as well in the present case, as in that of the mathematician, Colonel Maclaurin, p. 41; the poet Shenstone, p. 135, and others.

If I insist on these blemishes in Dr. Whitaker's book, I trust that no just cause of offence can be given by the freedom of my criticism; which is designed to point out the false taste that a man may sometimes acquire from the abundance of his learning.

In p. 105, where Dr. Whitaker's is giving an account of those who fell at Culloden, this paragraph occurs:

"E nobilibus viris, superiorísve ordinispræ fectis, præter Marum "[*Robertum*] Kerr, Marchionis Lothianensis filium, regii amissum "eo die ploravere neminem. Juvenis erat corporis pulcherrimâ com- "page insignis, & per pacis desidiam munditiis extra quàm virum "decuerit propensus: idem ex quo militiæ nomen dederat non "solùm manu promptus sed & cujusvis incommodi patiens. Is "procurrentibus Macintotiis ingruentem ex adverso montanum "lancea trajecerat, quam, dum è moribundo & undique se contor- "quente barbaro, incautus eripere conatur, uno ingentis gladii "ictu ipse propè discissus occidit, mortem Hylæ quàm Thersiti * "nihilo æquiorem expertus."

To bring this passage into a proper light, and a better view, let us imagine that a person should now come from Spain, and give you a relation of the battle of Talavera: that he should speak particularly of some gallant young officer who was killed there (I grieve to say there were too many); and that, having mentioned his figure, his beauty, his courage, and the circumstances of his death, he should conclude his account with saying, "So Captain N—— found that death has no more pity for Hylas than for Thersites." Would not you think the man crazed who should couple his story with so strange and incongruous a reflexion? But if it would be absurd to talk so in English, can it be good sense to write it deliberately in modern Latin? A learned allusion (says the author) is couched under those names of Thersites and Hylas; which, if you do not understand, go to the British Museum, and there, among Townley's collection of marbles, you will

"* Vetus inscriptio Juvenis pulcherrimi manibus sacra inque "Musæo Touneleiano adservata."

find it out. The reference is curious; especially, considering that many who read his book may live a hundred miles from London.

Many other objections might be brought against the style and manner of the work; but which are owing principally to the fundamental defect of composing it in Latin. The author has been unsuccessful in attempting to express modern things by antient technical words; such as, naves longæ, ships of war, onerariæ, merchantmen, or transports, p. 112; pulvinaria, churches, p. 112; vestibulum & conclave, the different parts of a Scotch cabin, p. *17; but more particularly in the names of troops and officers, as primus pilus, p. 23; primi pili centurio, p. 136; ductores ordinum, p. 101; superioris ordinis præfecti, p. 105; cohortis propræfectus, legatus legionis, p. 113, &c. What number of our army does he call, Legio; and what name and rank in the British service has the Legatus legionis? His rendering of English terms into Latin is sometimes as imperfect; as Papists, *Pontificii*, p. 6, 56; nonjurors, *nonjurati*, p. 60; a duke, *dux*, p. 41, 66; a Scotch laird, *regulus*, passim; gentlemen, *generosi*, p. 67, 83 a bagpipe, *tibia utricularis*, p. 32; field-pieces of artillery, *tormenta campestria*, p. 36, 98, &c. In his computation of time, he reckons after the antient manner, as, *vigilia tertia, quarta*, &c. p. 95, 96, which is more loose and indefinite than the modern way of counting by hours. But neither is he uniform in that mode of computing; for in several places he ascertains the time in our vulgar method, by the hours of the night or day; as p. 45, 96, 109, &c. He is not more consistent in reckoning by the months: sometimes it is by the ides and the kalends, p. 33, 41, 92; at others, according to the present stile, by the first, second, third day, &c. p. 62, 70.

The same want of uniformity appears in his proper names; he sometimes translates them (i.e. their signification), as Newcastle, *Novum Castrum*, p. 57; Holyrood-house, *Sanctæ Crucis Regia*, p. 45; or a part of them, as, Kilmarnock, *Cella*

Marnoci, p. 53; but more commonly he lets them go without other change than a Latin termination, as, Glenfinninum, p. 30; Dunbarum, p. 47; Strathallanus, p. 67; Falkirkum, Bannockburna, p. 69; which could not be because he was ignorant of their meaning; for he says they are none of them unknown; "non montium, fluviorum, plagarumve nomina (extant) antiquum quiddam et incognitum sonantia;" p. 14, and certainly the signification of Kil, in Kilmarnock, is not better ascertained than that of glen, deen, strath, kirk, and bourn; and, therefore, the difference in his manner of rendering, must arise from his neglect to preserve a consistency.

In his description of the general rejoicing for the Duke of Cumberland's victory, he has admitted, in more than one instance, the mixture of the antient with the modern, besides other matter not unexceptionable.

"Interea *Dux*, ob rempublicam optimè gestam, uno omnium "fermè per Britanniam ore pater patriæ consalutari. Anglia, "tanquam eo die renata, *campanarum* pulsu personare: grates "D. O. M. ad omnia *pulvinaria* redditæ; regi venerando gratu- "latum effusa multitudo; pro *suggestis*, jam nullo periculo, Cum- "brio devotissimæ voces passim exauditæ; jura, relligiones, con- "servatæ; fœdissimæque tyrannidis, uno die, unius ductu atque "auspiciis, jugum depulsum." P. 112.

Pulvinaria are properly couches, or cushions: and when antient writers use this phrase, *ad omnia pulvinaria supplicatio*, or the like, they express a particular custom of idolatrous service in their temples, very different from any rites of Christian worship. Neither our churches, nor any thing contained in them, can be called *pulvinaria*, unless he will give that appellation to the pulpit, cushions, and ornaments of his *suggesta*. But of these, and of the clergy who filled them, he speaks with little respect. The latter he contemptuously denominates *sacrificuli*, p. 40; and of the pulpits he says, they were "validissima quondam apud Scotos clas- "sica," p. 68; i.e. chief places to sound an alarm in. Yet why he should insinuate that the ministers did not take part

with the government till the danger was over ("Pro sugges- "tis, *jam nullo periculo*, Cumbrio devotissimæ preces passim "exauditæ);" or why, if the fact were so, he should now revive the memory of it by this unnecessary remark, I know not. Certainly Smollett gives another account of their behaviour, and has preserved an anecdote concerning one of them, which is worth remembering, and which I will here transcribe.

"While he (the Pretender) resided at Edinburgh, some of the Presbyterian clergy continued to preach in the churches of that city, and publicly prayed for King George without suffering the least punishment or molestation. One minister, in particular, of the name of Macvicar, being solicited by some Highlanders to pray for their prince, promised to comply with their request, and performed his promise in words to this effect: "And as for the young prince, who is come hither in quest of an earthly crown, grant, O Lord, that he may speedily receive a crown of glory."* Hist. of Eng. b. 2. ch. 8, note.

I have been led to the mention of those remarks and reflections, which Dr. W. intersperses in his work very thickly. They are introduced, as I conceive, partly to instruct and entertain his reader, during the course of an old and well-known story; and partly in imitation of Tacitus, whose manner he evidently follows. In this part he has succeeded better; yet even here, the mischief of his original error still pursues him. Some of his observations, which pass off de-

* This neat turn was (I think) exceeded by another of the same kind, in the time of Oliver Cromwell. When that successful usurper had assumed the protectorate, and prayers were required to be made for him in the churches, one minister, who, according to the practice of those days, chose his own form of words, framed his prayer thus: "We beseech thee, O Lord, to look down upon the Protector of these realms: and as thou hast put the sword into his hand, put it into his heart also—to do good to thy people."

cently in a Latin dress, would make but a sorry figure in his native language. I will confine myself to a single example. The action at Falkirk, as he observes, was fought in the midst of wind and rain: and this was greatly unfavourable to the king's troops, because the storm beat in their faces, and the rain made their fifelocks useless. Here he inserts an observation upon the nature of gunpowder: his words are, "Adhæc "pulvis nitrosus, quæ est ejus natura, tubis restinctus cor- "rumpitur;" p. 71. Would any man at this day, writing in any language of Europe, think of telling his readers that gunpowder is spoiled by the wet? Or would any man dream of putting this information in an English history, unless it were addressed to a people unacquainted with the use of fire-arms?

But as I have freely censured the performance of Dr. W. in some points which I think reprehensible, so I shall willingly bring forward others, where he appears to advantage.

In his local descriptions he is neat and perspicuous. Of this, the following, of the mountain Coriarach, may be given as an example:

"Mons Coriarichus non modò editus admodùm, sed ab oriente "adeò rectus est, & quasi præcisus, ut parietis ad cœlum usque "subtructi speciem præ se ferat. Juga vicina, etiam per æstatem, "gelida ac fida nivibus. Ipse unico tramite superandus, eoque "adeò tortuoso, ut jumenta sursum enitentia decies septies in "gyrum agi conspiciantur. Adhoc, petris asperis laxisque totus "propè coopertus inhorrescit, quibus desuper provolutis justus "exercitus, vel inermi manu proteri dejicique posset. Nec jam "verticem adsequutis, nihil eluctandum restat, quum neque jugo "simplici continuatus, neque in apicem unicum adsurgens, dorsum "habeat crebris impeditisque valliculis intercisum. Harum sin- "gulas interluunt torrentes montani, nonnunquam aspero, lubrico "nonnunquam fallentique alveo meantes. Adhæc, coryli sylves- "tres & sorbi aucupariæ sponte enatæ latebras insidiis maximè "opportunas itineri circundant." P. 37, 38.

The next extract which I shall make is the account of a very singular exploit that took place near Inverness: a military stratagem which was planned by a lady, and executed by a

blacksmith. The story is well told, and enlivened with many natural circumstances :—

" Intereà Loudonus Comes, qui haud spernendam regiorum ma-
" num Innernessum contraxerat, Stuartum in vicino commorantem
" clam aggredi statuit. Distat ab Innernesso Moia, principis Mac-
" intotiorum prædium, circiter M. P. IX. Eò, militibus, maximam
" partem, commeatu dato dimissis, concesserat Carolus, à Dominâ
" Macintotiâ, ipsâ gentis principe, (spreto conjuge, qui fermè uni-
" cus è clientelâ regi nomen dederat,) gratissimo exceptus hospitio.
" Vigiliis remissiùs habitis, è clientibus aderant ad summum D,
" minores profectò, quàm qui in hostico propè et ducem et caussam
" belli custodirent. Ea omnia per exploratores Loudono cognita.
" Igitur, delectis ad MD militibus, nocte illuni Moiam pergit, con-
" fecti belli gloriam sibi certò spondens. Cæterùm haud ante pro-
" fectus erat quàm Macintotia, cui nil muliebre præter corpus, lite-
" ris ab Innernesso, quod ad rei ordinem tempusque certior facta,
" de toto commento turbando atque evertendo cogitat. Eum in
" finem, neque Carolo ablegato, ac ne quidem consilii participe fac-
" to, neque in re trepidâ milite in armis esse jusso, fabrum ferra-
" rium cui plurimùm fidebat accersit; mandatque ut sex tantùm
" septémve è familiaribus suis stipatus viam quâ Innernessum itur,
" insideret, Loudonumque, ludificaretur averteretque. Lubens ob
" temperat homo vafer ac versutus. Jamque in insidiis erant,
" quum pedum supplosione adesse regios moniti, sclopetis quibus
" instructi fuerant displosis, ingenti strepitu discurrunt, aciemque,
" quæ tamen nulla erat, ordinare videntur, ' Dextrâ Macdonal-
" dos, sinistrâ Cameronios,' subinde Lochielium Keppochiumque,
" nota simul et metuenda regiis nomina, compellantes. Jamque
" perculsis auget pavorem caligo et noctis silentium : neque con-
" silio posthac, ac ne vel cæco Marti locus erat : namque his auditis
" unà omnes, quà cuique obviam, turpi fugâ sibi consulere ; socios
" propè exanimes proterere et conculcare, inter itineris angustias
" aliis super alios coarctatis et acervatis. Neque ad stragem cumu-
" landam hoste opus erat ; quum prout quis cuique suorum aderat
" hostis adesset perinfestus : jurgiis denique ac comploratione om-
" nia plena. Mane primo, vibicibus ac luto deformes, pudendum
" in modum Innernessum repetunt. Intereà Carolus, tam periculi
" quàm victoriæ nescius, lecto surrexerat, quum faber reversus,
" haud sine verborum jactantiâ, de rebus à se noctu gestis ordine
" disserit. Scilicet id magnis olim imperatoribus ante triumphum
" licuisse accepimus, quanquam inter vetera, sive famæ, sive for-
" tunæ, exempla, ullo astu triumphatum hostem bis centuplicem
" laboret annalium fides." P. 85—87.

The author's reflections on the event of the battle of Culloden, are just, and solemn, and well adapted to the occasion ;—

"Hic erat ille dies reliquæ Britanniæ lætus, Caledoniæ luctuo-
"sus, si quem diem aut lætum aut luctuosum reddere valeant, hinc,
"jus, fas, lex, in æternum stabilita, inde, non unius campi strages,
"quæque stragem vulgò consequuntur, populationes, incendia, rap-
"tus; quin et indomitæ eousque genti mos impositus, neque no-
"cendi modò sed et injurias propulsandi dempta facultas, etiam
"lingua pro virili excisa, et, coalituræ in posterum gratiæ pignus
"iniquum, Celtarum vox extincta." P. 102, 103.

The last passage which I shall now produce is that where he describes the situation of the unfortunate adventurer, when he was traced into the Isle of Uist, and surrounded by his pursuers:—

"Per insulam neque finibus adeò laxam neque incolis frequen-
"tem, ad duo millia hominum nocte dieque commeantes, unum eun-
"demque ore, oculis, auribus perquirebant, quem in finem itinera
"obsessa fuerant, portus trajectusque custodiis occupati, etiam
"mare ipsum celocibus ac naviculis infestum excubabat. Hæc in-
"ter discrimina per mensem integrum Carolus insulanos fidissimos
"habuit. Iisdem, ducibus unà et exploratoribus, usus, noctu sæpis-
"simè per stationes hostium elapsus, alia ex aliis latibula quærere;
"quæ apud regios agerentur, nihil incompertum habere; ipse non-
"nunquam, è proximo, verba per silentium minacia exaudire,
"trucesque hostium vultus inter ignes collustrare." P. 113, 114.

All the circumstances of this description are well chosen. In the latter part, the lively images are represented as in a picture: they are grand and terrific, and remind us of the author's great original. I have selected these four specimens to shew, by as many instances, that Dr. Whitaker, notwithstanding the faults in his writing, is capable of adorning his pages with the perspicuous, the natural, the pathetic, and the sublime.

I must now proceed to consider his book in another view.

He sets out with observing, that the subject of his history may give a lesson of prudence to governors. I have already mentioned what that is.* In my opinion it may teach the people something more important, which he has omitted; *viz.* the wickedness of disturbing a settled government that is not greatly

* See above, page 425.

or dangerously tyrannical; and the folly of men in shedding their blood (as the friends of the exiled family did) in support of hereditary right. He says, none of the Stuarts had a cruel disposition; nemini animus per se cruentus, p. 4. Surely he forgets James II. and his government in Scotland, during the reign of his brother. Burnet has compared Charles to Tiberius. In the malignant parts of his character, James bore a nearer resemblance to that tyrant: he had not indeed so much dissimulation; that vice was corrected by his bigotry: whether or no his character was the better for it, I stand not to enquire.

The descendant of this family, and its representative in 1745, is the hero of Dr. Whitaker's story. But he does not well sustain that character. I shall not resort to other authors for any thing concerning him, but take the account as Dr. Whitaker has given it. His first landing on the coast of Scotland was an act of boldness beyond heroism. He came (says Dr. Whitaker) a foreigner, ignorant of the language and manners of the country, without troops, with little money, hardly any arms or ammunition, more like one escaped from shipwreck than an invader. Cameron of Lochiel, the chief of a clan, was the first person he applied to, and upon whom he chiefly depended. This friend shewed him the hopelessness of his enterprise, and intreated him to go back, and wait for a better opportunity. But to this he would not listen. Let Dr. Whitaker relate what followed:

"Juvenis indignabundus in hæc verba prorupit: 'Quum tu, "Lochieli, cujus in fidem ac prope tutelam, tanquam domûs regiæ "spectatissimi et integerrimi clientis, me permiserim, belli tamen "aleam exhorrescas, mihi certum est et obstinatum, paucis ab- "hinc diebus, passo hoc in littore vexillo, solium avitum utcunque "repetere. Tu verò abi, et, principe periclitante, otio fruere.' "Tum demum Lochielius animi victus, manus dedit." P. 30.

Notwithstanding the magnanimity which the Doctor puts into this speech, the conduct was blindly obstinate; and Lochiel, if, instead of yielding, he had sat still and left him to

his fate, would have been a wiser man, and acted more honestly towards his party. I am willing to believe all that is alledged of the young adventurer's prowess, p. 48, 49, 71, 77, and other places: he had a prize in view which might well excite him to encounter hardships and brave dangers; but he possessed nothing of that energy and superiority of mind, which might controul his refractory followers, or inspire them with confidence. He was a good standard for his party to rally around; but, like that, an instrument in the hands of those that carried him about: and he is but little interesting till he begins to suffer.

When, therefore, I read these lines in the title-page of this history,

> "At tibi nos (quando non proderit ista silere)
> "Digna damus, JUVENIS, meritæ præconia vitæ:
> "Haud alium tantâ civem tulit indole Roma,
> "Aut cui plus leges deberent recta sequenti;"

I was somewhat at a loss to know how I ought to apply so illustrious a character. I doubted whether the *Juvenis* in the motto was not the same *Juvenis* who appears in the 76th page of the book, "tanquam Deus à machinâ," (as the Doctor says,) to bring on the catastrophe of this tragedy: and upon supposition that it was so, I took the last line to be a gentle reprehension of some acts that followed the victory of Culloden. Dr. Whitaker himself must confess that here is room for doubt, since he sets the two royal youths on a par in the following comparison, or rather gives the preference to the Duke of Cumberland:

"Jamque tandem Stuarto parem dignumque æmulum nacto, "haud abs re fuerit, aut lecturis injucundum, par juvenum egre-"gium inter se componere. Nempè regiis utrique natalibus illus-"tri, accedebant forma imperio digna*, indoles excelsa, belli stu-

* Here is a seeming contradiction to what is said of the Pretender, p. 46: "Regii, oris venustatem agnoscere; oculorum aciem

" dium propè ingenitum, laborum, quanquam in purpurâ nutrito,
" tolerantia, odia insuper plusquàm civilia, quum erga parentem
" officiosè ambo dimicarent, hic ut diadema amissum reciperaret, ille
" partum ut tueretur; dispar tantùm partibus fortuna." P. 76, 77.

It appears from hence, that the two rivals have a disputable claim to the verses. I think them as applicable to one as to the other, and leave the title in abeyance.

Yet even in his wanderings and adversity, the Pretender does not appear so great as some others of his fellow-sufferers. He displayed courage, and fortitude, and constancy; but he endured no more than hundreds of his party did; while he alone was exempt from those trials which they withstood, who were assisting in his concealment and escape. They renounced safety and wealth for his sake, and exposed their lives to preserve his. These were men whose virtue might have afforded to Dr. Whitaker a just subject for reflexions, but which I do not find in his book.

Yet while he passes over such men with a transient commemoration of their fidelity, he expatiates upon the bodily sufferings of their prince as matters better deserving our notice. His scanty and coarse food, his hard lodging, his patched and tattered apparel, are topics to which he returns more than once. See p. 108, 110, 126, 128. The paragraph below is a curious specimen. He relates that the Pretender was conducted by his guides to a cavern in the Highlands, where he found seven men who made that their habitation, and subsisted by plunder.

" Hæc inter, Carolum, quanquam inhonesto sordidoque cultu
" deformem, singuli agnoscunt, genibusque flexis omni officio at-
" que obsequio colunt. Nempè regio juveni (ita in amplissimâ
" dignitate ludere gestit fortuna) toga rustica fuit, tunica lacera ac
" detrita, cervical pannosum, femoralia tunicæ similia, caligæ cor-
" rigiis adstrictæ, pedibus ita per lacunas extantibus ut soleatus

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" atque fulmen, incessum denique habitumque imperatoris planè de-
" siderare sese aiebant." But perhaps his meaning is, that it was not really so, only the royal party said so.

" nùdipésne incederet meritò dubitaretur; interula denique, quæ
" & unica misero fuit, illuvie ac squalore obsita. Enimverò ne-
" gabant generosi latrones has sordes sese diù laturos: neque homi-
" num fluxa fides; namque, paucis post diebus, servato tempore,
" quo milites quidam regii nullo ordine ab Arce Augusti Straglassi-
" am usque pergerent, equisones à tergo adorti, præfectorum
" sarcinas diripiunt, quo facto, in silvas vicinas dicto citiùs abditi,
" cutem Principis meliùs deincèps & elegantiùs curatam præstant." P. 123.

The changing of clothes here mentioned reminds me of another change that resembles it; the change of clothes which king Charles II. made, while he lay hid in the country, after his defeat at Worcester: and as Dr. W. has drawn out a parallel, between the two royal personages in their perils, their sufferings, and their fortunate escape, I will furnish one other point of comparison. The circumstances are reported by Lord Clarendon in these terms.

" Here he (Charles) now dressed himself, changing clothes with his landlord: he had a great mind to have kept his own shirt; but he considered that men are not sooner discovered by any mark in disguises, than by having fine linen in ill clothes; and so he parted with his shirt too, and took the same his poor host had then on." Hist. Reb. Vol. 3. p. 415. 8vo Ed. 1717.

The good-natured robbers, who could not bear to see their prince in a ragged and dirty plight, procured him handsome clothes, which he was incautious enough to wear at the hazard of being discovered by any one who should see him. King Charles put off his good clothes to avoid the same hazard. The monarch here appears to have been more prudent than his kinsman.

Yet there is one point of time when Dr. W. has shewn the unhappy wanderer in a dignified and noble character. I will quote the passage.

" Nocte imbribus procellisque fœdâ, profecti unà cum Stuarto
" contubernales, servatis asperrimorum montium jugis, manè ex edi-
" tissimo loco lacum Lochium despiciunt. Ibi, præterquàm quòd
" subjectas inter valles virorum principum, eorundemque amicorum

" præcipuorum, tecta aut jam fumantia, aut incendio nuperrimè " absumpta, ipsum totius mali causam, angebant, diem totum impas- " tus duravit." P. 125.

When he stood cold and hunger-pinched on the mountain, beholding the country all around him laid waste with sword and fire, and beat his breast for anguish to reflect that he had been the cause of such devastation, he was greater than in his royal splendour at Edinburgh, or his gallant victory at Preston-Pans.

But Dr. W. makes too large a demand in favour of his hero, when he applies to him, from Livy, part of the character of Scipio, and by implication, sets him in some comparison with that illustrious Roman. The words are these; Ipsi Carolo " prima pars vitæ memorabilior quàm postrema fuit; quia, in juventâ" res fortiter quanquam infeliciter gestæ, postea " defloruere, neque præbita est materia ingenio." p. 144. The words within inverted commas are from Livy, lib. 38. c. 53. Now when Livy says the latter part of Scipio's life was not so memorable as the former, it is only because the former part was so eminently worthy of remembrance; in which time (as Livy there adds) he brought to a happy issue as great and dangerous a war as ever Rome was engaged in. In the latter part of his life nothing occurred to call forth his transcendant abilities; but he then filled some of the highest offices of the state. The latter period of the Pretender's life was spent in quiet and retirement, and I am not desirous of intruding into his privacy.

There remains but a point or two more for animadversion. Dr. W. p. 139, adopts and commends the opinion of Cicero respecting forfeitures in cases of treason. The passage, as it stands in Cicero's epistle runs thus: 'Nec verò me fugit quàm sit acerbum parentum scelera filiorum pœnis lui: sed hoc præclarè legibus comparatum est, ut caritas liberorum amiciores parentes reipublicæ redderet.' Cicero wrote this to Brutus upon the occasion of Lepidus's forfeiture; when he was declared a public enemy for joining with M. Antony. But

Dr. W. should have recollected that Cicero took off this forfeiture at the request of Brutus, and acted contrary to this opinion in the same case upon which he gave it. Vid. Ep. ad Brut. 15. & 18. Besides, Cicero speaks upon a very partial consideration of the matter. I will produce from our own annals, the arguments of a nobleman, who weighed the subject more justly. In a debate in the house of lords in 1745, upon the clause of an act of parliament for continuing * these forfeitures, the duke of Bedford spoke to this effect.

"We are here assembled to deliberate not for any particular purposes or narrow plans, but for the great end of Society, the

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* "In order to abolish such hereditary punishment entirely, it was enacted by statute 7 Ann. c. 21, that after the decease of the late Pretender, no attainder for treason should extend to the disinheriting of any heir, nor to the prejudice of any person other than the traitor himself. By which the law of the forfeitures for high treason would by this time have been at an end, had not a subsequent statute intervened to give them a longer duration. The history of this matter is somewhat singular and worthy observation. At the time of the Union, the crime of treason in Scotland was, by the Scots law in many respects different from that of treason in England; and particularly in its consequence of forfeiture of entailed estates, which was more peculiarly English: yet it seemed necessary that a crime so nearly affecting government, should both in its essence and consequence be put upon the same footing in both parts of the united kingdom. In new-modelling these laws, the Scotch nation and the English house of commons struggled hard, partly to maintain and partly to acquire a total immunity from forfeiture and corruption of blood: which the house of lords as firmly resisted. At length a compromise was agreed to, which was established by this statute, viz. that the same crimes and no other should be treason in Scotland that are so in England; and that the English forfeitures and corruption of blood should take place in Scotland till the death of the then Pretender, and then cease throughout the whole of Great Britain: the lords artfully proposing this temporary clause in hopes, it is said, that the prudence of succeeding parliaments would make it perpetual. This has partly been done by the statute 17 Geo. II. c. 39.; the operation of these indemnifying clauses being thereby still further suspended till the death of the sons of the Pretender." Blackstone's Comm. Vol. IV. c. 29. p. 384. 8vo. edit. 1773.

What was foreseen has happened: the act was made perpetual in 1799.

general happiness; that as we are not to gratify the caprices of the people by vilifying the dignity or restraining the power of the throne, so we are not to appease the suspicions of the throne by sacrificing the safety or honour of the people; we are to support our sovereign, indeed, but not by such means as destroy the ends for which sovereignty was established, the public welfare and common security.

"The motion is therefore in my opinion wholly indefensible, because, though it should be granted that it may add some security to the throne, it must in proportion impair the happiness of the people, as it must fill the nation in this time of general commotion with anxiety; and oblige almost every man to the unnatural and unavailing care of watching the conduct of another, and at last must involve thousands in undeserved misery, by punishing them for crimes which they did not commit, and which they could not prevent, and inflicting penalties therefore, which can have no other effect than that of enriching by forfeitures the minions of the court.

"These reasons, my lords, are sufficiently powerful to justify me in opposing the motion; and yet there remains another, which perhaps, when it is fully examined, may appear equally weighty. Notwithstanding the happiness of our present state, the protection of our right and the security of our property; notwithstanding the confidence which may be reposed in the equity, the moderation and the wisdom of his majesty, and the hopes which we may reasonably have of being governed to all succeeding ages, by his illustrious descendants, with the same justice, magnanimity, and prudence, yet I am not yet confident that these hopes may not be disappointed. I know not any evidence by which I can ascertain the continuance of these blessings, or by which I can prove to the people of England, that there never will come a time, in which a superstitious, or ambitious, or a tyrannical prince may once more attempt the subversion of their rights, the seizure of their properties, or the abolition of their religion. I am not certain that our constitution is so strongly built, that it can never want repairs; or that our laws are so judiciously formed, as that they may not become, in the hands of rapacity, the tools of avarice, or, in the hands of cruelty, the scourge of oppression.

"Whenever this fatal period shall arrive, it must be granted, my lords, that another revolution will be necessary, and that every law, which shall hinder the people from making use of the only remedy which then remains, will obstruct the public happiness, and counteract the good design of government; and surely, my lords, a law which involves the son in the guilt of his father, must naturally extinguish that ardour of patriotism, by which all revolutions have been accomplished. For who will be found sufficiently hardy, to oppose the crown, when, if he should happen to fail, he must not only perish as a traitor, but sink his whole posterity in poverty and disgrace?

"Since therefore, my lords, it appears to me not more likely that the king of England will be in danger from his subjects, than the people of England will be in danger from their king, I think it conve-

nient to hold the balance equal between them; as I would not give the people any exemption, which might encourage them to rebel, I would give the crown no such prerogative as may encourage any future monarch to oppression.

"Thus, my lords, I have laid before you the arguments which influence me to disapprove the motion, and which will, I believe, determine me to vote against it: for though I am desirous to secure the throne, I would not willingly secure it by disarming the people, but by placing them as guards before it." Parliamentary Debates, Vol. I. p. 187. 8vo, edit. 1792.

Concerning the immunity which Dr. W. would claim for the Pretender, p. 139, upon the score of his being a foreigner, and therefore not subject to our laws, I differ from him. The Pretender was a private person, not authorized by any sovereign power, nor entitled, according to the law of nations, by his own situation or circumstances, to make war; and therefore, if taken, might justly be subjected to punishment. Whether or no it were justifiable to set a price upon his head, is a question upon which I will not presume to speak: but, without alluding to the act of any particular nation or government, I scruple not to affirm, that to propose a reward or pardon for bringing in any man, *alive or dead*, is to offer a hire for assassination.

And now, having concluded the observations which I had to make upon the several parts of his book, I would willingly ask the author a question upon the general subject of it. To what part of the British nation, does he think the remembrance of the transactions which he relates, will be pleasant or honourable? Not to the army; for he tells them of their disgraces. Not to the inhabitants of the Highlands; for he reminds them of their faults, and their chastisement. Not to the royal party, and the government; for he blames their severity. The transactions, he acknowledges*, are as interesting to us as if they were our own. To make choice of these, therefore, for a subject of history, is to insult us with our domestic misfortunes and errors; and to recall to public notice those facts, which one party would wish to conceal, and the others must be ashamed to remember.

* 'Ut factis indoleamus tanquam nostris.' P. 2.

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